

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *Joe Mitchell Chapple*



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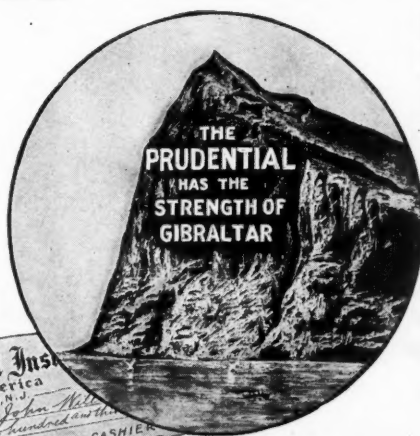
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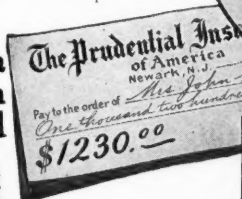
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# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX

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THE MANAGING EDITOR.

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### SOME LITTLE PICTURES FROM THE BOOK

"The Best South, the Negro Problem" the distinguished old man mused sadly. "An, sir, what is the Negro problem? Rakes and rum, white rakes, white men's rum. Some talk of the danger of 'amalgamation,' as if there were a mulatto in the South whose father was not a white man. This is the negro problem—white lepers that father the third race and white liquor that fathers the black rapist—and for which of these are the kindly black folk responsible?"

There was a sweeping shift of the electric search-light as the train rounded the last curve and the great engine pointed its eye straight toward the station. There was a rumble as if of Titan's steps. The sparks scintillated from the brakes. The porter sprang with his little step in hand to receive the possible passenger.

"Hello, Keough!" the conductor exclaimed. "You here?"

"Why not?" the reporter retorted. "Perhaps I am going farther than this with you."

"God, man, haven't you heard the news?"

"News—what news?"

"All Atlanta is in the hands of a howling mob of murderers. They're killing negroes by the hundred! Four assaults on white women in one day—the paper's out with extras. The *Commonwealth* leading a fight for sanity—troops called out. You are the last man on earth I would have expected to find running away from duty!"

Without a word, his face white with excitement, Roy Keough rushed to the ticket window.

"Stop Laura—Miss Lawson. We can't go, it is absolutely impossible—Atlanta is in the hands of a mob!"

"A mob—Atlanta—" she faltered, "but I have bought the tickets."

Thus far they stood it. Then—

"Strike him down, the d—d nigger-lover! Strike him down!"

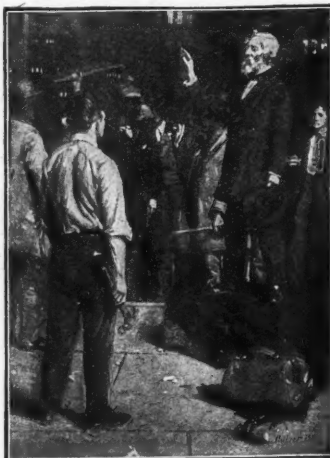
"Shut up, blatherskite." Keough retorted while he dodged a brick. "I am a man-lover anywhere, everywhere. And that is why I arraign the rottenness of the man-hater, the home-destroyer. I want us to—teach them the LAW OF THE WHITE CIRCLE. I want

He dodged again as a rock came whirling by.

—to show you—you white gods—the crime of letting our rakes and whips and blacklegs lead negro—women—our wards—down into the demimonde—I—"

A brick struck his hat and carried it whirling off into the air.

"And yet I am the same," she murmured softly. "I did it because I loved you so. I am the same woman you have loved."



"He shelters the criminals of his race! Shoot him!"

He was silent while the great tears sprang to his eyes.

"It was my law, my God who bade me do it," she continued, gently, "it was because my soul yearned for you so and the—dream of—you—was—so—beautiful."

He rose and stood before her.

"That was why I did it," she said once more. "I wanted you till my heart ached."

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**S**OONER or later every stranger who visits Boston invariably announces: "I must see Bunker Hill." June 17th is the ideal day to gratify that wish; to correctly entertain my guests a supply of luscious chicken and ham sandwiches should be packed, with plenty of pickles and a few pieces of pie, for Charlestown—accent on the "town," and pronounce it clearly, please—is within the "pie belt." We climb the stately pile on Bunker Hill; attend the exercises held by some historical association; listen to the strains of that old ode sung at the dedication of the monument in 1843, when Daniel Webster delivered his famous oration; behold the parade sweep in majesty about the foot of the historic pile, and watch the sun flash in golden gleams on the renowned "Sword of Bunker Hill." Like many another historical landmark that otherwise would have been obliterated, Bunker Hill has been preserved to posterity by the devotion of women.



Where today are well-kept turf, a stately monument and joyous sightseers, in 1775 a bare summit scarred by cannon-shot, a raw, half-sodded fieldworks and low redoubt overlooked the burning churches and houses of Charlestown. Beyond from the Charles River, the British men-of-war joined the land batteries on the farther bank in the unceasing thunder of artillery, hurling death upon the men of Massachusetts Bay, Vermont and Connecticut.

Due north to the very verge of the Mystic ran a weak breastwork across pasture lands and meadows, with here and there an orchard abloom with the delicate pink and white of apple, pear, cherry and quince; fields of yellow-hearted, white-petalled daisies swayed in the vortex of cannon shot and the mad rush of furious charges.

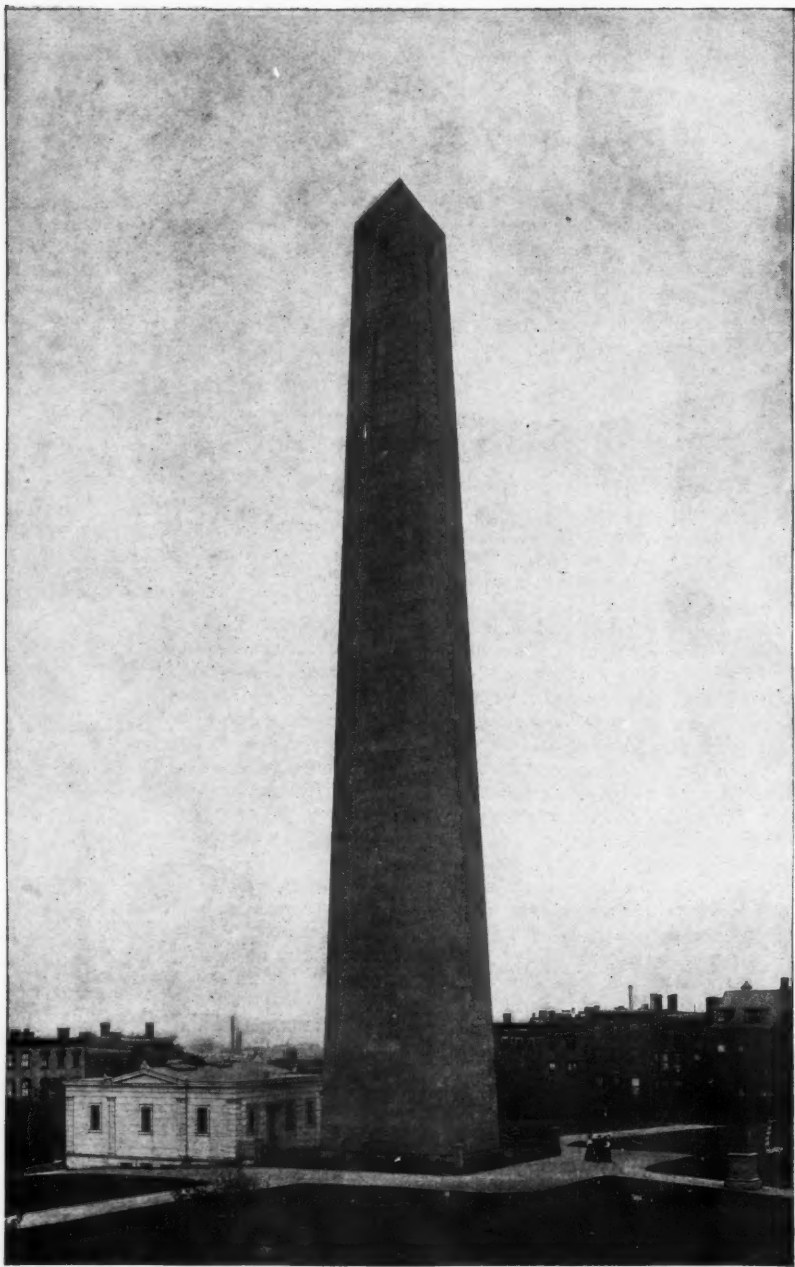
Anon the orchards were full of red-coated, white-gaitered infantry; the snow-white daisies were marred by great splashes of life-blood, and the pastures strewn with patches of scarlet, where soldiers in their gay uniforms had fallen to rise no more. To the left a half score of brass howitzers, posted amid brick-kilns and clay-pits, sought to enfilade and sweep away the Baymen who kept the hill.

Farmers, sailors, fishermen, tradesmen, clad in everyday garb, armed with their homely weapons of the chase, with scarcely a flag to fight under, suffering hunger, thirst and weariness under the broiling sun, coolly trained across the Bunker Hill breastwork the long, rusty tubes which had already heaped windrows of dead and dying men upon the fields below, where the new-mown hay still lay drying. The British lines continued to charge. "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!" The word passed along the line of set faces and levelled guns; a moment later hoarse cries, "Fire! Fire!" rang out; a crash of triple volleys and the rattle of deadly file-firing followed. The powder failed, the provincials broke away pursued by Pitcairn's marines—for the moment, our fathers' hope of victory was over.

Yes, visit Bunker Hill; look upon a monument erected to cherish the memory of a defeat that brought success, for Victory crowned the vanquished that day. The day set apart to commemorate the battle of Bunker Hill is exclusively a Charlestown holiday, but far wider than Boston's "tri-mountains" spreads the spirit of Bunker Hill throughout a great nation christened on that day in the red blood of American freemen.



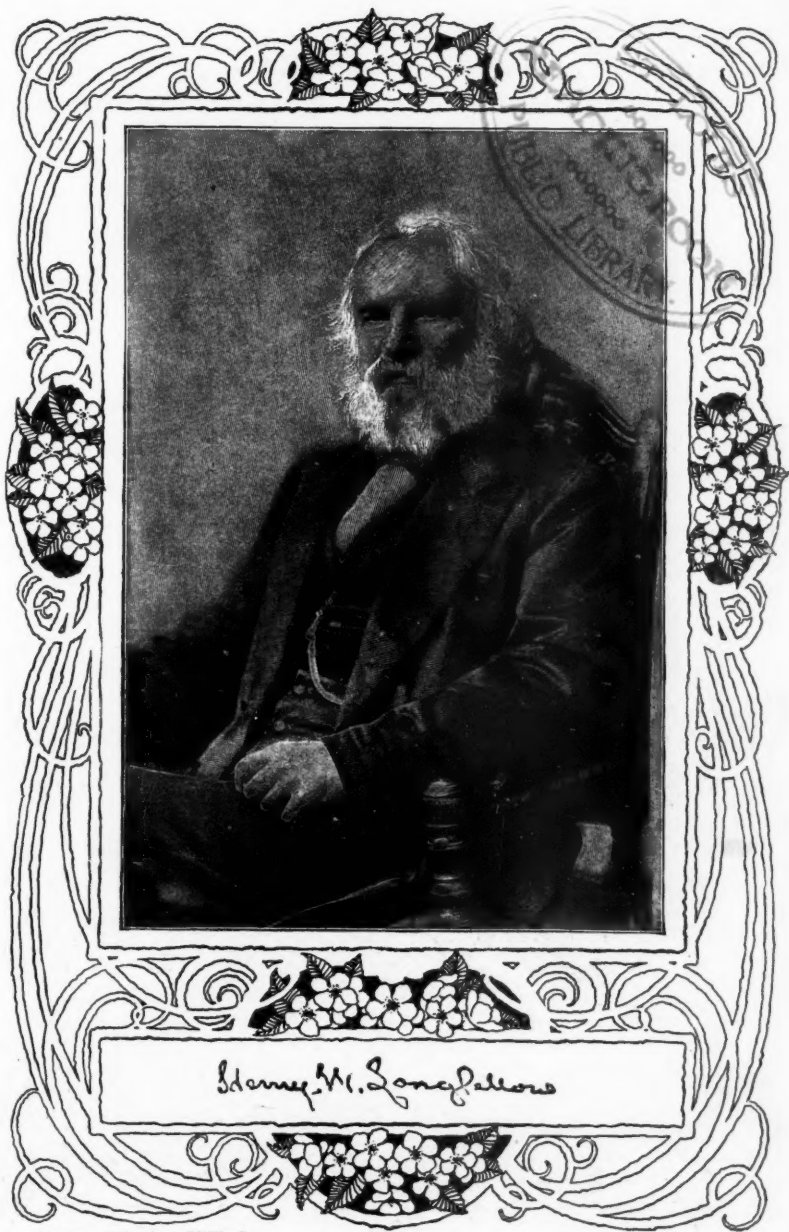
— Joe M. C.



*Photo by W. C. Ryder*

**THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, CHARLESTOWN**

Where the anniversary of an American defeat is commemorated June 17 every year



Henry W. Longfellow

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Co.



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MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT  
In her Inaugural Ball Gown



# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX

JUNE, 1909

NUMBER THREE



## *Affairs at Washington* *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

**W**HEN a brave knight of olden days  
With lance in rest,  
From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
Shot through the lists,  
And charged before the eyes of ladies and  
of kings,

he sought to prove his prowess and gallantry. Arrayed in armor of polished steel, inlaid with gold, with helmet of dainty device bedecked with gorgeous plumes, each knight added grace and color to the grim "affair of war." The noblest and bravest men of the realm met to decide who, by lance thrust and swordplay, should prove himself the highest type of manhood and character in that era when physical courage and strength ruled the world.

Today in the United States the scene of conflict is transferred to the Capitol at Washington; it is no longer a test of mere brute force, quickness of eye or skill in swordsmanship. In the modern legislative tournament, the captains of industry, the lieutenants of labor organizations and the representatives of diversified classes of producers gather at the nation's capital to care for their interests in tariff revision, to fix the rate for the next decade, and hold firmly in place that shield and breastplate which have shut out foreign competition from the greatest market in the world.

\* \* \*

The magic lamps of countless fireflies vie with constellations of twinkling electric lights, scattered throughout the grounds and illuminating the stately Capitol and its dome, which stands out in brilliant and silent majesty; the

statue of Liberty, surmounting the dome, is suggested rather than outlined by the nimbus of light that surrounds the massive pile. A search-light playing on the dome alternates with the bright moonlight that bursts through a passing cloud. The rich leafage of June whispers a thousand secrets to the soft night winds, while within the Capitol, like an army encamped behind its encircling watch fires, the legislators of the nation engage in the final tilt on the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill.

The entire extra session has been devoted to the consideration of the tariff and census bills. Both houses of Congress and the Executive have worked together more smoothly than they have for some years past. During the tariff debates there was little of the old-time display of forensic oratory, and the words, "liberty, freedom and equality," so often heard in the days of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, have suffered an eclipse in the vocabulary of the present-day speakers of the Senate and House. Attention is now being concentrated on tables and schedules—the "A, B, C" of business—and every schedule is numbered and lettered in the spirit of the predominating commercial system.

While business methods applied to legislative work are sometimes decried as sordid, they are not to be deprecated, because the progress of civilization involves essentially the stimulation and expansion of commerce, which has as its object the creation of more opportunity and greater development, ever looking toward the true welfare of the nation.

The crucial consideration of the Payne-Aldrich bill began when the reading of the proposed law, paragraph by paragraph, commenced in the Senate. Senator Aldrich prepared the way for the rapid handling of the measure by an agreement that any items or paragraphs objected to should be temporarily passed, every senator having the as-

and petroleum products, coal, hides, lumber, and the inevitable schedule on cottons and woollens. Under the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill the chairman of the Finance Committee hopes to increase the receipts of the Treasury for 1911 about \$94,000,000 above the receipts for 1908, and \$32,000,000 in excess of those for 1907, and make books balance.

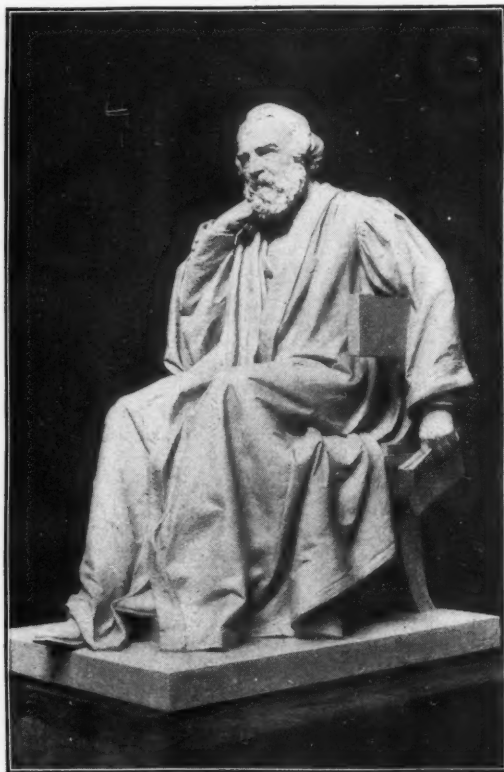
From day to day changes are made in the schedules which call up visions of a youthful game of see-saw—"Now we go up, up, up; now we go down, down, down." These fluctuations make the consideration of the present tariff bill one of the most exhilarating contests that have ever occurred in an American legislative tournament.

\* \* \*

ON the seventh of May William Couper's famous portrait statue of Henry W. Longfellow was unveiled in Washington, with carefully arranged and fitting ceremonies. The site for this beautiful memorial is at the junction of Connecticut Avenue, Rhode Island Avenue and M Street. The pedestal is of a beautiful red granite quarried in Sweden, while the figure itself is of bronze, having been cast at the Gorham Works in Providence.

The statue was provided by admirers of Hiawatha in all parts of the world, and has been erected by the efforts of the Longfellow Memorial Association, formed fifteen years ago to raise the funds for such a monument. Among those who have been especially ac-

tive in the work are Bishop Mackay-Smith and Brainard H. Warner of Washington. These two gentlemen have been the moving spirits; their tireless enthusiasm for anything which they undertake is well known, and they have been especially active in securing this tribute to the memory of the great New England poet. The last session of Congress appropriated funds for the pedestal and granted the site.



BRONZE STATUE OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW  
Unveiled at Washington, D. C., May 7, 1909

surance that opportunity would be given him to obtain the sense of the Senate on any particular item in any schedule. Under this plan all matters to which objection might have been raised were put through the legislative mill with great dispatch, leaving the contested items in several of the schedules to be debated later.

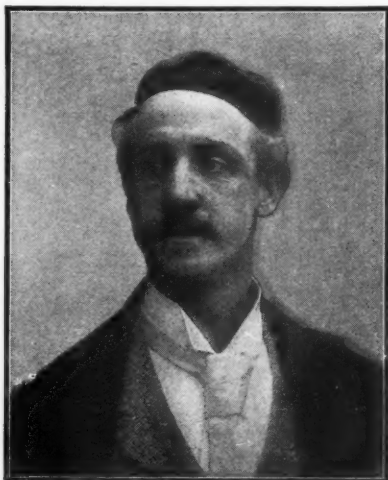
Among the principal schedules containing contested items were chemicals, petroleum



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Clinedinst, Washington

MRS. JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN  
wife of the Vice-President

Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Court is president of the association, which includes Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew Carnegie, Henry Cabot Lodge, Charles W. Eliot, Rev. Edward E. Hale, Julia Ward Howe, Governor Curtis Guild and other distinguished persons. This is the first statue erected to a



WILLIAM COUPER

Sculptor of the new Longfellow monument, Washington

New England poet in Washington, and marks a departure in the way of memorial tributes at the capital, and public appreciation of literature as well as military fame and statecraft.

\* \* \*

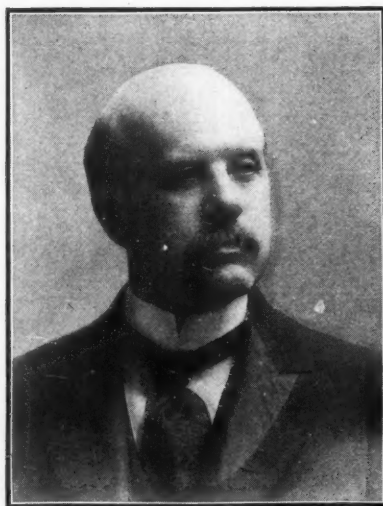
WHILE the merry senatorial fight was in progress in Illinois, Congressman Lowden of the Committee on Foreign Affairs was pushing his bill to provide for sites and buildings for the use of the diplomats and consuls of the United States living abroad. A modest appropriation of \$1,000,000 during each fiscal year was named. By everyone at all acquainted with the conditions of legations and embassies in foreign lands, this bill is considered of the utmost importance.

Not long ago a letter from abroad, addressed to the Congress of the United States, was referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Senate. The large envelope contained maps, specifications and full particulars concerning land in a foreign capital, with data as to reduced

price. The letter was written by someone who understood "school English" as spoken abroad, and the phraseology was sometimes curious. For instance, much stress was laid upon the fact that one could have stairs "wide, light and easily to be ascended." The building was described as "constructed like to a palace, situated where sunset and sunrise always obtrude." It was stated that there were hay and straw lofts in the barn nearby, and that "sights to be seen from the eighty-six windows are enticing" and that "the windows distinguish themselves with air, light and space"; the measurements were given in steps. Commendation of the royal architect was appended.

Talk about enthusiastic real estate literature in "the boom period"! This document would give them all pointers.

The peculiar English recalls the story told



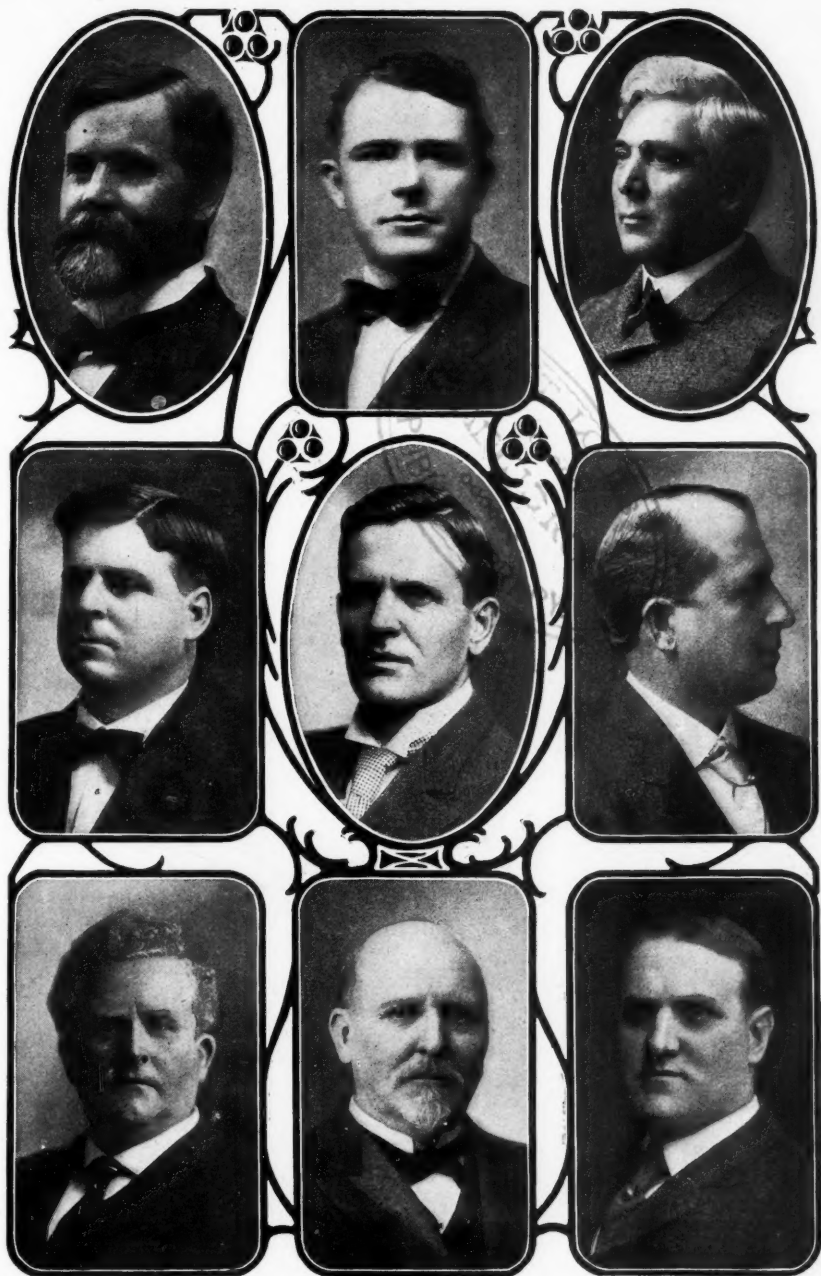
B. H. WARNER

Chairman Longfellow Monument Association, Washington, D. C.

of the Frenchman, who was very anxious to see an American business man at his home. The first morning when he called at the house the maid replied to his query:

"The master is not down yet," meaning downstairs.

The following morning he called again, and was met with:



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J. A. T. HULL, IOWA  
A. W. KOPP, WIS.  
MARTIN MORRISON, IND.

E. F. KINKEAD, N. J.  
I. L. LENROOT, WIS.  
E. J. HILL, CONN.

J. A. HUGHES, W. VA.  
F. E. GUERNSEY, MAINE  
JOHN K. TENER, PA.

A GROUP OF PROMINENT REPRESENTATIVES IN THE SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS



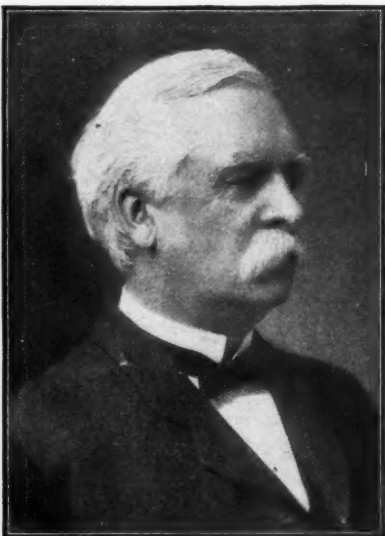
"The master is not up yet," meaning that he had not yet arisen from his bed.

The Frenchman, looking at her with doubtful eye, paused for a few seconds.

"Eet is ver' deef'cult, but eef ze mademoiselle will tell me when ze master will be neither up nor down, but in ze middle, zen I will call at zat time."

\* \* \*

JUNE is called the "B & G" month at Washington: translated, this means the period when the newly-wed spend their



*Photo by Clinedinst, Washington*

REPRESENTATIVE SERENO E. PAYNE  
Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means

honeymoon at the capital. There never was a season so plentifully provided with mating birds of this feather as the spring of 1909, which seems to have reached the climax of marital activity. The fair brides in some instances come with Merry Widow hats, or with headgears that suggest their mothers' mixing bowls and reversed waste baskets. An elderly gentleman remarked to me that while riding on the Washington street cars he counted specimens of every variety of hat that had ever been worn since Eve sought shelter from the broiling sun after her departure from the shady "garden" down to the present time.

THE popularity of the "personally conducted" party never wanes, and the information poured out upon tourists while seeing Washington appears ever fresh and new. In the hotel lobbies one hears of "Murphy's party," "Marston's party," "Bowman's party," every kind of a party, and many hotels have been obliged to increase their facilities for correspondence, for every visitor wants to direct souvenir postals home; if the craze continues, the post-office deficit should soon be wiped out. During the present season at Washington there has never been a time when the hotel writing tables were not crowded with ladies, boys and girls, sending postals to "the folks at home," and even the serious-minded business man whips out a fountain pen, and half-ashamed of his frivolity, directs postals home. In the corner may be seen some little miss nibbling the point of her pen and trying to make up her mind how she may condense the mass of information down to "something that will go on a postal."

"Who for?"

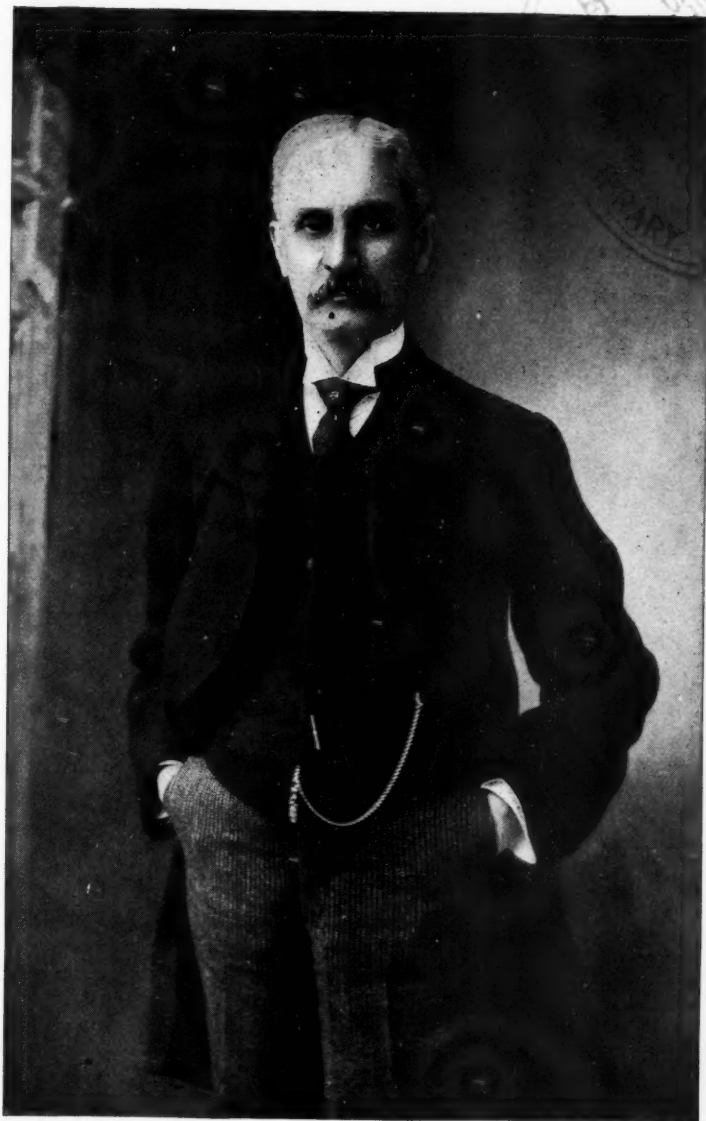
"Mamma, of course; the next one goes to my chum, then my brothers, sisters and aunts." Papa perhaps got what was left over—that he might be all ready to pay for a new supply when needed.

"As I stood in the hotel corridor," one railroad man was heard to say, "looking at the passing throng of school girls and boys from all over the country, I could readily detect the accent or inflection of every state in the Union, from the burring r's of the West to the high piping tones of New England."

\* \* \*

SIGHT-SEEING automobiles have won deserved success, and the reverberant tones of the megaphone echo up and down the avenues as each place of interest is pointed out to the tourists, and they are told how it is connected with the "story of a great nation." A visit to Washington counts for more than a visit to any other city—not even excepting historic Boston, with its many traditions and memories—for in Washington the young people see the actual processes of government and obtain the coveted peep at the President.

Of course they go to see all the public buildings. The young people come into a room with an awe too deep for words; an



*Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.*

SENATOR C. D. CLARK OF WYOMING

amusing thing is that at first they invariably gaze up at the ceiling and then the pictures on the wall. Becoming interested I followed the parties to other rooms, but their inspection of ceilings outlasted my curiosity. The small boy, of course, always dashed up to see what



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BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWARDS, U.S.A.  
Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs

was on the desks, with a side peep into the waste basket. Sitting in the outer room of the office of the Secretary of War, I had a good chance to watch a party; it comprised not only boys and girls, but sedate business men, with wives and daughters, who seemed no whit ashamed of squandering whole days in sight-seeing, and who listened as eagerly as anyone to the interesting tales of the guide.

For much of this the NATIONAL has been responsible; the young people have read articles on the government procedure and affairs at Washington, and now nothing will do but they must see for themselves "how the old machine works."

On the walls were the old flags that had floated over Fort Sumter in 1861; to preserve them, they have been placed in glass cases, and with an eye for effect, electric lights illumine those old ensigns, which occupy a

place of honor, resting so placidly in the calm precincts of the War Department. Opposite these is the flag which draped the sombre casket of Abraham Lincoln, beneath which is the clock that ticked off the seconds in the office of Jefferson Davis, when he occupied these very rooms as a member of the federal government.

The sight-seeing pressure has been so tremendous of late years that cabinet officials have abandoned outside offices and retired into inner rooms where they may work undisturbed. The kindly cabinet officers never have the heart to refuse to see a delegation from the "old home state," and no matter how important may be the schedule they are



JNO. M. PARKER, NEW ORLEANS  
President of the Southern Commercial Club, which is erecting a great club building in Washington

working on, or what distinguished guests they may have, they find time to shake hands with visitors from home.

\* \* \*

IN the corridors the messengers already begin to suggest the drowsy hours of summertime. In other cities the doors of public buildings are set on springs and slap to and fro as the visitor wills, but in Washington it ap-



Copyright 1909, Harris & Ewing, Washington

COUNT VON BERNSTORFF, GERMAN AMBASSADOR

pears necessary to have a special man to open and close the doors—human hinges as it were—no undignified banging of doors there; this custom has died out in other places, but there are many veteran negroes in Washington who have seen years of such service for the government; they have a stately way of performing this office, which gives a door an official and unofficial swing.

tariff measure suggests the glorified selfishness of human nature. Each man finds himself fighting tooth and nail for the interests of his own constituents. Every law adjusts itself by usage and custom, and that accounts for the hesitancy about changing the tariff measure; people cling to the old way that has gradually grown up and adjusted itself to their own particular angles.



VIEW FROM MANUFACTURES BUILDING SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION AT SEATTLE

THERE was an exciting scene in Congress when a vote was taken to name a day for voting on the tariff bill in the House. A roll call revealed a curious interchange of Democratic and Republican votes, much like the shuffling of cards in a close game. The tariff leaders responded rather courageously to the sentiment of the country for a speedy adjustment of the question. Uncle Joe, leisurely swinging the gavel in his left hand, closely watched the proceedings as the listing went on, and with a heroic margin of sixteen votes the day was won.

The discussion on the adjustment of a great

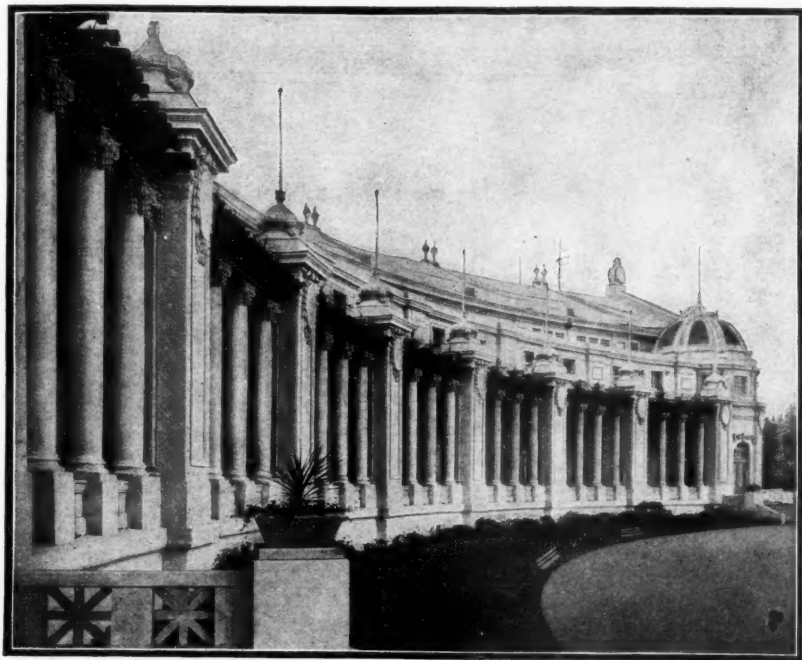
The discussion of the tariff on gloves indicated the influence of women on trade. The importer is naturally very anxious that ladies should continue to buy foreign gloves, while the protest of thousands of workers in hosiery and glove mills was one of the most spectacular influences brought to bear in this tariff legislation. In the hotel lobbies there were hide men, lumber men, coal men—all fighting to the last ditch for "amendments" and "jokers." ("Joker" describes a phrase that slips into a bill without being clearly understood, but has a definite and disagreeable meaning after the measure is passed.



In the great tariff game being played in Washington the "jokers" count more than even the serious clauses in some instances.)

The summer night sessions have begun; although the burden of 20,000 bills will be bombarded upon the next session, the new committees were not appointed and no bills can be considered. The House has been "marking time" while the Senate "tariffized."

dog was never noted for his beauty, nor was his portrait by any means a work of art, but that little animal's likeness in that particular corner seemed to touch the right spot in the human breast. The following morning, while at his work, a similar hole presented itself in Mr. McCutcheon's cartoon, and he ran in another dog picture, which had a strong family likeness to the dog of the day before.



A SERIES OF PERGOLAS FROM WHICH FLOWERING VINES WILL HANG, FORMING ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE DECORATIVE FEATURES ON THE GROUNDS

TO show how small a thing will attract and hold public attention, John McCutcheon, the cartoonist, tells the story of his famous dog, which occupies a conspicuous place in nearly every cartoon of his executed after a certain date. He had almost completed a cartoon for his newspaper one day, when he noticed a vacant place, which must be filled in to make the proportions right. He could have put in a stump, a tree, a straw-stack, or any old thing, but his thoughts happened to turn to boyhood days, and he drew the outlines of a favorite yellow dog—his companion of former years. The

People began to write letters asking "What about the dog?" They wanted to know what Mr. McCutcheon meant by putting the dog into every picture, and his favorite cartoons were passed by in favor of those that had the dog in them. Afterwards when introduced to anyone, the new acquaintance would say:

"Oh, yes; you are the fellow who drew that dog."

From that time the dog became a sort of trademark of the McCutcheon cartoons. Once when taking a little vacation jaunt—a trip around the world—he chanced to run

across an American soldier in the Philippines; his reputation had preceded him, for the soldier promptly hailed him:

"Are you the fellow who drew that dog that has more lives than any old black cat?"

All around the world "McCutcheon and his dog" was what the artist heard on every side, and that feature of his cartoons has suggested a paraphrase of the well-known "lamb" of nursery song, the revised version being:

"Everywhere McCutcheon went,  
The dog was sure to go."

There is nothing Bohemian about Mrs. Taft, and she always insists on a certain decorum, not as necessary to her own individuality, but as showing respect for the high office, and honoring the presidential office as representative of the people.

\* \* \*

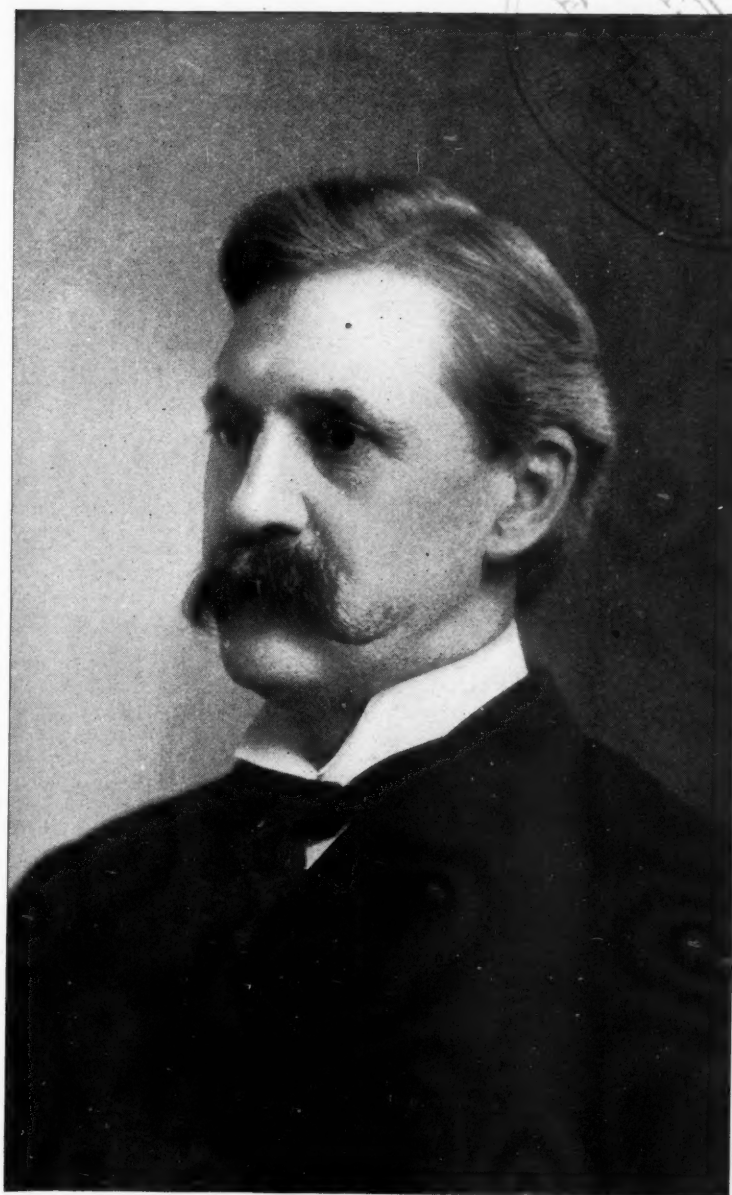
**A**N old building standing near the corner of Twenty-first and I Streets has been torn down; it was once the home of Peggy O'Neil, wife of Secretary of War Eaton, the



NEW ENGLAND HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ENTERING THE WHITE HOUSE ON APRIL 6TH  
They were given a special reception by President Taft

**O**N the day of the tariff discussion in the House the president's gallery was occupied. Mrs. Taft is keenly interested in all affairs of state, and follows current events much more closely than the wife of any president has hitherto done. Few women have a clearer understanding of politics and affairs of state. The coachman and "tiger" at the White House are kept busy nowadays, for Mrs. Taft has few idle moments in her time. She is often in the House during debates, and evidently grasps every point and enjoys the discussion. She goes first to the House and then to the Senate, taking an equal interest in all phases of the government procedure.

fair lady who wielded such remarkable power in national affairs during the administration of President Jackson. Born in a Washington tavern, the daughter of a quick-witted Irishman, Peggy made her debut into official life at the Capital in 1799. At the age of fifteen she tried to elope with a handsome lover, but the venture proved a fiasco. She met Andrew Jackson when he was senator for the State of Tennessee, and the influence exercised at that time continued all through his administration, Peggy having married his bosom friend and colleague. When the society mentors of Washington endeavored to ostracise the adventurous and pretty Irishwoman, there was social

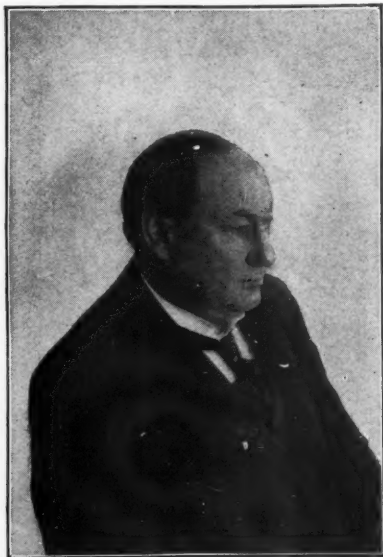


UNITED STATES SENATOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS  
of Des Moines, Iowa

war such as Washington has never witnessed before or since. The triumph of Peggy was complete, but it resulted in a rupture in the Jackson cabinet.

\* \* \*

MANY great problems are just now demanding discussion and decision by the British ministry, but no topic is absorbing more attention in Great Britain—from the members of the ministry down to 'Arry and H'Emma in the streets—than the perils which may arise from the use of airships.



DR. H. W. WILEY  
Chief Bureau of Chemistry

There has been no important invasion of British soil since the days of the Norman conquest; the brilliant Spanish Armada, watched for so anxiously from Plymouth Hoe, never reached land except in the form of wreckage; the various much feared French invasions have never occurred, but still the average Englishman always stands in awe of that phantom, which is now taking shape as a squadron of warlike airships developed by Wright Brothers in France; an aerial invasion is regarded by the dwellers on the "little island" as a serious menace to the continued rule of Britannia over the waves.

Victory may not be theirs, they think, when it comes to a contention for mastery of the airy billows of the ether above the channel, or a "right of way" amid the clouds that hover over the white cliffs of Dover. No less a person than Major Baden-Powell has exclaimed to the British nation: "Heavy, heavy; what hangs over your head?" as the children say.

No doubt airships will soon become a part of war armament, but it is believed that such a change in the conditions of warfare will do much to eliminate insular fear and prejudice, which can be little understood in a country of the geographical area of the United States. Foreign airships have no terror for us, because they are so far away, and it promptly occurs to the American mind that what is good for one nation is good for another—if airships offer an easy means of attack to the French, they also offer an easy means of defence to the English.

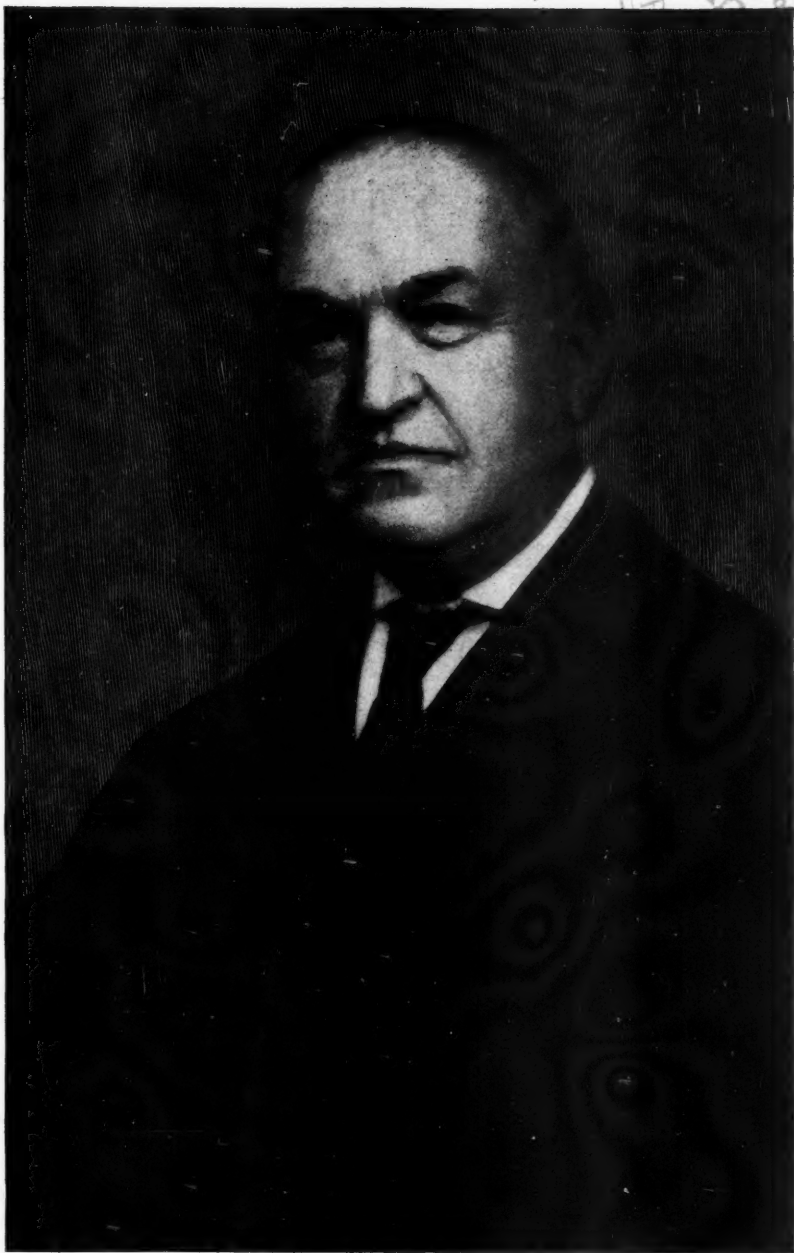
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ALMOST as important as a government report are the figures on the year's benefactions, which run up to the billion mark. During 1908 more than ninety per cent. of this money has been given for the betterment of the conditions of life, both for men and women. Total figures are hard to determine, but, in round numbers, colleges and educational institutions received \$40,000,000; charitable institutions, \$40,000,000; art galleries and museums, \$5,000,000; religious organizations, \$5,000,000; libraries, about \$1,000,000, which tends to show the great falling off of library funds; Mr. Carnegie's library culture has about reached the high-water mark, though he continues to head the list of benefactions with John D. Rockefeller and Mrs. Sage. More and more each year public benefactions are looked upon as a duty rather than a mere personal whim, and, reviewing the ample gifts for the year, it does not seem that the rich people are so very selfish after all.

\* \* \*

NEW and utilitarian developments are constantly in evidence at Washington. The South's experiments with vulcanizing plants, which will eventually become sawmill auxiliaries, are eagerly watched by people at the Capital.

The timber growing on seventy-five million



MR. JOHN DONOVAN  
of St. Joseph, Missouri, the head and front of the famous United States Military Tournament of the West

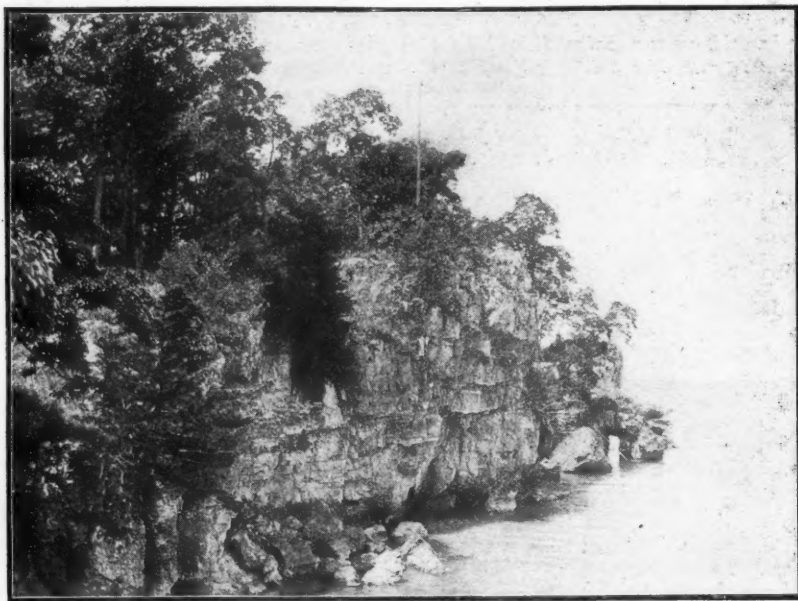


acres of swamp land in the South, which has been hitherto of little value, being chiefly lob-lolly pine and juniper, is now being made merchantable by subjection to a vulcanizing process that does credit to the inventive genius of the American who is introducing this new device to rid Southern swamp timber of its sap, and harden the fibre of these soft woods, making them durable and of value. It is

deal of interest, in view of the denudation of the forests. Who knows but the time will come when we shall have ready-made lumber growing, all ready for building purposes, without having to wait for it to "season"?

\* \* \*

THE Capital has been very gay this session. When Judge Taft, with Mrs. Taft, at-



NEEDLE'S EYE, GIBRALTAR ISLAND, PUT-IN-BAY HARBOR

From this point Perry's lookout discovered the approaching British ships on the morning of September 10, 1813. Gibraltar was the summer home of Jay Cooke, the financier, and is now owned by his heirs. (See page 272)

claimed that this process, when perfected, will not only preserve the wood but make it susceptible of a finish equal to that of the best grades of pitch pine and hard woods. The time may not be far distant when our homes will be furnished in vulcanized wood, as perfectly prepared for ware and ornament as modern breakfast foods are for the plate. It ought to be called "predigested wood."

Pine blocks, so treated, are proof against decay, and wood thus prepared will be almost indestructible in any place where it is to be embedded in soft earth—for instance, by the use of vulcanized timber the life of railway ties can be considerably lengthened. These experiments have been watched with a great

tended an elaborate luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, a warm invitation was extended him to be present at the next session of the Trans-Mississippi Congress, to be held in Denver, Colorado, August 16-21 of this year. It was evident that the warmth of this invitation appealed to the president, although he found it impossible to positively promise, at that early date, as to his attendance, not even the prospect of being called "Bill" winning an acceptance from him. He assured the delegation, however, that it would give him great pleasure to attend the Congress and to visit Colorado again, and that, duties permitting, he would be with them in August. Mr. Walsh's hospitality is well known, and

at that luncheon the guests numbered about seventy, each one striving to outdo the other in the matter of good fellowship. The event will be remembered as one of the most enjoyable functions of the gaieties of the Taft administration.

\* \* \*

UPON the completion of his second term, Congressman John W. Weeks of Massachusetts is certainly the possessor of a notable record, having won a place in the House of Representatives as one of its most successful and active members. His work on the committee on banking and currency, the agricultural committee and the monetary commission has evidenced capacity that is much valued by his colleagues.

Few men mentioned for the navy portfolio have been more eminently qualified for it. A graduate of Annapolis, thoroughly posted on naval affairs, a successful and prominent business man, owning a legislative record of which any statesman might be proud, Mr. Weeks' training leaves nothing to be desired.

His prominence in the affairs of the House entitles him to wear the carnation which is

be protected by Congress, and the President given power to make maximum rates on articles imported from countries which do not treat our export trade fairly. His success in the closing days of the session in carrying through the House the forestry bill, against the active opposition of the leaders on both sides, and in persuading the House to instruct the House conferees to recede and concur in a Senate amendment which provided for the necessary authorization for the completion of the Boston Custom House, against the active opposition of the house committee on public buildings and grounds, were among the notable legislative victories of the Sixtieth Congress.

\* \* \*

THE joke was on the Republican members of the Committee on Ways and Means when the startling fact was brought to light that, although earnestly seeking to protect American industries, they were from time to time wiping off the dust stains of absorbing research with toweling which bore the stamp, "Made in Great Britain." But even this was not enough. Other alarming discoveries were



VICTORY COVE

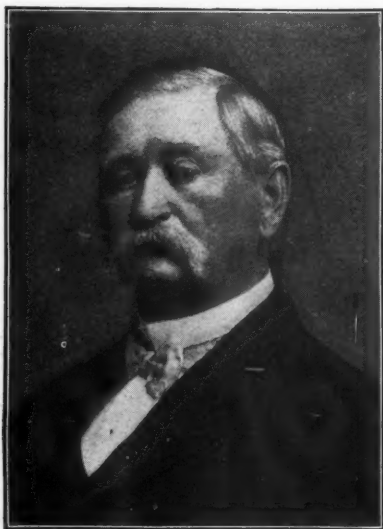
One of the historic spots on Lake Erie, associated with Commodore Perry's great victory (See page 272)

assigned to adorn members of high importance. He has been keenly watching the interests of Massachusetts in regard to tariff revision, ever mindful of the wishes and needs of the "home folks." His idea has been that the minimum tariff should

made—their chairs were marked, "Made in Vienna," and, as if this were not sufficient, it was pointed out that the gypsum on the walls was imported from Canada, and the woodwork of the imposing "throne" had been brought from Italy. These facts were noted

with great glee by the Democratic members, who hastened to charge their colleagues with inconsistency, since their practice did not coincide with their efforts to encourage American industry.

This recalls the story of Congressman Dingley, who when he was about to introduce his great tariff measures, was ridiculed by "sockless Jerry Simpson" because he wore a hat marked "Made in London." Mr. Dingley was not slow to retort that at least the tariff measure was being made in America and not by the machinations of importers or foreign manufacturers.



THE LATE A. J. AIKENS  
Of the "Evening Wisconsin," Milwaukee, Wis.

SENATOR Elkins of West Virginia, soon after the completion of his beautiful new yacht, "The Marietta," was entertaining a party of friends on board. During the repast the talk drifted from yachts to yachting clothes, and just then Senator Elkins told a story.

"An old fellow," he said, "sat in a seaside cafe. He had finished luncheon. He was now drinking champagne.

"The sun shone on the white sand, the sea sparkled, and every little while the old fellow ordered another cold half bottle.

"With the third order he said uneasily to the waiter:

"Waiter, is my nose getting red?"

"Yes, sir," the waiter answered, "It is, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir."

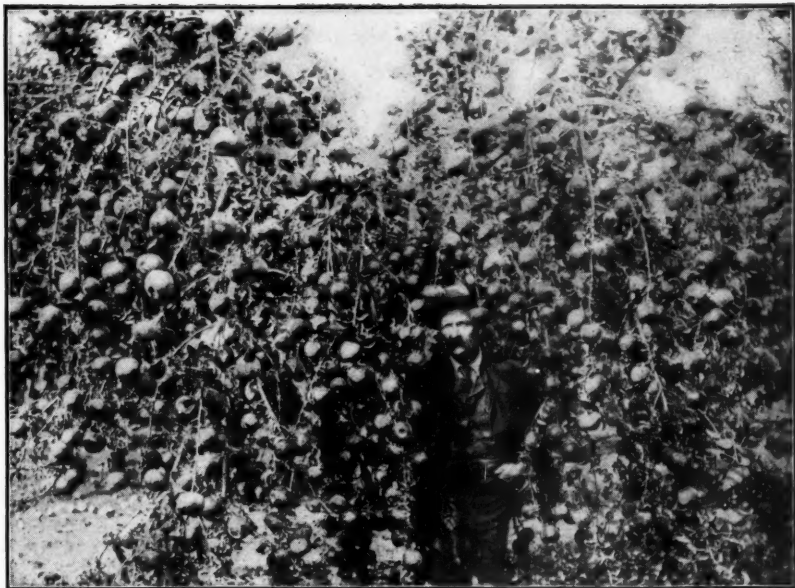
"That won't do," said the old fellow. "That won't do at all. Waiter, send out and get me a yachting cap and bring another bottle."

\* \* \*

PRESENT-DAY agitation concerning the reforestation of the United States has awakened much poetic, as well as practical interest in the trees of the forest and their associations. Who has not some treasured memory connected with waving green branches—perhaps a favorite tree of childhood, whose tops seemed to call up the mighty winds of winter—perhaps those big trees that grew before the door of the "old home," and on which "we boys" cut our names, or that surprising tree that grew so much faster than the others planted at the same time. Or it may be that curious stories are recalled, as of the "tree that owned itself," a plot of land being deeded to the tree by its lover, to keep it forever free from all encroachments of man.

Who has not been moved by the touching words of Thoreau concerning trees? Who can look upon the waving branches of a graceful elm, listen to the breezes sweeping and humming through its leaves at night, or watch it standing silent, with bowed head, in the warm midday air, without thinking those strange, unbidden thoughts that spring rather from the soul than the mind? The sighing of the leaves, the movement of the branches, the knots and fibres of the roots—there is no portion of a tree but has its human suggestion. Suggestive of humanity, too, is the life and death of its foliage. "We all do fade as a leaf," said the writer of olden time. Who can pass through the woods in autumn, his footsteps awakening mysterious whispers amid the fallen leaves; or witness the felling of a giant forest king, without thoughts of man's last scene in the play of life on the stage of humanity? There is indeed "a pleasure in the pathless woods . . . society where none intrudes," though sadness and loneliness are there also.

Often a tree seems as near and friendly as a fellow-mortal. Under its shade a favorite author has been read; there have been hours of reflection, of happiness or sorrow alone with "the greenwood tree," when to touch its



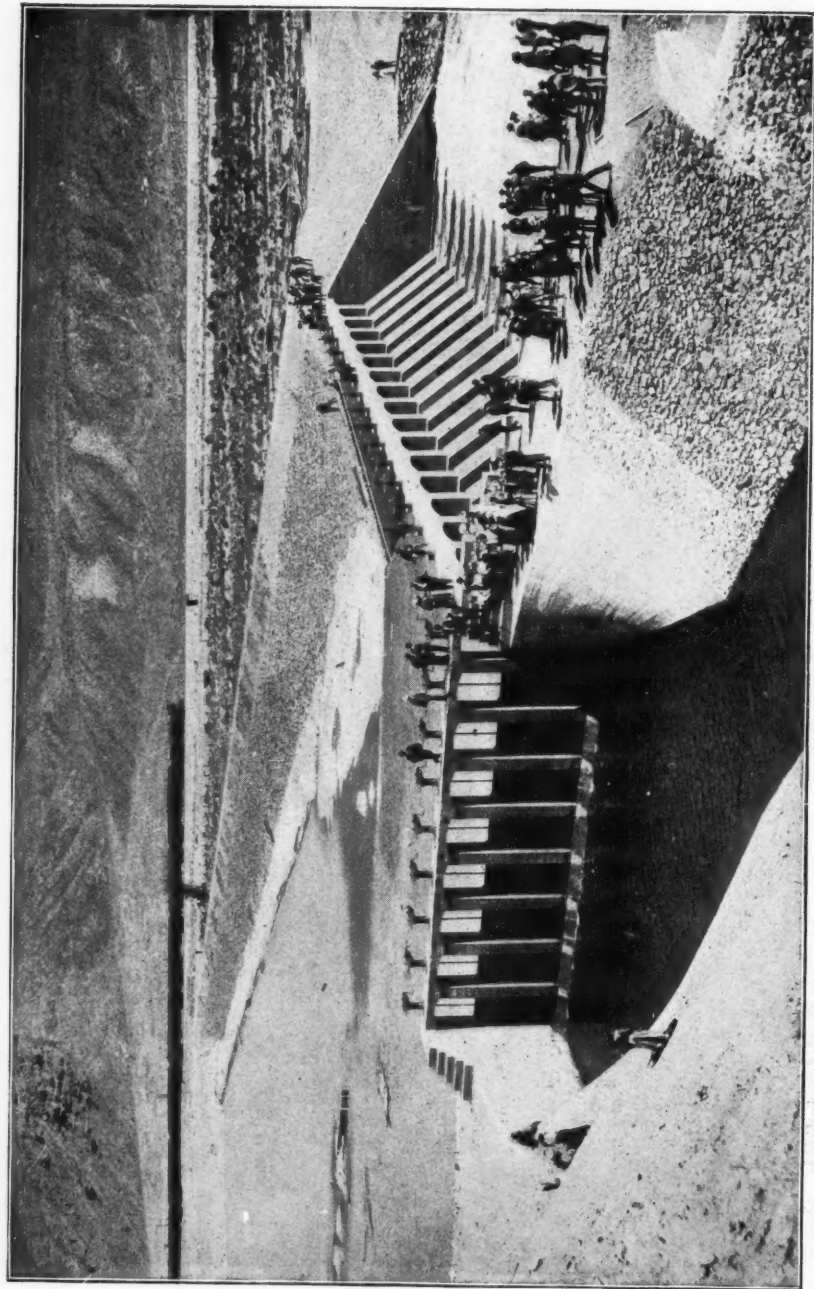
YAKIMA PROJECT, WASHINGTON. IRRIGATED APPLE TREE, IN FRUIT



GOVERNMENT ROAD, SALT RIVER PROJECT, ARIZONA

Showing the completed through cut on high wagon road directly above the wall of the Salt River dam site

(See page 280)



TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT, NEVADA  
Head works of the Truckee Canal at the Diversion Dam on the Truckee River

(See page 279)

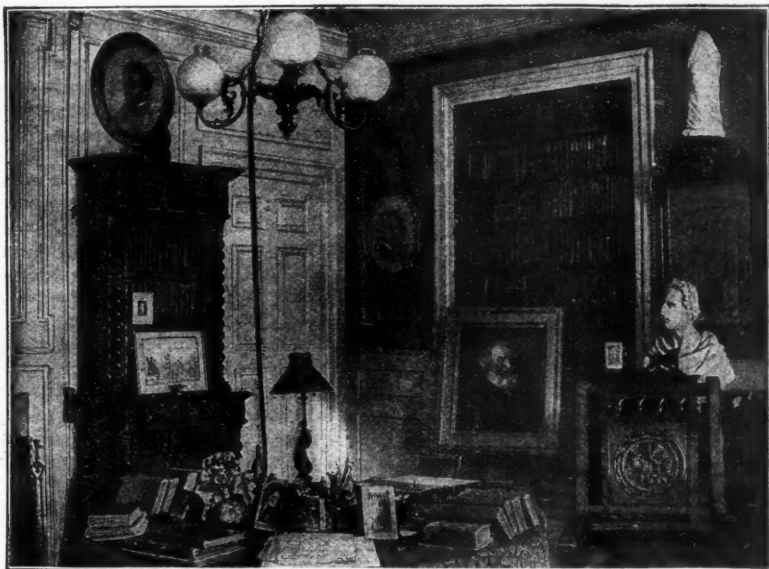


rough bark seemed like caressing the furrowed cheek of an old friend. In other moods that great bole seemed a veritable forest temple, a place of prayer. No wonder that the ancient peoples worshipped in the forest, in the dim, perpetual sabbath of some quiet, shady glen, where "dark and deep lay the oak shadows on the grass, so still, they seemed but pictured gloom."

The tree lovers strike a vibrant chord in every heart when they say that much of

many a wordy battle, and his talk always has the swing and stir that are the prelude to victory. He is described by some Washington cynics as "a reclaimed corporation lawyer," and it is said that he still retains the tactics of old legal days, and forms his plans in the cool way that served him well in earlier years. He pertinently describes the elements of success:

"I don't depreciate brains, but I value the head of man less than I do his stomach,



*Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Co.*

LONGFELLOW'S STUDY IN THE CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

romance and poetry must be lost if our forests are destroyed, and amid the revival of old-time fashions in dance and vocal music, no song of bygone days promises to be more popular than that time-honored melody, "Oh, Woodman, Spare That Tree."

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AMONG those who are enthusiastically scheduled for an opportunity to make a great oratorical effort is Senator Cummins of Iowa. Few men are better equipped to shine as a speaker; he has a rich, resonant voice, a comprehensive education and faultless diction.

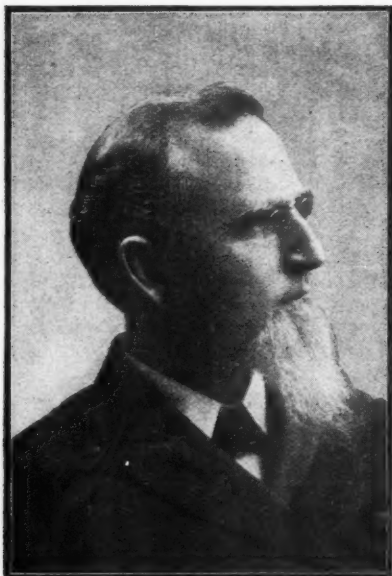
In early life Senator Cummins was known as an aggressive political fighter; he has won

which, in my judgment, is the throne of both power and grace. To eat anything, to sleep at any time and in any place, and to arise in the morning sweetened by rest and good health, means victory for mediocrity over genius with a bad taste in its mouth and an aching head."

Close on six feet high, with large, round eyes and a shock of hair prematurely white, with drooping moustache, Senator Cummins owns a striking personality that is known to most of the voters in Iowa. His public career has had an enlivening flavor of pugnacity.

The son of a Pennsylvania carpenter, he went to Iowa when a small boy, and lived on a farm for some years. His father, at

the ripe age of eighty-six, is now a resident of Des Moines. Senator Cummins has all the vigorous energy that might be expected from a man who worked as a carpenter to obtain his education, and who, at a little academy two miles from his home, sat on a bench with his back against the wall eagerly imbibing learning. He went to college at Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, and then taught school for some years to work his way onward and achieve his ambition to be a lawyer.



SENATOR T. H. CARTER OF MONTANA

Obtaining a loan from a banker uncle, the youth went out to seek his fortune. His first Sunday in Iowa was marked by a seventeen-mile walk to see a man who had lived in Pennsylvania, for the young fortune-seeker had become a little homesick for the hills of the Keystone State. At the mature age of twenty-one he felt himself a failure because he was unable to make the fortune he dreamed of, and for which he had come to Iowa. However, he managed to return the money which he had borrowed from his uncle. He was employed in an express office at McGregor, and was often up at two o'clock in the morning to meet boats passing up and down the river; later he held a po-

sition as a railroad messenger. Afterward he did service as a surveyor in the swamps along the Wabash and had a hand in constructing railroads.

About this time a mere incident led him to Michigan, where he met the lady who became Mrs. Cummins; he was then employed as civil engineer. The next year he entered a law office in Chicago at ten dollars per week, and two years after this he was admitted to the bar and obtained an office in Chicago; later he removed to Des Moines, because he desired to make his home in Iowa where he had made his first start in life. He remarked recently in a musing way:

"I little dreamed in those early days that I would ever become an office holder, but fate brings strange things to pass."

\* \* \*

THE postal savings bill introduced and reported by Senator Carter remained as unfinished business from December, until the approach of the closing hours of Congress demonstrated that a vote on the merits could not be secured before adjournment. The time was not wasted, because the judgment of the Senate on the improvement of the measure was secured in many important particulars.

The original bill provided for deposits of ten cents or multiples thereof, and the debate disclosed that this would entail such a burden of bookkeeping as to break down the system. Again it developed that placing all the power in the hands of the postmaster general, who might not at all times work in harmony with the treasury department, would be dangerous. In consequence of various amendments suggested and made, Senator Carter concluded that the better plan was to present the subject anew to the committee on post offices and post roads, and this he did in the form of a general substitute to the bill, and that was the amendment pending before the Senate when adjournment came. This substitute obviously comes nearer meeting the various views in the Senate than did the original bill. It provides that no deposit of less than one dollar shall be received, but at the same time makes provision for adhesive stamps to be attached to a card so that the individual may thus accumulate one dollar and thereupon deposit the card as a dollar or any multiple thereof.

The management, instead of being given wholly to the postmaster general, is by the substitute given to a board of trustees, to consist of the secretary of the treasury, the postmaster general, the attorney general, and two members to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. This board will make and promulgate all rules and regulations for the receipt, transmission, investment and repayment of moneys deposited in postal savings banks, and the postmaster general will execute the orders of the board.

The postal funds are to be deposited, first in banks as near as may be in the neighborhood in which received, on such security as the board of trustees may require, and at not less than two and a quarter per cent. interest. If the banks refuse to give the security required, then the money may be invested in such securities as the laws of the several states provide for the investment of savings bank funds. A reserve of ten per cent. is required to be kept on hand in cash all the time, and except for these points the bill remains as formerly presented.

\* \* \*

**E**SPECIALLY interesting, in these days of constantly improving machinery, are memories of the days when rollers were "made at home" for the Washington hand-press, which did valiant duty in developing the biceps as well as the brains of the publisher. The late Andrew J. Aikens of the *Evening Wisconsin*, an old Vermont boy, drew from amid his memories of early days of work and struggle a delightful story of the punctilious honor and conscientiousness of Charles Sumner. The young newspaper man was achieving success, against tremendous odds, with the old *Bennington Gazette* and other New England newspapers, and he had the encouraging knowledge that he had secured the friendship of the illustrious statesman. Just at the close of an exciting campaign, Mr. Aikens and another young gentleman were busy sending out copies of documents under the franking privilege for the State Central Committee of Massachusetts. In those days it was customary for the senator to write his name on each envelope.

Imagine in these "rushing" times a United States senator signing by hand all documents going out under his name, or even signing

in person all his letters! If such personal attention should be demanded from one man nowadays, it would not require a soothsayer to foresee for him the early grave, or the padded cell, from which the facsimile and the rubber stamp have saved him.

It was essential that this particular lot of documents should be sent out promptly, but on the morning of a certain day the hours passed and the senator did not arrive at the headquarters, according to his custom, to sign his name on each envelope. Young Aikens and his friend felt it was vitally important that the mail matter be sent at once to the post office, so one of the clerks cleverly imitated Charles Sumner's signature, with the lines of the surname running out in a series of crooked strokes.

Just after the documents had been all sent to the post office, which was across the street, the Senator appeared and was told what had been done, the imitator of his signature calmly awaiting a compliment on his skill. The Senator drew himself up:

"What! You have sent my documents out in that way? Do you not know that this is in violation of the law, and that I cannot permit these documents to enter the mail without my authentic signature?"

"Go back at once to the post office and bring them all back and destroy the envelopes, for whatever goes out under the name of Charles Sumner shall be in strict compliance with the letter of the law."

Young Aikens and his companion meekly sent the janitor to the post office and obtained all the documents bearing the spurious signature, which were not permitted to go out until the senator had placed his actual signature on a new envelope for each constituent.

\* \* \*

**I**T is a significant fact that many of the successful foreign ambassadors have been greatly assisted by American wives. The successor of Baron Speck von Sternburg, whose wife is of American birth, is Count Bernstorff, who married Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer of New York. The new ambassador has made a notable record in diplomatic service.

Count Von Bernstorff is tall, slight, wears a short moustache and is a fine type of the accomplished and cultured German. He speaks English with ease and has all the other

attributes of a successful diplomat. He came to Washington from Cairo, where he had served as the German consul-general. The Count was born in London, where his father was ambassador, and he began his diplomatic career as attache at Constantinople. By his work in England he ameliorated the ill feeling between Great Britain and Germany and won the commendation of the Emperor William.

The Count's diplomatic service has made him at home in nearly every country in Europe, and with his distinguished record he has already become a notable figure in Washington diplomatic circles.

\* \* \*

**F**ACING the camera for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE photographer, one of the veterans at the Capitol called attention to the fact that it was sixty-eight years ago that the first sunlight picture of a human face was made, and remarked on the extraordinary progress that has been made in this limning art. In his youth the only portraits obtainable were the silhouette, the daguerreotype, and the costly ivory miniature. He said that before sitting for his picture the only time that he had indulged in the luxury of a miniature, he had run a mile to be sure of having a good color in his cheek that would last through the sitting which the artist had planned to give him. He drew out the little oval of ivory and showed it to us, evidently proud of his fine complexion and handsome appearance in those days.

Picture-making is revolutionized, and the newest phase, the motion picture, is furnishing amusement today to nearly a thousand audiences in New York City alone—yet it is less than fifteen years ago since this process was discovered and put into use. There is, it is true, some antipathy among public men and women to face the camera, but the people demand pictorial information just as eagerly as they demand that conveyed by the printed page. The interest that impels people to look over the photograph albums of their friends is now being displayed in the national reading habit.

At the conclusion of the picture discussion it was agreed among a number of veterans, who had all passed the age of eighty-five, that the past seventy-five years have been the most interesting period in all the history of

the human race, and that probably no equal lapse of time in the future will offer a record of so many great achievements.

\* \* \*

**N**O portion of American territorial possessions is accounted less troublesome to the government than Hawaii, there having been little need for any interference with their local problems. The great question that confronts Hawaii for solution is that of labor and production. The exclusion of foreign labor from that territory was not a popular movement, because the islands depend very largely on this class of help. The native labor is not efficient, white labor is too costly, and consequently coolies from China have done most of the work of gathering in the various crops. Since the close of the Russo-Japanese War a large number of young Japanese have come to the island.

The Interior Department now encourages the cultivation of smaller plantations with the idea of loosening the grip of the landlord class, which it is felt is a menace to the prosperity which Hawaii, with its many resources, ought to have. Dwellers on the island are very appreciative of the value of intelligent exploitation in regard to the production and marketing of Hawaiian fruit. The canned pineapple trade is rapidly increasing, and this fruit has a large sale in American markets.

As a way station to the Orient, Hawaii will always be a popular stopping-place for tourists. The Exposition in Seattle next summer, which will be international in scope, will stimulate this traffic, and many visitors to Washington and California will include in their Western tour a look at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and the sunny lands of the Pacific, which Captain Cook discovered when he circumnavigated the globe.

\* \* \*

**E**XPERIMENTS of all kinds are rife at the Agricultural Department. A short time ago a Wisconsin man, who claimed to be a first-class farmer, was discussing the feeding of cows and insisted that when he went to town, though he might bring home chocolates for Susan and toffee for little Bill, he never forgot to provide himself with a gallon of molasses for the cows.

"Cows like sweets as well as humans do," he said. "I feed mine that way and they

grow and thrive on it. Of course the thing can be overdone, just as you can give too much chocolate to the little girls, or too much toffee to little Bill. Just as my boys and girls look for their candy, my cows look for molasses, and I feed it to them the year around, except during the springing season."

He has gone thoroughly into the question and considers that results obtained justify his departure from the usual methods of feeding. He says that it is just as natural for cows to crave molasses as for children to regard candy as a good investment.

from South Carolina, the hotbed of Southern partisanship, were the Damon and Pythias of Washington life. They loved each other with all the ardor of lads, hunted and fished together, and were evidently anxious to see as much as possible of each other at all times. Then Senator Vest of Missouri and Senator Quay had a similar friendship, which was rudely broken because Vest failed to vote as Quay thought he ought to do, when the Pennsylvania senator was making a desperate fight for political life. The conscience of the Missouri statesman would



THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. TAFT ENJOYING A SUMMER DAY WITH MAGAZINE AND BOOK

"If you have any doubt about it," he said, "go along home and feed some molasses to your cows and see them lick their chops after their ration of sweets. Another thing I like about it is that it makes their hair look sleek and fine, and gives 'em a contented appearance generally that is good to see."

\* \* \*

**C**URIOS chumships are characteristic of every session of Congress. Don Cameron, the red-hot champion of black Republicanism, and Senator Wade Hampton

not permit him to swerve from his principles even to please his dearest friend. Everyone knew of the friendship of Senator Tillman and Senator Spooner, who never spared each other in a passage at arms in debate; and yet no two men seemed to have a higher regard for each other in private life.

In these later years Senator Crane and Secretary Knox, two men of entirely different temperaments, are like twin brothers in their chumship; they spend every possible moment together. When they were both senators they were facetiously called the "Senate Twins."



# THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

By WILLIAM H. REINHART

President, Perry's Victory Centennial Commission

THE story of Commodore Perry's famous victory of the battle of Lake Erie, in 1813, is a recital which should thrill the blood of generations as long as the world shall love her heroes. It is now proposed that the centennial of this event shall be fittingly commemorated amid the historic scenes where it took place.

The battle of Lake Erie was the final important naval engagement of the War of 1812, and also the most momentous of the whole war in its consequences to the American Republic as now constituted. When the vast domain, incalculable interests and great population of the United States cities now standing on the border of the Great Lakes are considered, this nation's debt to Commodore Perry and his gallant men is better understood.

\* \* \*

There is no public memorial anywhere of Commodore Perry, nor of the men who fought and perished at Put-in-Bay. For almost a century, such recognition has been denied the memories of those who, by their heroism in the battle of Lake Erie, insured the rise of the present empire of the Middle West, and gave to American history one of its most brilliant chapters. Yet who can visit "Perry's Lookout"—that limestone pile, fifty feet high, facing the lake—or gaze on the rugged, picturesque buttresses of Gibraltar Island, and not wish that some suitable memorial might be raised to do honor to the young commander who spent long hours on these lofty rocks, sweeping the wide water with his telescope to catch a glimpse of the hostile sails that were to make or mar his fortune and the fortunes of his nation.

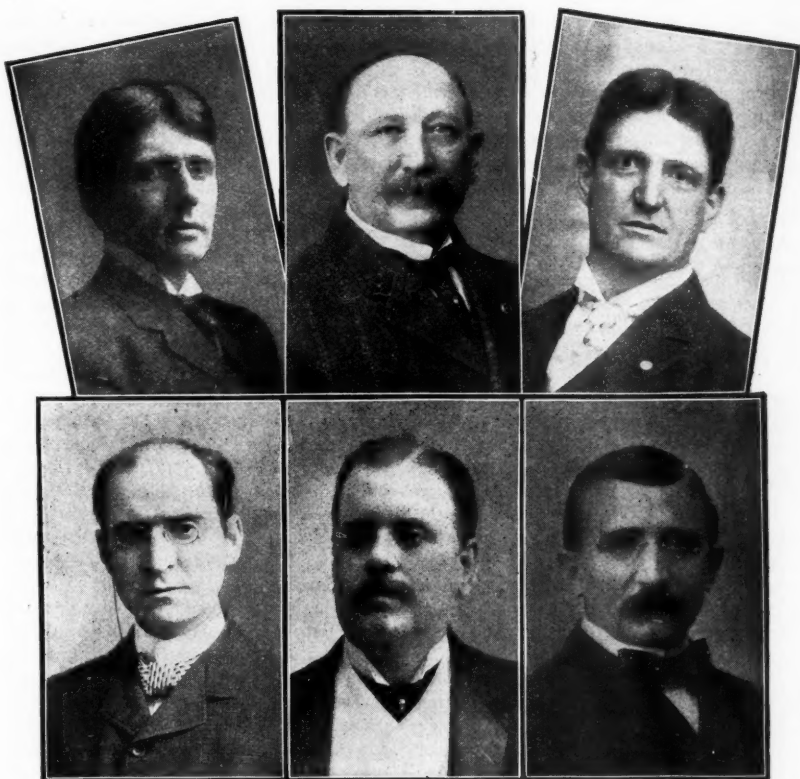
Full preparations had been made to give such a fleet a memorable reception. Days passed without action, though information had been received that, because of scarcity of provisions for Proctor's army at Malden, Barclay's squadron was preparing to get in touch with the British supplies at Long Point, on the Detroit River. At last the American

commander determined to attack Barclay at his anchorage, and written instructions were issued notifying each officer which of the enemy's vessels he should engage. Quoting from Nelson, Commodore Perry said:

"If you lay your enemy close alongside, you cannot be out of your place."

At this final conference the young commander showed to his officers that blue, square, white-lettered battle flag, displaying the words of Lawrence—"Don't Give Up the Ship!" That historic motto floated from the masthead of the flagship which bore the name of the dead hero, and was to serve as the signal for the fleet to engage the enemy.

While the young commander kept his post despite the fever that still clung to him, while the mists of September circled through the air, chilled with the first touch of autumn, early in the morning of the tenth came the news that Barclay's ships were in sight. The sun dispelled the drizzling rain and mist, and the British sails were seen distinctly to the northwest. By ten o'clock Perry's fleet had emerged from among the islands near Put-in-Bay, but the varying wind made it difficult to get within striking distance of the waiting enemy and engage him on the "weather-gage." There were no vain shots, no idle "chasings," about the lakes; in dogged silence the British veteran, who had served under Nelson, awaited the onset of his untried American opponent. The American squadron had nine ships and fifty-four guns; the "Lawrence," commanded by Commodore Perry, had twenty guns; the second, the brig "Niagara," was commanded by Captain Elliott and also had twenty guns, but of the remainder of the squadron but one ship had four guns, while the sloop "Trippe," the schooner "Tigress" and the "Porcupine" had each only one gun. To insure effective action with such an armament, it was necessary to get into close range; otherwise the light American guns would have little chance against the British fleet, comprising the new, strongly built ship "Detroit," mounting long



*First row:* Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo; Wm. H. Reinhart, Sandusky, President; Col. Rodney J. Diegle, Sandusky, Director of Publicity.

*Second row:* Webster P. Huntington, Secretary; Commodore George H. Worthington, Cleveland, Vice-President; S. M. Johannsen, Put-in-Bay, Treasurer.

#### THE COMMISSION IN CHARGE OF THE CELEBRATION

twenty-fours, eighteens and twelves, one gun on pivots and two howitzers; the "Queen Charlotte," with seventeen guns; the schooner "Lady Prevost," thirteen; the brig "Hunter," ten; the sloop "Little Belt," three; the schooner "Chippewa," one and two swivels—a total of sixty-three guns, though fewer ships than the Americans.

The engagement took place ten miles north of Put-in-Bay; Barclay, awaiting the attack, stretched his fleet in a line square across the wind, as closely as the ships could stand and do effective work. The "Detroit," the flagship, headed the line. Slowly Perry came nearer, his face calm, his eyes burning with excitement; he looked with pride on

his crew, all veterans from the immortal "Constitution." "You know how to beat those fellows," he said.

The men, stripped to the waist, their muscular arms folded, handkerchiefs bound about their heads to keep long locks from falling over their eyes, merely grinned in reply.

\* \* \*

At a quarter before noon the British bands were heard playing "Rule, Britannia," and a ringing cheer came across the water as a shot from the British flagship bounded toward the advancing "Lawrence"; it fell short, but a moment later a second passed through the bulwarks of Perry's ship, whose

crew sprang to their guns. He checked them; he had determined to engage the enemy closely, and his squadron swept on silently until Stephen Champlin, Perry's first cousin, fired the first American shot; he was destined also to fire the last in this engagement. He was then twenty-four years old, and was the last survivor of the nine commanders in Perry's squadron at the battle of Lake Erie.

\* \* \*

The British squadron was well placed, and in attempting to get within satisfactory range the Americans became scattered, while two of the enemy's ships poured a destructive fire upon the "Lawrence"; before Champlin fired that first shot the Commodore's ship was already the worse for wear; later three British ships formed a murderous crescent about the stern of the "Lawrence," but Perry, persistent and unappalled, worked his way within half musket-shot of the "Detroit" and began to pour broadside after broadside into the enemy, though the furious storm of shots from the ships in his rear tore out the very vitals of the "Lawrence." The grim attentions of the enemy in that entire quarter were centered on that fated ship, and the fight on that battered hulk, against hopeless odds, will live as one of the most stirring records of the nation's history. Perry's smaller vessels were still too far back to render efficient service, and though he transmitted trumpeted orders for all ships to make sail and engage Barclay at close quarters, obedience was almost impossible, owing to the light and variable winds. The "Caledonia," with her equipment of long guns, was close enough to have rendered aid, but was heavily engaged in doing effective work on the "Chippewa," "Detroit" and "Hunter," to which trio she had been assigned. Captain Elliott, of the "Niagara," had been instructed to engage the "Queen Charlotte," but owing to his being some distance back he was unable to make adequate use of his carronades; a single long twelve was the only gun of any use until the ship was brought later into another position. This gun got in good work until most of the ammunition of that caliber had been exhausted.

The "Scorpion" and "Ariel" did gallant work, but their small size made them very ineffective. Judged by the grim standard of war, Barclay's conception of attack was

masterly. With his opponent's flagship sunk or forced to strike her colors, the leading spirit disposed of, it would be easy to capture or disperse the remainder of a fleet robbed of its commander and mainstay.

Any faltering in the chief would have meant a different issue in the battle of Lake Erie, but while a glazing eye remained to aim the shots, or stiffening hands to ram them home, Perry would not yield. For two long hours the flagship withstood that storm of fiery death; shots from the enemy pierced the refuge of the wounded; crimson streams dripped upon them from the deck above—no words could describe the horror of that scene; officers to the right and left of the commander were struck down—his brother, a lad of thirteen, had his clothing torn into rags by splinters, and his cap shot through twice, but Perry and the boy remained the only unhurt persons on the ship. Officers with blackened hands rushed to him: "For God's sake, sir, give us more men," they cried, and Perry answered, "I have no men left to give you."

When the decimated deck force could no longer furnish men enough to work the guns, Perry called up the surgeon's assistants one by one: he summoned again, but the surgeon replied that he was now working alone in the cockpit among the wounded. "Are there any of the wounded able to pull on a rope?" cried the commodore. Crawling painfully up to the deck came two or three blood-drenched heroes, who put their ebbing strength to drag the last gun into position. Cool and unshaken, when Perry glanced at the wounded strewn the deck, he invariably met their dying gaze fixed upon him—a touching tribute to their devotion to their commander, even in that awful hour.

\* \* \*

The growl of the "Lawrence's" last gun sounded; she rolled a dead thing on the waters; the British believed her gallant commander slain. Elliott, next in command, doubtless thought the same. He hailed the "Caledonia," ordering her to engage the British ship "Hunter," and afford the "Niagara," his own ship, an opportunity to approach the "Lawrence." With white sails unfurled in the freshening breeze, she swept along, her untired crew vigorously returning the broadsides flung at her. She drew

abreast the "Lawrence's" larboard beam, and then occurred the strangest event of that fearful day. Followed by quavering cheers from the throats of dying men on the deck of the abandoned hulk, a little boat shot out heading straight for the passing "Niagara." Erect in the stern stood a splendid stalwart figure, draped in the blue, white-lettered folds of the historic pennant; from amid those folds rose the calm, impassive face, the fiery eyes of Commodore Perry; he was transferring his flag. In a moment the American squadron grasped the thrilling fact, and a tempest of cheers arose from every ship in Perry's command. As by a miracle the little boat's tenants escaped unhurt, though a hole was torn in her side and quickly stopped by the commander himself, who tore off his epauletted coat and thrust it into the aperture.

When Perry left the "Lawrence," he placed her in charge of Lieutenant Yarnell, with instructions to use his own judgment in regard to surrender. After consulting with another lieutenant and the sailing master, that the opposing fire on the wounded and dying might cease, Yarnell hauled down the flag of the helpless hulk; the British cheered; the sound reached the wounded, who cried: "Sink the ship." Half an hour later their beloved commander again trod that bloody deck, to gladden the eyes of the suffering heroes who had chosen death rather than surrender.

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The "Niagara" was in perfect condition; under her new commander she succeeded at last in breaking that deadly line of British fire; the "Caledonia" followed into the thick of the fight; the freshening breeze brought up the smaller ships, and for the first time the entire squadron was in the fight. Eight minutes after the "Niagara's" dash through the British line, one of the enemy's ships struck colors; others quickly followed; many of the British ships sought to escape, and it was late at night before they were caught by the pursuing Americans. Though the "Lawrence" had been forced to strike colors, in order to save what life remained on her, she had not been boarded by the enemy, and once more Perry's feet trod her decks. News of the hard fight, that displayed equal gallantry on both sides, went to General Harrison pencilled on the back of an old letter, held upon Perry's naval cap:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. Yours, with great respect and esteem,  
"O. H. PERRY."

\* \* \*

Washington Irving, in his biographical sketch of Commodore Perry, shortly after the famous engagement on Lake Erie, says: "In future times, when the shores of Erie shall hum with busy population; when towns and cities shall brighten where now extend the dark and tangled forests; when ports shall spread their arms, and lofty barks shall ride where now the canoe is fastened to the stake; when the present age shall have grown into venerable antiquity, and the mists of fable begin to gather around its history, then will the inhabitants look back to this battle we record, as one of the romantic achievements of the days of yore. It will stand first on the page of their local legends and in the marvelous tales of the borders."

That the famous author prophesied wisely there is now every reason to believe. The Seventy-seventh General Assembly of Ohio adopted a resolution taking the initial step toward what is destined to become one of the most historical and commemorative events occurring on American soil. The resolution adopted by the law-making body of Ohio pledges the moral support of the state to the exposition and centennial celebration to be held at Put-in-Bay Island in the year 1913, in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the momentous victory of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry in the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813. In furtherance of this object the resolution authorized the governor of Ohio to appoint a board of commissioners to prepare and carry out plans for the proposed centennial celebration. The commissioners have decided that the observance of the centenary of Perry's victory shall take the form of a suitable exposition and centennial celebration, in which the national and state governments and the American people at large are invited to take part. The proposed exposition will extend over a period of about three months.

The centennial anniversary of Perry's victory will be practically contemporaneous with the conclusion of 100 years of peace between Great Britain, Canada and the United States, beginning with the signing of the Treaty of Ghent December 24, 1814,

which terminated the War of 1812. There is therefore the probability that this proposed centennial will take the form of an international event on Ohio soil, participated in by the two great English-speaking nations of the world, under the highest official auspices.

According to the map of today, the states most affected by the battle of Lake Erie, and therefore most deeply interested in its centennial celebration, are Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota—important jewels indeed in the diadem of modern America. These states now present to the waters of the Great Lakes, as evidence of a hundred years of progress, such rich and populous cities as Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Duluth, Erie, Ashtabula, Sandusky, and many others of equal or less importance, but in the aggregate representing a large percentage of the urban population of the United States; and these cities indicate a territorial domain vast in extent, unsurpassed in resources and second to none in the world of the same area, in respect to civilized progress.

Pennsylvania and Michigan have already passed bills authorizing the government to appoint commissions of five to act with the Ohio commissioners and the commissioners of other states to commemorate this memorable event.

The governments of the other states and the principal cities of such states, will doubtless take official cognizance of the centennial exposition proposed by the state of Ohio in honor of Perry's victory; they will undoubtedly participate in it eventually as principals, and will contribute substantially in support and patronage to the establishment and success of the enterprise. The object in view is not primarily or largely to organize a vast industrial exposition, but rather to take advantage of a great opportunity to hold a successful and memorable exposition, that shall be in the highest sense historical, educational, scientific and distinctly patriotic.

Expressions of opinion from all parts of the country show that the people, the press of the states, the various boards of trade, the chambers of commerce and other busi-

ness organizations all endorse the proposed exposition. In a word, no state project in the history of Ohio or any other state has ever met with a more emphatic, favorable and immediate response from the general public.

From an historical standpoint Put-in-Bay Island, the neighboring islands and the surrounding waters of Lake Erie offer the logical site for any celebration in honor of the centenary of peace between Great Britain and the United States, and the advantages of this location are so marked that they also must appeal to the practical business sense of the people. At Put-in-Bay 2,000 acres are practically available for exposition purposes. Just beyond is Middle Bass Island, whose frontage toward the historic harbor of Put-in-Bay might well be utilized as incidental and accessory exposition territory. Between them lies picturesque Gibraltar, the home of the late Jay Cooke, and the present summer residence of his heirs. The great financier's library and rare collection of old maps and mementoes are still there, and would constitute a valuable contribution to the educational and historical exhibits of the proposed exposition. In view of Jay Cooke's great services to the government in its time of need during the Civil War, it would seem not unreasonable to ask the national authorities to celebrate his memory in some formal manner in connection with the proposed exposition.

The accessibility of Put-in-Bay is another strong argument in favor of the island and its surrounding waters being used for the contemplated celebration. It links the Eastern and Western division of our continent; can be easily reached by rail and water from any one of the many cities of the Middle West that border on the Lakes, and transportation facilities may be made worthy of any former exposition in this country. The fact that it is near the Canadian line brings it in touch with the British interests, which may fittingly be joined with our own in this enterprise.

Liberal support and co-operation, such as the project deserves, supplemented by intelligent direction, may be relied upon to solve, in the not distant future, all the problems which at this early stage of the enterprise confront the commissioners.





## TESTING THE FOODS

By H. W. WILEY

Chief, Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture



QUARTER of a century ago, when the Commissioner of Agriculture made his report to the President of the United States, he summarized in a page the work of the Bureau of Chemistry, the principal features having been the examination of American cereals and milling products, experiments with sorghum cane, and an investigation of American butters and their adulteration. Much of the work done at that time is still standard on the subject, and the bleached flour investigations and the sugar-beet work are worthy descendants of these sturdy pioneer efforts, while the modest attempts to prevent the adulteration of butter have grown into the Food and Drugs Act, the enforcement of which taxes a corps of thirty inspectors, twenty-one port laboratories throughout the country, and the chemical and administrative force of the main office at Washington to the utmost. In this early work, however, the keynote struck was as true as is the policy of today—"to aid the dairy interest in establishing a standard of good butter and to protect the consumer against fraud." While time has added immeasurably to the application of this principle and the field to which it is applied, it has been able to add nothing to the principle itself, and the work of the Bureau of Chemistry today is fundamentally the same—to aid all legitimate trade interests in placing their products on the highest plane, that the American label may be in itself a brand of quality, and

that both the American and the foreign buyer may get what they pay for.

And back of all the legal processes, the economic results, and the commercial ethics involved stands the man with the test tube, the retort, and the microscope, who must furnish the data which make it possible to discriminate between high and low quality goods, and to disclose whether the contents of the can are true to the label or not. It is not possible to enumerate even the different lines of investigation which have forced themselves upon the attention of the chemist in his endeavors to furnish this information, and many more are still awaiting elucidation. A few may be mentioned merely as illustrative of the diversity and extent of the field, which is by no means confined to foods and drugs.

Among the food investigations of special interest are those bearing on canned goods, ketchups, etc., and no branch of the trade has shown more readiness, as a whole, to adopt higher standards and comply with the spirit and letter of the law. The microscope shows plainly the origin of the stock used, and trimmings, cores, or half-spoiled material, doctored with chemical preservatives and beautified with coloring material, can no longer defraud the purchaser or undersell the product carefully made from fresh material. Food Inspection Decision No. 64, based on the opinion of the Bureau of Fisheries, is to the effect that "a sardine is any small canned clupeoid fish," and the public will be "fully protected if all sardines bear labels showing

the place where produced and the nature of the ingredients used in preserving or flavoring the fish." One result of this ruling is, that while the messenger boy in my office still consumes small herring put up in cottonseed oil as of yore—and perfectly wholesome they may be—he pays only five cents for them, and knows what they are, instead of paying ten or fifteen cents for the same product under a fancy label. Two distinct wrongs are righted by the Food and Drugs Act—the hurt to the digestive apparatus and that to the pocketbook—and there is some reason to believe that the average American, however unwisely, resents the latter more than the former. And what part does the chemist play in this little drama? Unless he could take oath as to whether olive oil, peanut oil, or cottonseed oil were present, the "clupeoid" could disport himself in either one or the other, and no one could say him nay, to the financial disadvantage of the consumer.

As said before, these examples are merely chosen to illustrate the workings of the law: Oyster investigations to determine the treatment they receive before entering the market, the effect on flavor and composition of washing, shipping in direct contact with ice, etc.; the bleaching of flour by nitrogen peroxide; the examination of distilled spirits for the establishment of standards; the study of colors made from coal-tar products and from vegetable sources, that the two may be distinguished in foods; the determination of small quantities of preservatives—these are a few of the studies made necessary by the food law.

Judgments which have been obtained under the law include shortages in weight in canned goods, coffee misbranded as to origin, "maple syrup" made of cane sugar syrup flavored with an extract made from the wood of the maple in the factory, spring water supposed to be especially pure, but in reality dangerously contaminated, eggs in a putrid condition broken into a tub and frozen into a solid mass, presumably for use in bakeries, and also cold-storage eggs masquerading as "perfectly fresh."

It is always unfortunate in rehearsing cases of this kind that the impression is unwittingly given that, as a class, food dealers are unscrupulous and without pride in their output, since such is very far from being the case. On the contrary, the majority have

shown every desire to co-operate in the work of the department, placing their factories and storage plants at the disposal of the government experts for experiments on a commercial scale, and bringing their goods within the law as rapidly as possible. False labeling, among its other evils, has forced many through the unfair conditions of competition thus created into practices which would not otherwise have obtained.

The drug feature of the law, especially in its bearing on the public health, is no less important than the foods. The adulteration of crude drugs is a grave matter, rendering, as it does, the physician's prescription ineffective with serious, perhaps fatal, results in a crisis. For example, digitalis is adulterated with stramonium, the addition of any amount of which would endanger the life of the patient when the remedy is depended on for prompt action in the case of heart failure; the *strophanthus* seed, which is also used in such cases, has been widely replaced by another variety of the same seed, which has no effect whatever, but costs only about one-fifth as much. *Belladonna* is often adulterated with poke-root, which has an antagonistic effect, and ground olive pits have been used to the extent of hundreds of tons in such important remedies as ipecac and aconite. The microscope readily detects such adulteration, and a marked improvement in the quality of the drugs imported has been observed in the last year.

An important work is also done in connection with the Post Office, in excluding from the mails under fraud orders so-called cures for consumption, cancer, and epilepsy, that contain no ingredients that could possibly effect the relief claimed. The so-called prescription schemes which are widely advertised include among the items of the prescription a product under a coined name which must be purchased. An investigation of these products invariably shows them to contain only well-known drugs, and the claims made for the remedy exaggerated and misleading. An extensive examination of medicated soft drinks has been made, and many of them have been found to contain cocaine or caffeine and coal-tar coloring. The excessive use of such beverages, containing habit-forming drugs such as morphine, phenacetin and acetanilid, have also been extensively studied, and one conviction in the

case of Harper's Cuforhedake Brane-Fude has already been obtained.

Hygienic investigations of a general nature have included examinations of water supplies, especially with a view to tracing the cause for a typhoid fever epidemic, and a study of the city gas supply with special reference to the presence of dangerous quantities of carbon monoxide, a poisonous gas which is especially dangerous because it is non-odorous. In this connection certain gas heaters, their construction and installment, were investigated and recommendations made to prevent fatalities resulting from the formation of this gas under certain conditions. Wall papers and fabrics containing arsenic have been studied, and the nature and extent of cases of poisoning resulting from inhaling the emanations from such materials collated and published.

Many other investigations are made, having an important bearing on the general welfare of the people, both from an economic and a health point of view. The investigation of the injury done to crops, forests, and stock by poisonous trade wastes, especially from smelters, performed in co-operation with the Department of Justice, and the Forestry Service, has served to establish on a scientific

basis the extent and nature of this injury, and to secure protection to the farmer. While the farmer and land owner have been protected, on the one hand, by the smelter owner being compelled to condense the sulphur dioxide bearing fumes, it has also resulted at Ducktown, Tennessee, in the establishment of a large sulphuric acid plant in connection with the smelter, and what was once an injurious waste is converted into a very profitable by-product. A further benefit will accrue to the South in that the manufacturer of sulphuric acid from this new source will undoubtedly cause a drop in the price of acid phosphate, so largely used as a fertilizer, since the cheaper sulphuric acid formed from the fumes is used in making this fertilizer from phosphate rock, large quantities of which are found near the smelters. A better example of the double service rendered to national health and wealth by chemistry could hardly be desired.

Alchemy, the forerunner of chemistry, sought to mysteriously influence the fortunes and affairs of men; the chemistry of today does both to an extent never dreamed of by the alchemist, though the methods employed are no longer hidden and secret, but luminous with the clarity of scientific truth.

## JUNE

THERE'S a chorus of bees in the meadow yonder,  
Where the purple clover heads nod in the breeze;  
There's a whirr of numberless wings, bright and flashing,  
'Round the blossoming twigs of the locust trees.

Blush roses unfold their sweet-scented petals,  
Pale lilies tinkle their nectar-filled bells,  
While the exquisite music of bird-voices tender  
Rises from woodlands and cool flowery dells.

The sun smiles down from his heaven of glory,  
All things which the heart has yearned for are here  
Waiting to crown with a love wreath eternal  
June blushing and queenly—the bride of the year.

—Roy Winchester.

# THE RECLAMATION SERVICE

By F. H. NEWELL, Director

## XXIV—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THE Reclamation Service is at work actively laying a part of the foundation for the expansion of a great nation. The results, like those of all builders of foundations, are largely covered by the resulting superstructure, but the stability of the more imposing edifice lies in the careful planning and faithful execution of the earlier work.

It is expanding the national life within the external boundaries of the nation. It is providing opportunities for homes for American citizens—men who add to the wealth and stability of the nation by using the soil, which otherwise would be waste and valueless, for the production of crops in the most economical and intensive manner now known. These men are not only producers, but they are large consumers and users of products manufactured in the Eastern part of the country. They are, as a rule, prosperous, and are more highly educated and better informed than the ordinary farmer. Their standard of living ranks with the best in the world. They are independent, and best typify the class which Lincoln called the "plain people," the backbone of the American nation.

How is the Reclamation Service doing this? By what authority of law is the federal government making opportunities for homes? The answer is simple. The government has the ownership and control of vast areas of land. Some of this it is giving away, and some it is selling. It has absolute control of this

land and of its disposal. The funds resulting from its sale are property of the nation, to be expended as Congress may direct. They differ essentially from the moneys received from general taxation, the disposal of which is limited by constitutional requirements. They can, and have been, formed into a fund for special use. This fund, arising from the disposal of public lands, has been placed in

the treasury of the United States, subject to expenditure for works executed under the direction of the secretary of the interior. He is required by law to make surveys and examinations and to construct works for reclaiming arid lands. When this is done, the lands are given away to homestead entry-men, subject to the conditions that they will live on the lands for five years, cultivate them, and pay the cost of reclamation in ten annual instalments. The expenditures made by the secretary of the interior are in accordance

with established law, and are carefully checked and audited in detail.

The important work of examination, surveys, construction, operation and recovery of the funds is entrusted to the organization known as the Reclamation Service. Its work dates back long before the passage of the Reclamation Act of June 17, 1902, being initiated in part by Major John W. Powell, then Director of the United States Geological Survey, who, in 1888, was authorized by Congress to investigate the extent to which



*Photo by Clinedinst, Washington*

FREDERICK HAYNES NEWELL  
Director of the U. S. Reclamation Service



OKANOGAN PROJECT, WASHINGTON—COMPLETED PORTION OF UPPER MAIN CANAL

the arid lands might be reclaimed. Beginning in 1888, the examinations and surveys were pushed forward steadily until 1902, when funds were provided for construction, and the work was put on a basis where it could show practical results. In the little over six years which have ensued, construction has gone forward rapidly, and there have now been planned projects involving the expenditure of about \$90,000,000, of which amount over \$50,000,000 will have been spent by the end of the present year. These works will irrigate over 2,000,000 acres of land, otherwise almost valueless, which, when reclaimed, should have a value of upwards of \$100 per acre. There are now under ditch nearly a million acres, of which a third is irrigated. The land available for settlement has been divided into 6,000 farms, and about 2,500 miles of canals and ditches have been built, carrying water to these. In constructing the works, about fifty million cubic yards of earth have been removed, and nearly six million yards of loose and solid rock. Over five thousand separate structures have

been built, including large dams, headworks, flumes, siphons, bridges and culverts. Nearly a thousand miles of telephone lines and fifty-seven tunnels have been constructed.

The works built rival, in their magnitude and in the engineering skill required, the celebrated undertakings of the world. Being widely scattered in remote localities, it has required a special form of organization to insure economical and rapid work. Care has been taken to guard against extravagance or waste, and the book-keeping system and method of recording actual cost is well in advance of commercial practice.

The great structures, though almost monumental in character, are, however, only a means to an end, and that end is, as often stated, the creation of homes and the building of a strong and self-reliant citizenship. If this is not accomplished, the expenditures are in vain; hence, every possible effort is being made to put the farms in the hands of citizens who will appreciate the opportunities, and who will, by their individual efforts, carry forward the great work.



# PROGRESS IN THE POSTAL SERVICE

By P. V. DE GRAW

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General

## XXV—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

FOUR divisions are included in the Bureau of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General; namely, rural delivery, supplies, dead letters, and topography, or map making.

Rural delivery is the newest, but is already one of the largest branches of the postal service. It is only a few years since rural delivery was in the experimental stage, yet the number of routes in operation will soon reach the 40,000 mark, and the appropriation for its maintenance during the present fiscal year is \$35,573,000. But large as the figures representing the expense appear, they are small in comparison with those which have been given to show the benefits derived from the rural mail delivery. It has been estimated by persons who have made a study of the subject that real estate values in rural districts have increased

\$750,000,000, and that the time which would otherwise be employed in making trips to the post office represents a yearly value of upward of \$60,000,000. Analysis of the mail matter handled by rural carriers shows that nearly every patron is now a subscriber for one or more daily newspapers, and a very large number also receive magazines and other periodicals. This educational feature is doubtless the greatest benefit

derived from the service. A visitor to a community served by rural delivery will find the people well informed upon all current topics, for the farmer is seldom a "head-line reader," like the average city dweller, who tries to absorb the newspaper at a glance.

Another great benefit which, if it could be

expressed in figures, would run far up into the millions of dollars, is the improvement in country roads. Since rural delivery has been recognized as a permanent branch of the postal service, definite rules have been adopted in regard to the installation and maintenance of rural routes. One of these rules is that roads traveled by rural carriers must be kept in condition to be readily passable at all seasons of the year. This requirement has resulted in extensive road building and improvement, and has had much influence in awaken-



P. V. DE GRAW

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General

ing interest in the great importance of a proper system of highways. In order to secure the service, a petition must be filed with the department, signed by at least one hundred heads of families where the proposed route is to be of the standard length of twenty-four miles, but on routes of a shorter length a proportionately smaller number of signatures are accepted. This requirement prevents the establishment of the service in

sections too sparsely settled to insure a fair patronage. Prospective patrons must also agree to erect boxes for the reception of the mail.

In the past three years the rural routes have been carefully gone over with a view to overcoming adverse conditions. Many routes have been rearranged by extension, curtailment or consolidation with other routes, and in cases where there was not sufficient patronage and the situation could not otherwise be relieved, the service has been reduced from daily to tri-weekly, or withdrawn entirely and the old post-office service restored. This procedure has placed the rural delivery system upon a businesslike basis.

The supervision of the service by the department requires a force of one hundred and sixteen employees. There were sent out from the division during the last fiscal year 631,202 pieces of mail matter, and nearly as many communications were received.

The Division of Supplies furnishes the entire postal service, including the post offices, city and rural delivery, the railway mail service and the post-office inspectors, with all blanks, books, stationery, typewriters and other machines, and miscellaneous equipment. This division occupies the greater portion of a large fire-proof building near the railroad terminal, and the supplies are placed directly on the cars for shipment to all parts of the country. Its work closely resembles that of a large mercantile establishment, and in efficiency of methods and absence of red tape, it compares favorably with the most up-to-date business house. Some idea of the quantity of material used by the postal service may be gained when it is stated that during last year the division furnished 925,000,000 yards of twine, 3,260,000 pens, 283,000 pen holders, 650,000 pencils and 2,600,000 blank cards. To wrap the bundles, 5,400,000 sheets of wrapping paper were used. Blank forms are furnished by the millions. Of the form "Application for Domestic Money Order," which is seen in the lobby of every post office, there were 161,770,000 used last year, and during the same period, 69,034 rubber stamps were manufactured and supplied to post offices.

The Division of Supplies was placed under the jurisdiction of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General by order of Postmaster

General Cortelyou, in December, 1905. Up to that time each Bureau of the Department maintained separate sections for the distribution of supplies. These sections were consolidated when the division was placed under the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, and the re-organization which was begun in 1906 has reached a very successful conclusion. Notwithstanding the fact that the postal business is constantly increasing and that additional duties, including the supervision of all matters pertaining to printing and binding for the department and service, have been assigned to the Division of Supplies, its work is being performed by thirty per cent. less employees than under the old method. Correspondence has been reduced by nearly one-half its former volume, and requisitions for stock supplies are filled and the goods placed on cars within twenty-four hours after requisitions are received. The officials in charge of this division keep in touch with the latest development in office equipment and labor-saving devices.

The most interesting part of the fourth assistant's bureau, as far as the general public is concerned, is the Division of Dead Letters. It is one of the show places of the national capital and is visited annually by thousands of sight-seers. There is much that appeals to human interest and emotion in the immense stacks of letters and parcels received at the rate of 40,000 a day, and containing articles of every description, some of them bearing addresses which cannot be deciphered even by the experts. In the 13,000,000 pieces of mail matter received by the division last year, there were 6,000 books, 1,000 pairs of eye-glasses, 900 fountain pens, 800 razors, false teeth, marriage certificates, rings, shoes, snakes—in fact, everything from valuable diamonds to penny souvenirs. There was also more than \$65,000 in actual money, and commercial paper, including checks, drafts, money-orders, etc., representing a face value of \$2,203,992.

The Division of Dead Letters was transferred to the Bureau of the Fourth Assistant along with the Division of Supplies in 1905. At that time it employed 135 persons, and large as this force would seem to be, it was wholly insufficient to enable the return of all letters when the writers could be identified. In consequence, thousands of returnable letters were being destroyed. In order that all

such communications might be returned, regardless of their apparent importance, the force was increased to 179, which is the largest number employed by any division of the department. Like the other divisions of the Bureau, the Division of Dead Letters has been reorganized within the past three years, modernized methods being introduced, and the efficiency of the working force increased. Energetic efforts have been made to promote careful and intelligent use of the mails by the public. A card containing a model form of address has been sent out with each piece of mail matter returned, special attention being called to the importance of placing the writer's return address upon every letter and package. If this were done by all senders, seventy-five per cent. of the matter now turned in to the Dead Letter Division would, instead, be returned directly to the writers from the post offices. The return address should be used by everybody, even when the communication is sure of reaching the addressee, if for no other reason than to form the habit.

The Division of Topography is the smallest in the Bureau, but it employs more than forty persons, and embraces an extensive work—that of making and distributing post-route maps, and rural delivery maps and blue

prints. The post-route maps are made up in forty-four large sheets, each covering one or more states or territories, and show every post office and the route by which it receives its mail supply. Owing to the frequent changes in post offices and mail routes and schedules, it is necessary to revise or renew these maps every three months. The post-route maps are supplied to all branches of the postal service, and also sold to the public. The rural delivery maps include blue-prints of a rural route or routes emanating from a single post office, and larger maps showing counties having complete rural service. Congress has recently authorized the sale to the public of the rural delivery maps. These maps, especially those of counties, are very useful, as they are marked off in sections and show every road in the county, school-houses, churches, and even the location of residences being indicated.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that the several divisions of the Fourth Assistant's Bureau cover widely different branches of the service. In administering the affairs of these divisions, many problems arise which must often be met by radically different methods, to plan out the details of which takes one far into the innermost workings of Uncle Sam's great postal establishment.

## TO THE CHANTICLEER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHEN Lyra fades with chords of beauty bright,  
And all the morning stars sink down the west,  
Then thou dost rouse the silence from its rest,  
And warn the world of the approaching light!  
What memories deep of rapture and delight  
Thine ancient challenge wakens in the breast!  
What thoughts of childhood and what reveries best  
It brings the mind from other years' glad flight!

Sing on, thou herald of the flaming morn!  
Prophet and bard and optimistic priest  
Shake thou the dawn with thy loud foundelay  
Till our sad spirits from their night forlorn  
Awakened, turn in wonder to the east  
And sing as Memnon sang, to the new day!

# THE BUREAU OF INSULAR AFFAIRS

By C. R. EDWARDS

Brigadier General United States Army; Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs

## XXVI—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

WHEN war with Spain threw unexpectedly upon us some two thousand islands and ten million people, it left in its trail possible problems equal to their product in number and complexity. One of the problems was the name to be given collectively to these acquisitions, to express their relationship to the United States. Certainly, if they are ours, the term "possessions" is correct. But they are ours, in the words now likely to become immortal, "not to exploit, but to develop, to civilize, to educate, to train in the science of self-government." This gives a new meaning to "possessions" that makes it a satisfactory term only when this limitation is remembered. It is, moreover, a term difficult at times to use in expressing the existing relationship. The term "colonies" is offensive to many, and in its normal meaning is even farther from accuracy. Other terms are still more cumbersome or still less satisfactory; and this, therefore, must be regarded as a problem yet unsolved, and remembered when any of these terms are used in reference to the office through which the administrative control of these possessions is exercised. This office is the Bureau of Insular Affairs, whose whole function is concerned with the solution of these problems. Some of them it solves itself; for others, it furnishes the data necessary for solution; and it records and gives effect to all, no matter by whom solved.

Remembering the number of possible problems, it may safely be presumed that there is work left for the future, even though some of the worst are thought to be satisfactorily settled. Yet it is still the youngest of the bureaus of the War Department. It was born of war, but for the purposes of peace; and unlike other bureaus of this department, it reports directly to the secretary of war. This makes it practically independent—a department of the colonies, had we

such a department, or such appendages—with the additional advantage of close relationship under the same directing head with the bureaus of the military arm of the government necessarily closely associated with our place and progress in the insular possessions. To this may be credited much of the success that the bureau has so far met, and in this lies the importance of retaining it in its present place, unless in time it becomes wise to establish it as a wholly separate department of the government. This may be made clear from the development of the bureau itself, and it is well, at the outset, to make this clear because of the feeling sometimes apparent that a bureau properly concerned only with civil affairs should be a part of some other department than one that by its name exists solely for war. This is a double misapprehension. The Department of War, despite its name, is not only a potent factor of peace, but is largely, and its history has shown properly, charged with the execution of many civil functions. Even were this otherwise, however, such a bureau, or any "colonial" office, must, for efficiency, belong rather to this department than to any other. It is only necessary to remember that in Great Britain, for instance, the administrative control of the colonies was vested for over seventy years in the secretary of state for war, to show that reason for this must exist. This reason is not difficult to discover. Perhaps unfortunately, but nevertheless truly, new territory, as a rule, falls under new control as a result of armed occupation. The military forces are the first on the ground, and the change in government must be proceeded with under their direction, and for the time with military officers filling all civil offices. For another department, or for all departments combined, to plan every office of government in a distant territory, to find a man for each

of them, and to send all of these to their new field ready to take up their duties, would be impossible; or, if possible, would still leave them new to their duties, new to the scene, and new to each other. Delays and friction would be inevitable. With the military, these are largely avoided. An army is a self-governing community. It has within itself every necessary part of government, and it is comparatively easy to extend this to a surrounding country and people.

Thus it was with us. When war ceased in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines, the former government had been destroyed, and the military arm of the United States was in control and responsible for the preservation of peace and order. To fulfil its responsibility the machinery of government had everywhere to be put in motion. Not only islands, but provinces and municipalities were to be governed, taxes collected, justice administered, claims adjusted, sanitary measures enforced, trade and agriculture promoted, schools established, outlawry suppressed, and the weak protected. All of this had to be accomplished, moreover, among people for the most part ten thousand miles distant, speaking different languages than ours and various languages among themselves, living a different life and holding in many cases widely different views of life itself. These were problems new to us. There was no machinery in any department prepared to handle them. Something had to be created, and since the problems pressed seriously, it had to be created without delay. The Executive was obliged to institute the machinery without waiting for legislative authority. The military arm everywhere in control and engaged in the conduct of war on the one hand, and in the institution of civil forms of government on the other, could not be immediately displaced. Executive responsibility was necessarily assigned to the War Department, and the secretary of war became charged with the establishment of the necessary machinery for the purposes indicated. It is doubtful whether this responsibility could have fallen on a man better prepared for its safe and wise discharge than the then secretary of war, Mr. Root. He himself, in his report of 1901, showed so clearly both the necessity for the creation of an office for the execution of this work and the functions properly

assignable to it that it may be safely quoted here as the best expression of its policy so far available:

"The policy followed by the American Executive in dealing with the government of the Philippines . . . has been to determine and prescribe the framework of the insular government; to lay down the rules of policy to be followed upon the great questions of government as they are foreseen or arise; to obtain the best and ablest men possible for insular officers; to distribute and define their powers, and then hold them responsible for the conduct of government in the islands with the least possible interference from Washington.

"Notwithstanding a rigid adherence to this policy, and consistently with it, the demands upon the department for action in the vast and complicated business in the island governments have been constant and imperative. Different civilizations, different systems of law and procedure, and different modes of thought brought into contact have evolved a great crowd of difficult questions for determination. New facts ascertained and changed conditions have called for the interpretation and application of our own rules of policy and the establishment of further rules. Different views as to the scope of authority under the distribution of powers have required reconciliation. The application of the law of military occupation to rights and practices existing under the laws of Spain, and the process overturning inveterate wrongs, have brought about frequent appeals to the highest authority, which, being in the name of justice, have required consideration. The work undertaken has been the building up of government from the foundation upon unfamiliar ground. We have had no precedents, save the simple and meagre proceedings under the occupation of California and New Mexico, more than half a century ago, and it has been necessary to decide every question upon its own merits, and to make our precedents for the future.

"For the performance of all these duties full and accurate knowledge of the conditions and proceedings of all the governments in all the islands on the part of the authorities in Washington has been required. It has been necessary to follow them step by step. The President and Congress have looked to the War Department for information as to



how the trust of government in the various islands was being performed, and tens of thousands of applications by the people of the United States for every conceivable kind of information regarding the islands have poured into the department in an uninterrupted stream.

"Only thorough system could arrange, record, and keep available for use the vast and heterogeneous mass of reports and letters and documents which this business has involved; furnish answers to the questions, conduct the correspondence and keep the Secretary of War from being overwhelmed in hopeless confusion. The War Department had no machinery for the purpose. No provision for any such administrative machine was made by law. Of necessity, . . . such machinery has been created. . . . It is called the 'Division of Insular Affairs of the War Department,' and it performs with admirable and constantly increasing efficiency the great variety of duties which in other countries would be described as belonging to a colonial office, and would be performed by a much more pretentious establishment."

The bureau was given a legal existence July 1, 1902. Since then it has maintained the same relation as originally given it to the Philippine Government. It shared in the administration of Porto Rico until 1900. The responsibility for the conduct of civil affairs in Cuba during the first intervention resided in it, and the advantage, if not the necessity, for such an office was shown at the time of the second intervention, when the conduct of Cuban affairs could be taken up promptly and without jar or addition to the machinery already established. Finally, the administrative control connected with the collection of customs in Santo Domingo, though vested in the State Department, has been exercised through this bureau, simply because it was known to have facilities for the work required that no other department possessed.

The work of the bureau is too various to express here, except in general terms. It may be illustrated best by its connection with the Philippines. These, of course, have presented problems more numerous and varied than all the other possessions combined. The relations of the bureau to the others have been the same in a lesser degree.

In the ten years of American occupation the Philippines have made long strides towards self-government. They have gone far on the way from purely military government to practical autonomy. They have today their own executive and executive departments, their own judiciary, and their own legislature. They have their own financial system, and they are self-supporting. In their internal control our declared policy of non-interference has been maintained. The right of veto has never yet been exercised on any measure enacted in the Philippines. Nevertheless, through their external relations with the United States and the world in general, through the natural interest of our people in what seemed at the outset a dangerous experiment, and through our efforts toward uplifting a people commercially, industrially, and, we may hope, ethically, the interest of the President, of the Congress, and of the people still surrounds the Philippines. Hardly a day passes that executive action is not necessary in their interest. Not a session passes but bills of importance to them are before Congress. Neither interest could be maintained nor action of importance taken without the fullest knowledge respecting conditions as they hold at the time. The President and the departments concerned with executive control, the Congress and the people must have some office to which they can turn for exact details and up-to-date information upon any question that arises.

On the other hand, for establishment and conduct of government under American direction in islands ten thousand miles away direct connection with the central authority is essential. For success in the local administration, the probable action of the Executive, or of Congress, the trend of events in financial and commercial circles, and the feeling of the people generally must be closely followed. A few examples will suffice. Since the American occupation the Philippines have made a complete change in their system of currency, for which not only local control but the authority of Congress and close connection with the treasury department were necessary. They have carried out great public works, for which not only the issue of bonds to provide funds, but the purchase of large quantities of supplies for constructive purposes was essential. They have endeavored to give opportunities for education to every class, for

which teachers were required. They have established a practically new code of laws; a civil service; telegraphs and posts; a system of land registration; a forestry service; a sanitary service; and a score of other public benefits. For these, judges, lawyers, doctors, officials and professional men of every kind were in demand. With all these matters the bureau has been associated. It is thus a clearing house for all affairs between the United States and the possessions under its control. Into it come all the correspondence, orders, directions, and requests from whatever source on one side of the world or the other to be sifted, consolidated, investigated, and settled, or transmitted to their proper destination for settlement. Congress may want to know the amount of sugar exported during the last year, the receipts of the city of Cebu, the expenditures of the province of Iloilo, the cost of constructing the Manila breakwater, the number of schoolhouses erected since American occupation, the number of deaths among live stock, the cost of maintaining the auditor's office, or any one of a thousand other things. It is a function of the bureau to answer. A citizen of Kansas may want to know the land laws of Mindanao, or the mining possibilities of Romblon. It is a function of the bureau to answer. The Philippine Government may have a case before the Supreme Court. It may be a function of the bureau to conduct it. It may want to buy a thousand wheelbarrows or a thousand other things. It may want to sell bonds or franchises for railroads. It may want a high or a low official of government, a school-teacher, or a civil engineer, and again it is a function of the bureau to buy, to sell or to supply what is needed.

For the exercise of these functions the personnel of the bureau is arranged in divisions, the nature of which will help to explain the work in detail, as follows:

1. A correspondence division, charged with the conduct of the voluminous correspondence of the bureau.

2. A record division, in which is recorded and filed every paper in reference to any subject coming within the purview of the bureau. In this, under the system employed, a written record, with reference to every

other known source of information bearing upon it, of every case that has arisen since American occupation can be produced in form for examination and separated from extraneous matters within five minutes after question has arisen.

3. A compilation division, which is practically a bureau of information. Here are collected, recorded, and filed for reference every official printed document relating to any of the insular possessions. Here are also gathered and arranged for publication all the reports of insular officials and papers and monographs in reference to insular resources or insular affairs.

4. A statistical division, charged with the collection of all commercial and trade statistics of the insular possessions, and the publication of the Quarterly Summary of the Commerce of the Philippine Islands.

5. An accounting division. The Philippine Islands have their own auditor's office. The United States Treasury Department does not pass upon Philippine accounts. To supply Congress and the executive departments with necessary information, as well as to give an additional check upon the financial transactions of the Philippine Government, this division of the bureau is charged with the record of every such transaction in the Philippines. The condition of Philippine finances is therefore always known in the bureau.

6. A purchasing and disbursing division, charged with the purchase and shipment of all supplies for the insular possessions and the disbursement of all insular funds in the United States. As an adjunct of this division a purchasing agency is maintained in New York City. Since the inauguration of this division over \$33,000,000 have been disbursed by it.

7. A law division, where all legal questions connected with the insular possessions are considered. The work of this division has been of a notably high order.

8. A Philippine student division, charged with the control and superintendence of the Philippine government students at various universities throughout the country.

These are divisions in name only. In purpose and largely in work they are united, and from their unity much of the success of the bureau has come.

# THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM

By F. H. LARNED

Assistant Commissioner General

## XXVII—STORY OF A GREAT NATION

THE Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization of the Department of Commerce and Labor is a live, animate personality, a thing of active physique, of virulent mind, of definite, forceful character. Why? Because there is among the many establishments that constitute the integral parts of that great and complex whole, known as the executive branch of the government, no other bureau in which there center such live current questions, such problems of human interest, such tragedies and comedies and life stories and incidents ranging all the way from the comic to the tragic; and the very office, ordinarily an intangible, impersonal thing, has by necessity, from the nature of the work entrusted to its care, taken on the attributes of a feeling, thinking, acting personality. Dealing daily with animate, pulsating, passionate humanity, it has become a part and parcel, the very center of that humanity. Thus it differs from many other government offices, which are but perfect pieces of machinery, working day after day along fixed lines; running in grooves that are well-defined and unchanging, the cogs of their wheels fitting into those of other wheels of other pieces of the machinery combining to make the whole. The work of this bureau stands out distinctly from that of all others—is unique; hence, the bureau itself is unique, unexampled. With it no two days are exactly alike; no two cases arising for consideration are identical in character and details; there is no humdrum, cut-and-dried, monotonous repetition of the "same old thing" day after day and week after week; but every peculiarity, every minute variation, and every up and down that ordinarily enter into the daily existence of human beings, are constantly encountered in the administration of the laws entrusted to it. That fact is very much more intensely interesting than fiction could readily be demonstrated by recounting some of the many incidents out of the lives of arriving immi-

grants that, in the natural course of business, come before the Bureau—incidents frequently very amusing, but more often extremely pathetic, and sometimes actually heartrending. This must be understood and appreciated, if its duties and accomplishments are to be intelligently studied; as must also the fact that no law on immigration and its allied subjects can be drawn, no rules and regulations to give effect to such a law, however comprehensive and minutely detailed their scope, can be promulgated, which will not in practice be found inadequate to meet the problems of common humanity that will arise in the daily application of any measure to hundreds and thousands of one's fellow creatures, frequently of the most unfortunate and miserable classes. Such questions can be met and solved only by a careful, intelligent and sympathetic administration, having for its object the enforcement of the spirit of the law and the alleviation, so far as may be possible with justice to all concerned, of the hardships and suffering that would often grow out of a literal application of its letter to particular cases. In other words, there must be a tempering of justice with mercy, without permitting justice to be minimized in any essential respect—a task the magnitude of which can readily be understood.

To give an accurate idea of the legal character and scope of its duties, it should be said that the Bureau was originally established, by Section 7 of the Immigration Act of March 3, 1891, with the object of effecting a national control of the immigration of aliens to the United States, jurisdiction of the subject having previously been left largely to the various states. Succeeding that date, Congress from time to time modified the character and extended the scope of the immigration laws, until the act of February 20, 1907, was passed, being practically a re-enactment, with numerous changes, of all legislation on the subject. That act.

relating to the admission, or exclusion and deportation, and the distribution of aliens in general, the various statutes concerning the admission and exclusion of Chinese persons, and the several enactments on the subject of naturalizing foreigners as citizens of the United States, constitute the body of the law with the enforcement of which the Bureau is charged.

To enforce these laws, a force of more than 1,300 officers, scattered throughout the United States, is employed, and for certain purposes connected with the administration of the naturalization laws over 3,000 clerks of courts are quasi-subject to the control of the Bureau at Washington. The affairs of this vast organization must be carefully supervised, and the efforts of the employees must be directed and the results of their labors used so as to further the common cause of an efficient and economical enforcement of the laws. That is the work in which the headquarters of the service at Washington—the Bureau proper—is constantly engaged. The effective performance of this task requires an extensive and comprehensive system of organization.

The Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization is systematically and practically organized—is a business institution, conducted under modern methods, and it is manned with a corps of intelligent, efficient, zealous employees, in the selection of the members of which great care has been exercised. At the head of this organization is the Commissioner General of Immigration, and ranking second to him is the Assistant Commissioner General, who also fills the position of Chief Clerk.

The work assigned the Bureau falling into three natural and well-defined branches, its organization is arranged within three distinct divisions: the Immigration and Chinese Division, which has charge of the enforcement of the general immigration laws and those relating to Chinese aliens, and is the main part of the Bureau, which has gradually been evolved as the body of law on those subjects has increased, beginning with the creation in 1891 of the office of the Superintendent of Immigration in the Treasury Department; the Division of Naturalization, which was organized in pursuance of the act of June 29, 1906, and has jurisdiction of the enforcement of the laws relating to the natu-

ralization of aliens; and the Division of Information, established under the act of February 20, 1907, with the object of assisting in a proper distribution of aliens admitted to the United States.

#### WHAT THE BUREAU HAS DONE, AND WHAT IT HOPES TO ACCOMPLISH

Considering the importance of the Bureau's work, already described, it can readily be appreciated that there could hardly be a line of endeavor in which the attainment of the ideal is more to be desired than in giving effect to the statutes entrusted to its supervision. To reach the highest possible degree of perfection in directing the labors of its large force in the field and its small but carefully selected and trained force at its headquarters, has always been the Bureau's aim. Tasks of greater magnitude than those which fall to its lot can scarcely be imagined, and it has only been with the exercise of the utmost care and caution that it has been possible to even approach an attainment of its desires.

There will not be attempted here and now a description of the work done by or the aims of the two new divisions of the Bureau, devoted to distribution and naturalization of aliens, respectively, but those two departures in federal control of economic and social questions will be reserved for special notice hereafter. They are each of sufficient public interest to require special notice. Having described in preceding paragraphs the duties of the Bureau in general, there is now given a short statement of the accomplishments and aims of the Bureau proper, or the Immigration and Chinese Division, as it might be called to distinguish it from the other two divisions.

There could, perhaps, be no better illustration, in a brief way, of some of the more important of its accomplishments than the statistics for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, as given in the annual reports of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the Commissioner General of Immigration, recently published.

These statistics show that a record has been kept with respect to 924,625 aliens admitted to, and 714,828 departing from, the United States; that of those admitted, 782,870 were immigrants, *i. e.*, persons who intended to settle in the United States, and

of those departing, 395, 073 were emigrants, *i. e.*, persons who had been located in this country but had determined to settle elsewhere. With respect to those admitted, it was necessary to conduct examinations to determine whether they were in all respects, morally, mentally, physically, and by status, entitled to land under the law. For various statutory reasons, 10,902 aliens were refused admission at the ports of this country, and 2,069 apprehended within the country and found to be unlawfully residing here, were expelled on departmental warrants, making a total of 12,971 morally, mentally, physically or otherwise objectionable aliens removed to the country of origin. In admitting, rejecting or expelling the aliens above mentioned, it has been necessary for the Bureau, or the officers under its direction, to consider all the facts and circumstances affecting the cases, and on the basis thereof to reach a proper conclusion. The scope of the work is partly indicated by the fact that appeals were taken in 1,662 cases, and applications for admission under bond filed in 1,215 cases. To gain a correct idea of the volume and importance of this work would require a very detailed consideration of all its features. Aside from the duty of guarding against the landing of the morally unfit, such as anarchists, criminals and women of low character, and against those mentally or physically unsound, such as insane persons, idiots, imbeciles, or those afflicted with tuberculosis, trachoma, favus, or other dangerous or loathsome contagious diseases, it is necessary to prevent the entry, or to expel after entry, those falling into certain classes declared by the law undesirable. The principal of these are Chinese persons, or persons of Chinese descent, not members of certain specified excepted classes; Japanese and Korean laborers who attempt to enter the continent on passports under which permission was given them by their own government to proceed to Hawaii, Canada or Mexico, but not to the mainland of the United States; and contract laborers.

Special attention has been paid during the past year to questions of moral fitness, with the result that those provisions of the law, which are directed particularly against anarchists, criminals and immoral women, and persons who deal in the latter, have been enforced with far-reaching effect. This is

particularly true of prosecutions against procurers of immoral women and keepers of houses of ill-fame, of which a number have been brought. Convictions have been had in fourteen such cases, four of which resulted in imprisonment for one year, four years, four and one-half years, and five years, respectively, and ten in imprisonment, ranging in duration from six months to eighteen months, and fines ranging from fifty dollars to one thousand dollars.

With respect to the class contract laborers, the Bureau has accomplished more in the past year than in any preceding year, due in part to the fact that the law was materially strengthened in the recently passed immigration act, and partly to the fact that industrial conditions, resulting in many foreigners being thrown out of employment, have favored the ascertainment of violations of the law. During the year 1,932 contract laborers were rejected at United States ports and returned to their countries of origin; an increase of thirty-four per cent. over the rejections for the year 1907, notwithstanding a falling off of thirty-nine per cent. in immigration. In addition, there have been arrested within the United States and deported therefrom 240 aliens found here in violation of the alien contract labor laws. Thus it will be seen that a total of 2,172 contract laborers have been removed from this country.

The rejection of Japanese laborers has been a task of some difficulty and delicacy, but the progress made is extremely gratifying, and indicates clearly that a plan has been evolved which gives rich promise for future success. In the first month of the past fiscal year, 1,158 Japanese were admitted to continental United States; in January, 1908, only 495 were admitted, and in June, 1908, only 446. In the last-mentioned month, the total number applying was 485, so that it was necessary to reject as inadmissible only thirty-nine.

With regard to the Chinese, it can be confidently stated that the best possible under adverse circumstances has been done. The Chinese exclusion law, so-called, has never been a wholly successful measure, and until it is relieved of its many unduly harsh and quite useless provisions, and is so changed as to furnish reasonably sure methods of keeping a record of lawfully resident and lawfully admitted Chinese, and of effecting the expulsion from this country of laborers



who enter surreptitiously, no great amount of success in its enforcement need be anticipated. At the seaports and at the regular land-border posts of entry, the law has been enforced with exactitude, and the most strenuous efforts have been exerted to capture smugglers and smuggled Chinese along the land boundaries. So long, however, as Chinamen are practically safe after once reaching the interior, smuggling will continue to exist despite every effort exerted against it, and all that can be done is to leave no step untaken, feasible under the law, to prevent frauds and wholesale illegal entries. During the year 4,624 Chinese were regularly admitted at the ports, and 510 rejected. How many have evaded inspection along the land boundaries, despite the strenuous efforts of the officers, cannot, of course, be stated. But 912 have been apprehended within the country—the majority in districts on or immediately contiguous to such boundaries. Adding to these 912 those arrested in the previous year whose cases were not decided, 217, produces a total of 1,129 cases to be heard in the commissioners' or district courts. Of these, 477 were deported, 154 were discharged, fifty-three escaped or died, and no less than

445 cases were still pending (undetermined) at the close of the year. These figures are hardly susceptible of any other interpretation, especially when compared with those concerning the expulsion of aliens other than Chinese, than that the method provided is not adequate to meet the existing situation.

During the entire year a new law has been in existence, many of the provisions of which are more comprehensive and rigid than those of former statutes; and with the experience of a year to guide it, the Bureau anticipates a considerable advance in the efficiency of its work during the current twelve months. It does not propose to branch out upon any new enterprises; in fact, has no law which would justify such a procedure. But it does intend, guided by past experience and actuated by a high sense of duty, to proceed even more vigorously than heretofore with the execution of plans already inaugurated. Its endeavors have extended in every direction contemplated by the statutes under which it operates, which course it will continue hereafter, and special attention will be given to such provisions of the laws as are regarded as of the highest importance to an efficient administration.

## A PRELUDE

T WAS along the brown slope through the low stunted firs  
That the little path lay.

Oh, the dew on the grape and salal was so white,

Though the morning was gray;

And she loitered a little and wished that she knew

What the lark had to say.

For he threw out two call-notes again and again,

Both so soft and so clear,

Followed fast by a low liquid laughter of love,

All so thrilling to hear,

That the hearts of the wake-robins pulsed 'neath her feet,

And the brakes trembled near.

At the crest of the hill she met Guilbert, the man;

He had nothing to say,

But he paused just a moment to search in her eyes,

(Which he knew were but gray)

For the colors of rainbows that bloom in the mists

In the mornings of May.

—Margaret E. Coffin.

# THE DOCTORS' TRUST

*STANDARD OIL BECOMES A MOLLYCODDLE BY COMPARISON*

By CHARLES W. MILLER

(THIRD ARTICLE)

DURING the past few years the American people have been more or less disturbed by revelations regarding the Standard Oil Trust, but, after the talent and enthusiasm of Tarbell, Lawson and Hearst had been exhausted in exposing and berating that monster monopoly, there still remained the hard, cold fact that, since the Rockefeller interests monopolized the oil business, the price of kerosene has been reduced by two-thirds.

Were it possible to show such mitigating circumstances in favor of the Doctors' Trust, there might be less cause for complaint; but, when it appears that the tendency of this trust—the meanest trust—is to increase the cost of medical service in about the same ratio that the price of oil has been reduced by the Standard, the offense of the latter seems by comparison to be merely the offense of a mollycoddle. And when we consider that the schemes of extortion of the Doctors' Trust are directed exclusively against the sick, the maimed, the weak and the helpless,—against those who should and do inspire their non-professional neighbors to eager acts of sacrifice and generosity—it is quite easy to invest even Rockefeller with a crown of glory; and quite as difficult to think of the official fee-booster of the American Medical Association (the Doctors' Trust) as other than a modern Fagin drilling a large and interested class in a polite method of robbing the sick.

\* \* \* \*

I have before me three medical fee bills that illustrate the growth of greed of the Doctors' Trust. All are agreements entered into by Iowa doctors. That the doctors of other states have similar agreements I know, and I have every reason to believe that in some states the fee bills are higher and more unreasonable than those in Iowa—a medical slave state. The first of these fee bills was sub-

scribed to by the physicians of Bloomington (now Muscatine) in the year 1841, and therein I read that for giving exclusive attendance upon a patient, all night or all day, a physician would exact a fee of five dollars. In a fee bill dated thirty-nine years later I find that for "extraordinary detention" the physicians of the Bremer County Medical Society exacted fifty cents an hour in addition to the charge for the call, which was one dollar if in the day time, and one dollar and a half if in the night time. The advance was about in keeping with the advances made in the price of other kinds of services meanwhile. Both of these bills, be it remembered, were adopted by local organizations many years before a state or national schedule of fees had even been suggested. The third fee bill is one which appears to have been approved at an executive session of the Iowa Medical Association in 1905. This was only a few years after the national medical monopoly, the Doctors' Trust, had assumed concrete form. In this fee bill, the adoption of which resulted in the indictment of the members of the Bremer County Medical Society (which indictment they wiggled out of on the grounds that, being really a labor union, the Iowa anti-trust law did not affect them) the charge per hour for "extraordinary detention" which had been fifty cents, was advanced to from two dollars to five dollars per hour. This is a fair sample of the advances made all along the line.

Thus it will be seen that the public, whose welfare is always proclaimed as the foremost concern of the claqueurs of the Doctors' Trust, so far from having gained any reduction in the cost of medical service as the result of medical monopoly, is now called upon to pay largely increased fees. And this is true regardless of the fact that modern methods of medical practice and means for the distribution of services, together with

the economies that are directly due to the introduction of trust methods, make it possible for a physician to devote himself to half a dozen or more patients with as little exertion as was formerly required to devote himself to one.

\* \* \* \*

In 1870, when Standard Oil had become pretty thoroughly established as a monopoly, the best grade of its illuminating oil, then known as "Headlight," was retailed in railroad towns in Iowa at seventy-five cents per gallon. Today, its finest product of this character, known as "Elaine," retails at the same points for from twenty to twenty-five cents per gallon, and the ordinary grade of kerosene is placed in merchants' tanks at less than nine cents per gallon. That Standard Oil has been able to make this remarkable reduction in the price of one of its staple products, and still practice extortion throughout the intervening years, may be, and no doubt is, entirely true. It is far from my purpose to make any defense of Standard Oil. But, in view of the manner in which the amalgamated doctors have raised the figures of the ethical doctor's bill, the combination known as Standard Oil can fairly claim to be a genuinely beneficent, philanthropic and humanitarian institution. This would especially seem to be the case when it is considered that recent years have witnessed the introduction of quite as many and as great economies in the practice of medicine as have been introduced in the production and distribution of oil.

The Iowa doctor of forty years ago traveled his territory astride of a horse, or perched upon a buckboard, over roads that were hardly worthy of the name. He sat long beside the patient while he diagnosed his case, or often absorbed in deep reflection as to its proper treatment. His decision made, he wrote with painstaking care a prescription calculated to produce the most helpful result, and dispensed from his bag only that which the emergency, and the reassurance of the patient and his family, seemed to require.

The doctor of today is whisked over splendid roads in a four-cylinder automobile. With all his patients who will stand for it, he installs a professional nurse, whose scorecard tells him what has been done and just what is needed. Where the professional nurse has been ensconced, his calls can be

as brief as party calls. The telephone keeps him in touch with his patients and his office as well. When he lays out his route for his country visits in the morning, he leaves with his office boy a schedule showing exactly where he may be found during his absence. If a patron calls during his swing around the circle, and seems exceedingly worried, the office boy gets his master on the line and turns the receiver over to the worried one. Then something like this transpires:

"Good-morning, Mrs. Murphy. And how is Jimmie this morning?"

"Bad, doctor, very bad. And it's much worrit I am. The medicine is doing him no good. He is turning all green again. Will ye tell me what to do, doctor?"

"Ahem," gravely coughs the doctor into the transmitter. "Turning green, eh? Well, you see, that is a reflex symptom, but it is nothing alarming. I'll call this evening. But meantime cut out the green tablets and double up on the pink ones. Good-bye."

Whereupon the doctor, if he be loyal to the trust, produces his note book and enters thereon, as per General order No. 1, issued by Dr. J. N. McCormack, and promulgated in the January number of the *Iowa State Medical Journal*, the following:

"March 31. Mrs. Murphy. Advice by telephone. \$1."

And if the modern doctor be case-hardened in his loyalty to the organization, he has yet another new advantage that counts for more than all the rest, being to him of really greater service than the pipe line is to Standard Oil. This is the arrangement by which he has all of his thinking done for him in the national temple of medical wisdom—the headquarters of the American Medical Association—at 103 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago. The custodians of the professional brains, located at the above address, not only prescribe the thoughts he shall think, but the medicine with which he shall treat his patients. In his laboratory are several rows of bottles containing pills, tablets and liquid solutions, appropriately labeled "For Cough," "Tonic," etc., which have been O. K.'d by the "Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry" of the American Medical Association, and which are calculated to meet every emergency. These are called "pharmaceutical preparations" when sold to the doctor, but would be called "patent medicines" if advertised in

country papers like mine, and sold to the people. Thus an ethical doctor (he cannot be "ethical" unless he belongs to the trust) is relieved of the brainfag caused by composing prescriptions and the necessity of study.

\* \* \* \*

Let it not be understood that I seek to convey the impression that all members of the Doctors' Trust have become mere sloths and automatons, for such is not the case. I do not doubt that a very large number are still students and investigators, men who are in love with their profession and true to its highest ideals. Such as these are generally too much occupied with their patients and their books to give much thought to the work of running the trust. They belong to it because their comfort and convenience seem to require that they should, and they follow the line of least resistance. They do not relish the prospect of being classed as "out-laws," which is the term often applied to doctors who dare to think for themselves. They have a wholesome fear of the disgrace of being haled before the State Board of Medical Examiners for the infraction of some nonsensical decree that conscience and the decent consideration of their patients often makes necessary. They do not care to hazard their certificates to practice medicine, which, owing to the complete domination of the trust over the State Board, are at once in danger. It is the growing unrest among this class of physicians—their gradual awakening to the realization that, if their calling is to be saved from utter bedevilment, its interests must be wrested from the medical sharps who are hastening it in this direction—that gives hope that reform may come from the inside and save the people from the dominion of the medical oligarchy even before they fully awaken to save themselves.

Already such an awakening has apparently begun. A noted Chicago physician has taken up the cudgels against the individual around whom the medical trust revolves—Dr. George H. Simmons, its secretary, and editor of the journal of the American Medical Association. It has been shown that the trust Poo-Bah was an "advertising specialist" before he joined the association, which was about the time it ceased to be the kind of an organization it had been for many years, and took on a commercial aspect.

To return to the subject of medical greed and to show what is contemplated in a financial way, I reproduce the fee bill promulgated last fall by Dr. J. N. McCormack, and for the benefit of NATIONAL readers who do not know Dr. McCormack I will say that he is the high-salaried walking delegate and official lobbyist of the American Medical Association. He is also Secretary of the Kentucky State Board of Health, a position he has held for a great many years, for one of his specialties is *politics*, and he is a very valuable man for the Doctors' Trust.

The order previously referred to, issued by McCormack, with relation to the fee bill was reprinted, with editorial approval, in the January number of the *Iowa State Medical Journal*, which particular issue of the magazine was safeguarded from too promiscuous perusal by a price of \$1.50. The regular price is twenty cents. While the document does not profess to be an "order," such it is in substance, and to some extent even in form, as witness this sentence: "For the convenience and benefit of both the profession and its patients monthly collections, in so far as possible, are requested in the future." The following schedule is "suggested," the word being italicized by the editor of the *Medical Journal* so that the organization members may know that it means something stronger than its mere spelling implies:

SCHEDULE OF MEDICAL FEES FOR ——— COUNTY.

1. Day visit in town .....	\$ 2.00
2. Night visit in town .....	3.00
3. Day visit in country, first mile, \$2.00; each after mile, one way .....	1.00
4. Night visit in country, first mile, \$3.00; each after mile, one way .....	1.50
5. Ordinary office examination and advice .....	1.00
6. Complete examination and advice .....	5.00
7. Advice or prescription by telephone .....	1.00
8. Obstetric case, uncomplicated, not over 6 hours .....	15.00
9. Life insurance examinations .....	5.00
10. Consultation, double ordinary visit .....	
11. Surgical and other special fees as may be arranged.	

One of the most striking instances where monopoly-impelled greed has overleaped itself as revealed in the above fee bill (which has probably been submitted to most, if not all, of the county medical societies in the United States) is in the proposed charge for mileage.

In the Bloomington fee bill of 1841, adopted in a village surrounded by an almost unbroken wilderness, it is shown that the rate was fifty cents per mile for day travel and seventy-five cents for night travel, and this rate has remained unchanged up to the present time, notwithstanding that improved roads

and improved methods of locomotion make it possible for a doctor to travel ten miles as quickly as he could formerly travel one. Now the official order is made, not to divide the benefit of this economy between the doctor and his patient, but to mulct the patient in a mileage fee increased a full hundred per cent.

Occasionally I read of a multimillionaire whose income is reckoned at a dollar a minute, but the Croesus whose income is of such proportions is rare indeed. A mile in two minutes is not an unusual pace for a doctor's automobile, and as he whizzes over a country road reeling mileage fees into his pocket at the rate prescribed by the American Medical Association fee bill, he will be touching the high places in the realm of finance, such as his average patients attain only in delirious fevers.

It would be interesting to know what the farm readers of the NATIONAL think of this new mileage proposition. I apprehend that most of them have come to regard a doctor's bill under the schedule now in vogue as an economic monstrosity. Recently I heard a member of President Roosevelt's Country Life Commission say that one of the most frequent

complaints that had come to that body related to the excessive cost of medical service on the farm. A few weeks' illness for a farm hand, he said, could easily mean the sacrifice of his wages for a year. What a long spell of doctor-attended illness means for the farmer himself under the terms of the Trust fee bill can be easily estimated. If he lived eight or ten miles from the doctor, it would mean an economic setback equal to a crop failure or a fire.

For attending a case of obstetrics the fee bill of 1841 shows that a doctor charged but \$5. The fee bill of 1880 still holds this amount as the minimum and \$10 as the maximum charge. In the fee bill of 1906, adopted after the Doctors' Trust was well established, appears this item: "Obstetrical attendance (uncomplicated), day mileage in all cases, \$15 to \$25." Now this suggests a phase of the race suicide

question that President Roosevelt appears to have entirely overlooked, and quite an important one, I think. If fewer babies are born now than thirty years ago, may it not be because of the greed of the Doctors' Trust that multiplies by three the cost of ushering them into the world?

## Constitution and By-Laws for County Societies

PREPARED BY THE COMMITTEE ON  
ORGANIZATION OF THE AMERICAN  
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(Facsimile)

"ONE SET OF RULES BINDS ALL"

## DO IT NOW

From the book "Heart Throbs."

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

—Stephen Grellet.



# The Hero of the Knife

By Maude C. Keator



WHEN Eugenia Worth first called on Doctor Gault at his office for the purpose of persuading him to recommend her to his patients as a masseuse, she was somewhat taken aback by his reception.

He had glanced frowningly over her letters of recommendation and diploma, then back again to her whimsical little face.

"You graduated here in New York?"

"Yes."

"Your letters speak well of you, but—well, I should judge one might as well engage a mosquito for the work," he objected bluntly.

She smiled good-naturedly, holding out slim, strong little hands.

"I assure you, Doctor, that I'm stronger than I look. I have quite a few patients, but I want more. Doctor Collins has recommended me to quite a few of his patients and he thought possibly you might need the services of a reliable masseuse."

"Ah, yes, reliable, that's it," he grumbled, flashing a swift look of inquiry in her direction.

She had thought him very uncivil as well as unsympathetic. Nor did his appearance tend to lessen the impression of harshness. Tall, almost angular, his deep-set blue eyes, snapping beneath his overhanging dark brows, his black hair clinging lankly to his high narrow forehead and his straight mouth set tensely with the angle of his combative jaw, gave an impression of harsh, persistent strength. There was no saving sense of humor; his soul seemed to look only at the tragedy of life.

"I've been looking for a reliable masseuse

for some time," he informed her at last, "and I'll try you."

So saying, he scribbled some names and addresses on a slip of paper and gave it to her.

"Miss Perkins is troubled with obesity—iron her out," he directed tersely. "Miss Rhodes has nervous prostration from sheer idleness. Poke her in the ribs and tickle her feet. Make her laugh—a laugh is better than a dose of medicine. Mrs. Cain is gouty, so wiggle her toes and pinch her shins till she screams. She'll be angry, but you tell her it's the doctor's orders. I'll have it out with her. Miss Stirling, the next on the list, is troubled with a dropsical ego—brain affected. She imagines she is some better than the rest of us poor mortals. Tell her that you're the Queen of America and she will condescend to permit you to treat her."

"Yes, doctor," she answered, trying to keep her face grave.

"And don't overdo. Drop in here in about a week and report. Good-morning."

Before she had had time to thank him, he had ushered her out.

That was the beginning. From time to time she had called and he had given her a new list of names, rasped out a few directions and nervously hurried her out.

There came a time when Eugenia walked into his office more slowly than her wont and waited her turn in the waiting room with the patients. When she, being the last, was ushered into the private office by the prim, white-capped nurse, he glanced up at her sternly.

"Well?"

"Doctor, while working over a patient this morning, I fainted twice."

"What?" he roared, leaping to her side and grabbing at her wrist, "how dared you?"

"I don't know," she giggled nervously, "I just did. Awful, wasn't it?"

"Disgraceful!"

Then as if to make the matter worse Eugenia heaved a deep sigh, turned pale and fell in a little heap at Doctor Gault's feet.

He stooped and lifted her, and his face was as pallid as her own.

"Nurse," he called tremulously, as he placed her on a couch by an open window.

An hour later Eugenia issued from the office to the waiting room followed by the doctor. She looked very pale and delicate standing beside his taller height, but the sweet face was calm and brave and the dark head was tilted defiantly.

"I want your verdict," she said, "I want it straight from the shoulder without frills."

"I'm not used to using frills," he resented harshly.

"You are not," she agreed, with her laughing eyes turned on him. "You are a typical doctor—a harsh cure-all, but effective."

But somehow he seemed more nervous than usual. He walked quickly back and forth frowningly, his gaze bent on the carpet. Presently he paused and faced her severely.

"It's an operation," he rasped out, "and it will keep you in bed ten weeks—probably."

"Then—" her voice was steady.

"Then you'll be a semi-invalid for a year. No work, absolutely none, just rest and quiet."

"And if the operation is postponed, say three years, what then?"

"Hopeless then, or worse," he added significantly.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Then I'll try the three years of life. I'm too poor to afford an operation, Doctor Gault."

"But I'll see that you're given care free of charge at one of the best hospitals," he answered in a tone of finality.

"It is impossible," she said, quietly. "You see—you'll forgive me for my confidences, doctor—but there's my family. I've a growing brother and an invalid sister to support. They must be fed. Scott's eleven now, and I reason that in about three years he'll be better able to face life and help

support Margaret because—" the brave eyes dropped—"because he's such a plucky kidling. If I can last till then, why, it's all right. You see I could not afford to remain idle a year before returning to work—my family would not—not flourish very well."

"But—great heavens; haven't I told you—it's death?"

"Then it's death. I will not mind so very much when Scott can take care of Margaret. You see, I just couldn't die and leave things so—so unsatisfactory—my house not in order. I think the worst sting of death is in the thought of the things one leaves undone. Don't you?"

The doctor's face was white and he was swinging back and forth across the floor, his long legs expressively describing his perturbed state of mind.

"See here, I'll see to the expenses, Miss Worth, and you can pay me back in your own time."

"You're very kind," she whispered tremulously, "but I can't accept."

"In heaven's name, why?" he demanded angrily. "Don't be foolish."

"I'm not."

"You've got to submit," he cried out savagely. "Great God, I'd be your murderer if I let this go while there's a fighting chance now. Besides, the world needs just such—such trumps as you; it can't spare you. Who'll do—do the pinching act—those poor foolish women need you, and"—his face was thunderous—"I can't spare you!"

"You!" There was surprise in the soft brown eyes turned to him. "You?"

He gazed down at her steadily. "I suppose you think it strange that a hardened duffer like me has any heart—sympathy, but I have. I tell you I can't spare you because—because—you've given me a higher opinion of womankind. No; I'm not a woman-hater, thank God, but it's only because I happen to have an angel for a mother. And I'm asking you, for her sake—in her name, will you consent to my help? Let me call her."

But she thrust out a frantic hand and there was a sob in her voice as she cried: "No, no, please. It isn't fair—two against one. Don't you understand? I don't owe a dollar; I've always been independent. I've—"

"Do you think you're just?" he interrupted hotly, "to yourself, your family—to me? Do you think you're showing good

common sense to hold up such foolish scruples for the sake of a few miserable dollars?"

"No doubt it seems foolish and silly to you, but I tell you now, to sit in idleness and know that you were doing my work, caring for my family, would break my heart. I simply couldn't, that's all. Besides there is no hope that I could repay you in any reasonable time when all I am doing now is keeping our heads above water."

Again he strode across the room and back again. He paused beside her and gazed down earnestly.

"Will you be my wife?"

She started indignantly.

"I did not think that you thought quite so meanly of me, Doctor Gault. Do you think I'd accept that sacrifice—oh, you make a sniveling coward of me!"

"But if I told you that I loved you?"

She shook her head and laughed. "You can't deceive me that way, doctor. Besides, if that were so, I should refuse more strenuously than ever."

He turned away dejectedly. She caught him by the hand and shook it convulsively. "I must go now, and I want to thank you, but there are no words—none!"

"You will call Monday for treatment as usual. At least you will let me do all that is possible to put off the fatal day?" he asked anxiously.

To this she agreed. Then she bade him good-bye and went home.

The Monday following, according to agreement, Eugenia called at the doctor's office. She waited her turn, for the waiting room was filled with patients and she was the last to arrive. She seated herself in a comfortable chair and picked up a magazine. But she did not read. She fingered the leaves nervously and listened to the opening and the closing of the office door, as the patients came and went. She heard snatches of their deferential conversation. "Yes, doctor, so kind of you. Thanks."

She was aware that their tones vexed her; they were so obviously sweet.

Her slender fingers sank deep into the satiny folds of the upholstered chair and clung there. She became more fully conscious of the luxury surrounding her, and the ease and comfort in store for the woman the doctor should marry.

Looking back, the events of the past month

seemed like a dream. He had asked her to marry him out of the Quixotic chivalry of his big self—he, Carlton Gault, the eminent physician and surgeon. Supposing she had been weak or unprincipled enough to consent? Supposing she had loved him? Thank God, for his sake, that she did not.

And yet the chair was very soft and comfortable, and she was very tired. There was Scott who needed so many things—and Margaret! If the operation was performed, she might live many years—many years. And yet again, supposing she died!

The pleasant-faced nurse approached her softly and touched her on the arm.

"The doctor is waiting."

Eugenia rose hastily and followed the nurse to the office. The doctor greeted her quietly and then turned to the nurse.

"You can begin preparing the east room, nurse. Have all the furniture taken out and the wall and floor disinfected."

After she had left the room he turned to Eugenia and looked at her gravely.

"I'm going to pay a debt that I owe you."

She lifted wondering eyes. "A debt that you owe me. You're speaking in riddles. Am I to guess?"

She pulled off her gloves as she spoke and removed her hat.

"No; because you could never guess. I told you, did I not, that the world could not spare you? I mentioned the fact that you had helped me."

"Please, Doctor," she protested, flushing.

"Well," he continued, "I hope you'll forgive me, but the operation is booked to go on."

"Go on—" she repeated in amazement—"you mean—"

"I mean that I've engaged two extra nurses and two of the greatest surgeons to assist me here Wednesday. I think with all that help and skill, we'll pull you through."

She looked at him with frightened eyes. "I—I don't quite understand."

"Arrangements have been made to operate on you here, Wednesday."

"Is this a jest, Doctor Gault?" she demanded, indignantly.

"It is not."

"I think it takes two to make a bargain," she scoffed.

"In this case," he replied, composedly, "only one; that's me."

Her eyes flashed, but she answered steadily. "I think you are making a mistake, Doctor. I thought you a friend; instead, you're an enemy."

She lifted her hat from the table and turned to the mirror. "I'll not trouble you again, Doctor."

"You need not take the trouble to put your hat on, Miss Worth," he informed her politely, "because it is not necessary."

"I never knew you were so heartless and unfeeling as to jest in this manner," she resented, whirling on him angrily. Then she fell back in amazement.

Doctor Gault stood before the door with his arms stretched across, barring her exit. The suggestive pose as well as his determined manner filled her with apprehension.

"Doctor Gault, will you stand aside, please?"

His face flushed, and he bowed gravely. "I'm sorry to disoblige you, but I can't. You see I've not your promise that you'll return Wednesday. And the arrangements have been made. Will you give your word to return—if I let you go?"

"I will not," she flung out wrathfully.

"Then you will have to be content to accept the hospitality of my mother and myself, Miss Worth."

For one brief instant she stared at him. "You mean that you'll hold me here—against my will—a prisoner?" she demanded, skeptically.

"Not exactly a prisoner," he objected, with a shake of his head; "that is an ugly word—just a guest, an honored guest."

She stood wide-eyed and trembling in the center of the room. Her gaze never left his face.

"Do you realize the penalty of operating without the patient's consent?" she asked at last, in a low voice.

"I do."

"Do you know the penalty for—for abduction?"

"I've considered everything," he answered grimly.

"I tell you that I don't want this operation. It's horrible to—to be forced into it like this! I won't have it," she cried excitedly. "It is my life," she flung out, "mine—"

"And the world's," he remonstrated.

"You—you coward," she flashed, tensely, then winced as the blow struck him. Some-

thing in the patient agony of his face gripped her sympathy despite herself.

"I'm trying not to be a coward," he said huskily, his face averted.

For a moment there was silence. Then he straightened and set his lips firmly. "Now if you'll sit down and write a note of explanation to your brother and sister, I'll carry it to them personally and see that they are looked after. No, there will be no escaping," he remarked as he saw her expression brighten, "mother and the nurses have their orders to watch day and night."

"Doctor, you're facing a big thing—supposing I should die?"

She noticed that a gray pallor overspread his face.

"I'll not let you," he cried out savagely. Then he strode across the room and touched the bell button.

When the nurse answered his ring, he motioned to Eugenia.

"Are you ready to go up to my mother, Miss Worth?"

For an instant she hesitated and glanced helplessly around. Then she straightened and followed the nurse to the door. On the threshold she paused and looked back.

"I suppose I should thank you for your interest and your trouble, Doctor Gault, but I can't. I feel that you haven't played quite fair to trap me so. I can't forgive you!"

"I hope, later, that you will see things differently, and at least give me credit for the courage of my convictions," he answered gently, as she closed the door between them.

The nurse had prepared Eugenia for the operation and she sat in her room in a loose white gown waiting for the summons.

She could hear the murmur of voices, and the occasional twang of an instrument in the adjoining room. She shivered involuntarily and clasped her hands against her cold cheeks.

The door of the improvised operating room swung open and revealed four waiting ghosts, white-gowned, white-capped and white-masked. Gault entered briskly. He, too, was all in white, save that he had taken the mask from his face and held it in his hand. He looked like some tall priest in his garments of prayer. His face shone strong and clear-cut, but pale as Eugenia's own.

For a moment he looked at her tensely, questioningly, and it was as if they gazed at each other across the shadow of a grave.



*"You mean to hold me here a prisoner?"*



Then her glance swept beyond him into the room where death seemed waiting.

"I—I am afraid," she whispered, with a little wail of anguish. "It is the knife—the cutting! I'm not brave at all; I'm a coward—a coward!"

Her tortured eyes burrowed into his very soul, sharp, cutting as the scalpel he wielded.

He took her hands and held them firmly.

"Eugenia, you're going to sleep—just sleep and have pleasant dreams. To you there will be no knives, no cutting, only dreams. Besides, there's something I want you to find—a rare flower which sometimes grows in the Garden of Ether."

He was gazing down intently, so intently that she wondered. He opened the door of the adjoining room. A blaze of sunlight goldened the bare floor. She was dimly conscious of the silent white figures, the towels, basins, and the pungent odor of disinfectants, but the first fear had left her numbed, almost senseless.

The nurses assisted her to the table and arranged her in a comfortable position as Gault stationed himself at her left side and gazed down intently.

She looked up at him and forced a smile to her quivering lips by way of encouragement, just to show him that now at the last she bore him no ill will for his Quixotic method of life-saving.

It occurred to her then that his profession could not be an agreeable one. She remembered the evening before how his mother had tenderly called him her hero of the knife.

Suddenly she comprehended the greatness of his calling—all the anxiety, patience, strength, delicacy, heroism it required. The thought thrilled her and quick tears filled her eyes.

One of the assistants placed the cone over her mouth and nose just as Gault bent over her.

"Breathe deeply and dream pleasant dreams in the garden. You'll find wonderful things there. Don't forget to look for the flower I mentioned. The name is—"

She watched his lips as they framed the last word silently and wondered what it was. Her heart seemed in her throat and the biting odor of the ether sickened her. The lazy song of a thousand bees was humming in her ears. Some one lifted an eyelid and passed

a finger over her eye. She intended to tell them that she knew what was going on yet—then there was a sharp click like the shutting of a telephone receiver.

She was wandering through a misty garden searching for the echo of the word Gault had whispered. What was it? Murmurs of sound came rolling in like waves on a shore, tinkling with a thousand elusive suggestions. The color of the word was pink, but should she ever be able to call it by an earth name and carry it back to him?

She wondered why words were colored; it was confusing to have this new language thrust upon her without preparation. But she should not worry about it, the sun was shining too brightly to fret. There were the wonderful castles to visit—castles of lace with a fret-work of gold and pearls. She passed up the corridor to the room straight ahead. She trod softly, for the floor was so delicate she feared to break through. There was no need of windows when the walls were only a tracery of ferns and roses through which the soft rays of golden sunlight fell. All was light and pink with a luminous beauty she had never seen before. And everywhere was the flower he had asked her to find—the pink flower she could not name.

Then from a great distance there came a jangle of voices, mingled with a dull humming. Something was tugging at her wrist, something she tried to shake off, but which held her as in a vice.

She opened her eyes slowly, wondering. Gault knelt by the bed. Across the white sheets she saw that his arm was fastened to hers. His face was pale and his eyes glazed. The two surgeons looked anxious.

"Heavens, Gault," remonstrated one, "you can't give more and live!"

She heard Gault's teeth shut with a snap. "She must have more blood and it shall be mine!"

She struggled to keep awake, to remonstrate, but her eyes closed and once more she drifted away to wander through the lace palace. This time she climbed higher up a winding stair to a turret where she could look down on the beauty of the country.

Again she was aroused by a voice from a great distance.

"Eugenia, Eugenia!" And yet again more insistently: "Eugenia, Eugenia!"

She opened her eyes and smiled faintly into Gault's worn face.

"Let me go, I'm looking for something. There, I've lost my castle! Let me go," she cried pettishly.

"You can't go, Eugenia."

"And you'd bring me back to—this?" Wonder and indignation were expressed in the weak voice.

Gault held her gaze steadily.

"There is Scottie and Margaret—and my love to hold you! You've got to help me fight—fight—" he cried through set teeth.

Again she drifted away, but always something held her back—something she could not remember. Again she awakened, this time stronger, more in her normal mind.

"It will be all right now," he assured her. "Thank God!"

She gazed at his pallid face and down to his bandaged arm.

"Why did you do it?"

"What?"

"Give me your blood."

He flushed and stammered. "Why, you lost so much during the operation—that that you would have died." He paused, his lips trembling. "I want to tell you now, Eugenia, in justification for my seeming barbarous act, that I found your condition needed quick and strenuous measures. As it was, we nearly lost you."

For a long time she was silent, gathering strength to speak.

"I—I found it," she triumphed at last.

"What, Eugenia?"

"The flower you sent me in search of—in the Garden of Ether."

He bent over her breathlessly, a question in his eyes.

"It was love," she whispered, solemnly. And a tear rolled down her waxen cheek and fell on his bandaged arm.

## HOME-MADE COOKIES

Home-made cookies, um yum! Can't you smell 'em now?  
Can't you see your mother, happy sweat upon her brow,  
A-bendin' o'er the bake-board, and rollin' 'em out thin,  
Then openin' up the oven and a shovin' of 'em in?

Home-made cookies, um yum! Such a lot of shapes  
There were made out of cookies—rabbits, dogs and apes,  
And birdies, big and little, 'most alive enough to sing,  
And maybe elephants and cats and just 'bout everything.

Home-made cookies, um yum! Crisp and nice and brown,  
Our hearts would sing with rapture as we gulped the cookies down.  
We'd go out to the grapevine, and there we'd sit and swing,  
With pockets full of cookies, far happier than a king.

Home-made cookies, um yum! Can't you taste 'em yet?  
Don't they make you homesick till you find your eyes are wet?  
And stealin' down into our hearts, and knockin' till they ache,  
Is the memory of cookies, like mother used to bake.

—Dora M. Hepner



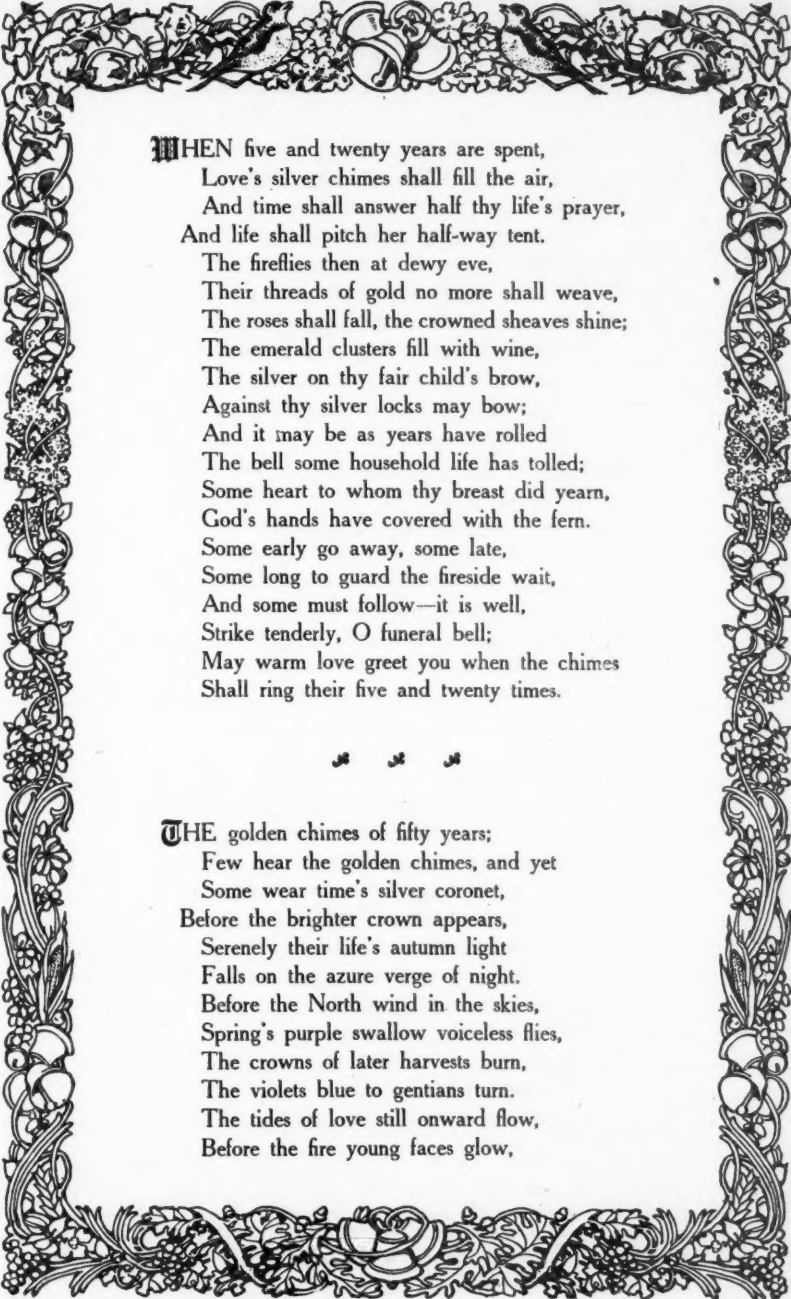
## ○ Crystal Night\*



**I** SING tonight the marriage chimes  
The gracious dates, the happy times,  
Of wedding anniversary chimes.  
    The crystal chimes,  
    The silver chimes.  
The mellowed tones of golden chimes.  
And sweet for thee of whom I sing,  
May all the bells of concord ring.  
    The silver chimes,  
    The golden chimes.  
As twice have rung the older chimes.



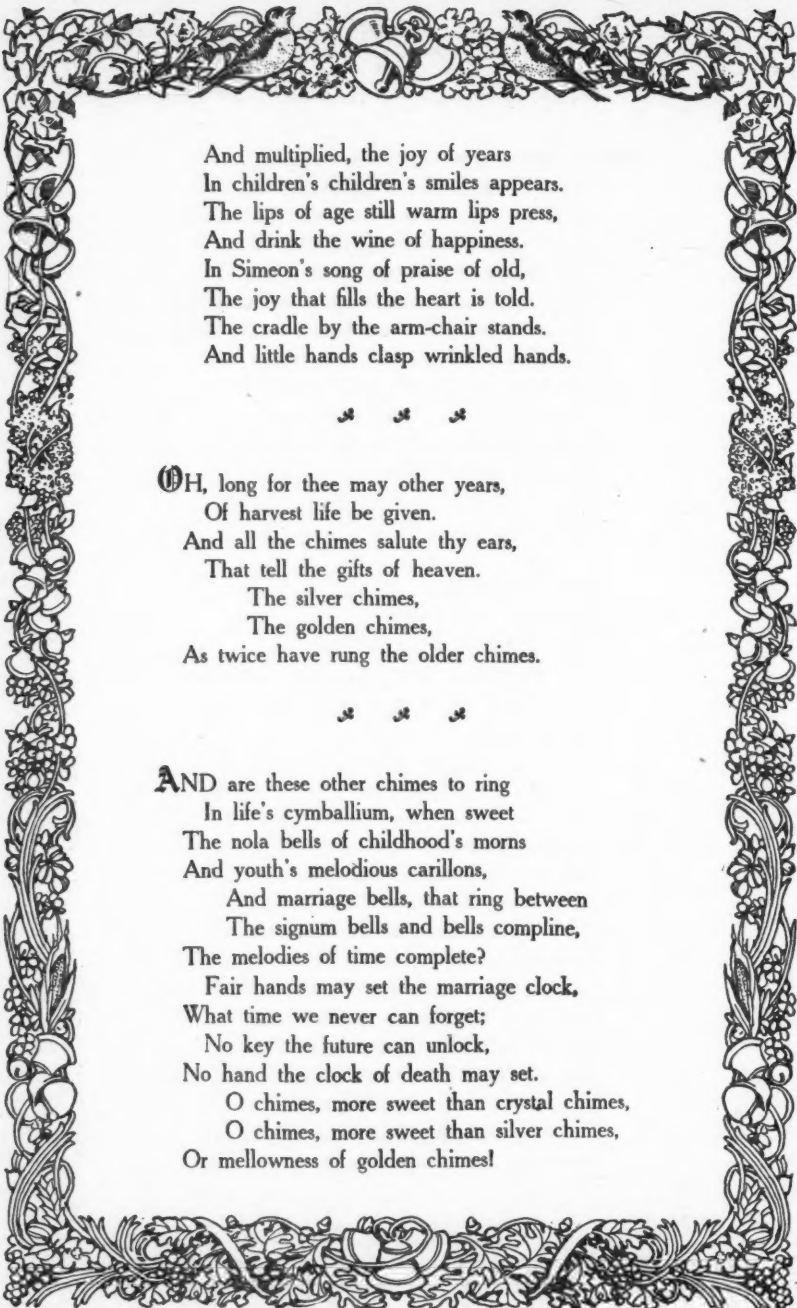
**F**IVE times three years depart, and then  
The early chimes of crystal ring;  
The wedding chimes recall again  
And end the budded marriage spring.  
In household trees the robin sings,  
The swallow comes on purple wings,  
The May time deepens into June;  
In lustrous skies hangs low the moon.  
The lilacs toss in scented air.  
Red grows the peach tree, white the pear,  
And o'er the mossy orchard wall,  
The orchard's flaky blossoms fall.  
Love's song may change to lullabies.  
Her kisses fall on little eyes,  
And cares and prayers be multiplied,  
If so it be, if so it be,  
Ring sweet, ring sweet,  
    O crystal chimes,  
And bring the blithe-lipped  
Silver chimes.



WHEN five and twenty years are spent,  
Love's silver chimes shall fill the air,  
And time shall answer half thy life's prayer,  
And life shall pitch her half-way tent.  
The fireflies then at dewy eve,  
Their threads of gold no more shall weave,  
The roses shall fall, the crowned sheaves shine;  
The emerald clusters fill with wine,  
The silver on thy fair child's brow,  
Against thy silver locks may bow;  
And it may be as years have rolled  
The bell some household life has tolled;  
Some heart to whom thy breast did yearn,  
God's hands have covered with the fern.  
Some early go away, some late,  
Some long to guard the fireside wait,  
And some must follow—it is well,  
Strike tenderly, O funeral bell;  
May warm love greet you when the chimes  
Shall ring their five and twenty times.



THE golden chimes of fifty years;  
Few hear the golden chimes, and yet  
Some wear time's silver coronet,  
Before the brighter crown appears,  
Serenely their life's autumn light  
Falls on the azure verge of night.  
Before the North wind in the skies,  
Spring's purple swallow voiceless flies,  
The crowns of later harvests burn,  
The violets blue to gentians turn.  
The tides of love still onward flow,  
Before the fire young faces glow,



And multiplied, the joy of years  
In children's children's smiles appears.  
The lips of age still warm lips press,  
And drink the wine of happiness.  
In Simeon's song of praise of old,  
The joy that fills the heart is told.  
The cradle by the arm-chair stands.  
And little hands clasp wrinkled hands.




**O**H, long for thee may other years,  
Of harvest life be given.  
And all the chimes salute thy ears,  
That tell the gifts of heaven.  
The silver chimes,  
The golden chimes,  
As twice have rung the older chimes.



**A**ND are these other chimes to ring  
In life's cymballium, when sweet  
The nola bells of childhood's morns  
And youth's melodious carillons,  
And marriage bells, that ring between  
The signum bells and bells compline,  
The melodies of time complete?  
Fair hands may set the marriage clock,  
What time we never can forget;  
No key the future can unlock,  
No hand the clock of death may set.  
O chimes, more sweet than crystal chimes,  
O chimes, more sweet than silver chimes,  
Or mellowness of golden chimes!





**H**EAR the Hebrew prophet sing  
Of Beulah's land, where married are  
All constant hearts, and John proclaim  
Upon the lone Aegean sea  
The marriage supper in Christ's name,  
And speak of melodies afar,  
Celestial bells of mystery.  
You journey toward far Salem's wall,  
From youth's fair land of Galilee.  
One day, one day, life's tent will fall  
Before God's temple gate. O ye  
Who vows begin and vows renew,  
And happy years of life review,  
May Love's sweet chimes,  
At all her times,  
Where'er life's tent of peace may be,  
Be rung for thee,  
Be rung for thee,  
Till life shall end, and after life  
The bells of immortality—  
The crystal chimes,  
The silver chimes,  
The melodies of golden chimes,  
And those sweet bells,  
For thee, for thee,  
That fell upon the Aegean sea.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH



\* Written by the late Hezekiah Butterworth to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mitchell  
Chapple on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding day.



# The Lost Trout

By James Francis Dwyer

ON one point only can I claim originality.

It is in the knowledge that I am a fool. Ten thousand times have I tested myself with the same result, and in claiming originality through the possession of such knowledge, I put forward the indisputable fact that few men who might be justly placed in the class to which I am certain I belong, are aware of their own defects. When the majority attempt a stocktaking of their own wisdom supply, Vanity fakes the figures and elbows Truth into the background. But I know that my stupidity is unfathomable, and, furthermore, I have never tried to hide this fact from others. I am wrong in that last assertion. I tried to hide it from Alatheia, and the unsuccessful attempt makes my story.

Alatheia's father rented the summer cottage adjoining my little bungalow, and over the stone wall which separated the grounds I saw Alatheia's big sunbonnet bobbing backward and forward during the early days of August. I knew that her name was Alatheia from the first day when the automobile from the village, which brought their belongings, came tooting into my solitude. Her mother possessed a shrill tenor voice, and when she flung the word "Alatheia" into the crooning east wind it was carried over my little home out on to the waters of The Lake of Ten Thousand Shadows.

The waters took a liking to the name, and this seemed strange to my poor intelligence. The little wavelets repeated the word again and again as they crumpled up on the silver sand before my door, and then scurried hurriedly back as if ashamed of their own boldness. They sobbed it through the hot mornings, through the drowsy afternoons and moonlit nights.

There was no likelihood of me forgetting

the name if the lake was silent. The great sunbonnet, which flopped around like a big white moth, disclosed sections of Alatheia's face to me as I lay under the pine trees near our dividing line, and as I pieced the sections together in my mind I discovered that they had a disturbing effect. The completed picture stirred my feeble wit to concoct plans for making Alatheia's acquaintance, and I plotted ceaselessly as I watched the reflection of my fishing rod in the sapphire-blue waters of the lake.

One afternoon my subconscious mind startled me by thrusting a plan into the light of the conscious. Alatheia's father did not fish, and my inner self urged me to make my acquaintance with my neighbors through the medium of part of my catch. To me, lacking courage and afflicted with an insane desire to commit foolish deeds, the plan seemed a bold one, but the sobbing of the waves and the mental picture of Alatheia's face nerved me to make an effort to gain her friendship. In the bottom of the boat were seven shining trout, and I determined to use them as a lever to force my way into Santuck Cottage. Hastily pulling ashore, lest the courage which had come to me so suddenly might as suddenly depart, I arranged the fish upon a dish and started to climb the rocky path leading to my neighbor's residence.

At every step of the journey I made mental changes in the few sentences which I intended to use when presenting the gift, yet the changes, though pleasing to my critical taste, did not produce any soothing effect upon my nerves. But I had firmly decided to present the fish, so, distributing the remnants of my courage over the last few yards of the journey, I knocked at the door.

Alathea answered it, and it was then that I started to give proof of my mental condition. In ten seconds I had given unmistakable proof of weak intellect; in half a minute I had earned the fool label with comparative ease. I tried to explain the object of my visit, but the words refused to follow each other in an orthographical queue which would give her an idea of my purpose. They climbed behind each other, side-stepped maliciously, and turned themselves by some

ing out her white shapely arms toward the dish of trout. "Mother and father are up at the village, but they will be delighted with your thoughtfulness."

I gave a great sigh of relief. Alathea evidently understood my mental condition and was helping me as best she could. The ill-natured attempts of my tongue had been foiled, but it had been a close shave. When I planned the visit as I fished on the silver lake it had all seemed so easy, but as



*"I sat down heavily upon the floor"*

peculiar chicanery into throaty gurgles which carried no meaning to the listener. The bungalow seemed to be calling me back to its friendly shelter, and an invisible thread came up from it and tugged me as I spluttered awkwardly. I was just on the point of stampeding wildly down the rocky slope when Alathea noticed the fish.

I bless Alathea for her action at that moment. In another second I would have been in full retreat down the hillside.

"Oh, how good of you!" she cried, stretch-

I stood before Alathea, knowing full well that I was a fool, I was astounded at my courage.

But the gulf of acquaintanceship had not yet been successfully bridged. There was still a chance for unkind Fate to sweep away the skeleton construction which I had erected, and Fate made the attempt. In my nervous haste to deliver the fish into Alathea's white hands, I held the dish at an inclined angle, and the slippery trout seized the opportunity to slide from the platter to the floor.

Alathea gave a little cry of alarm as she

noted the disaster, and the next moment she repeated the exclamation with greater emphasis. I was responsible for the second cry as well as the first. She had stooped to pick up the fish which lay nearest to her, when an insane prompting urged me to make a grab at the same trout. Our heads collided with such force that I was thrown backward and sat down heavily upon the floor. I cannot imagine why I made an attempt to pick up the fish which Alatheia reached for, but it is only one of the five-score daily actions of mine which convince me that my classification is correct when I speak of myself as a fool.

Alatheia saved herself from falling. She staggered against the hatstand, and for a moment she stood rubbing her forehead and contemplating me as I sat in my undignified attitude upon the floor. Then she did what a healthy girl had a right to do under the circumstances—she commenced to laugh. She made the cottage echo with her merry peals and I was glad. Such an action on her part was novel to me, because my stupid blunders have an opposite effect upon the people who have been connected with the mishaps.

After she had exhausted her stock of merriment, Alatheia looked up and down the hallway in search of the scattered fish, and then turned a merry face toward me.

"How many were there?" she asked smilingly.

"Seven," I answered ruefully, disengaging my coat from the limb of an ornamental tree which I had upset when falling.

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Alatheia. "Seven is my unlucky number!"

"It is evidently mine also," I added dolefully, "but if I had brought six or eight, I think matters would have been just the same."

Alatheia examined me with a critical eye, and it was evident that my pessimistic remarks did not please her.

"I am sure six or eight would not have proved unlucky," she retorted. "All my misfortunes have been connected with the figure seven."

I didn't answer. The hallway was rather gloomy and I looked round anxiously in search of the fish. Only two were visible, the other five having taken full advantage of the varnished floor in finding their way to out of the way corners.

"Where have they gone?" cried Alatheia. I stared around stupidly. "There were seven," I stammered.

"And now there are but two," she laughed.

Then we commenced to search. Alatheia drew fish number three from beneath the hallstand, the fourth had skated to a place of hiding behind a large Japanese vase, while the fifth and sixth were found beneath the corner of the hall rug. But the seventh fish could not be found. It had disappeared mysteriously.

Alatheia searched in silence for about ten minutes, then she straightened her back and looked at me inquiringly. "You are sure there were seven?" she questioned solemnly.

"I am positive," I affirmed.

"That horrible number," she cried. "Why did you bring seven?"

I endeavored to explain that I had seven fish in my boat when the thought of presenting some to her father first entered my brain, and, furthermore, I was in ignorance of the bad luck attending the number as far as she was individually concerned, but she interrupted me impatiently.

"We must search for it," she exclaimed.

"My Persian kitten might find it."

"It wouldn't matter," I mumbled stupidly,

"I—I can catch plenty more."

"You are horribly stupid," said Alatheia.

"I didn't cast any doubts upon your ability as a fisherman; I simply said that I did not wish my kitten to find the fish. I never give her any fish, because I am afraid she might choke herself with the bones."

I flung myself upon my knees and commenced to search diligently, in an endeavor to make amends for my ignorance regarding the diet of kittens and my clumsiness in upsetting the dish. But the trout had disappeared. Up and down the hallway I went slowly, but the search was in vain.

Fear lest the Persian kitten might meet its death through my stupid behavior spurred me on to fresh efforts. Imagination pictured the cat lying dead with the backbone of the missing trout crosswise in its throat, and knowing that such a disaster would bar me forever from Santuck Cottage, I searched industriously. I pulled the Oriental runner out of the hall and carried the Japanese vase and the heavy hallstand out on to the piazza, but there was no fish.

Alatheia was tiring. When she commented

upon my unsuccessful attempts to locate the trout, I detected a note of sarcasm in her remarks, and I stopped for a moment in my search to stammer out an apology.

"I didn't mean to," I began, "I—I—"

"Oh, I understand," interrupted Alatheia wearily. "Of course you didn't know seven was my unlucky number. How could you?"

"But the fish must be here," I murmured hopefully.

"It must," said Alatheia.

"And it is only a small hallway," I continued.

"Only a small one," she mocked.

"It could hardly walk away," I said stupidly.

Alatheia gathered up her dainty skirts and looked around in evident alarm.

"You are certain it was dead?" she cried.

I assured her that the fish was dead before I left the boat, and the look of alarm fled. But the fear lest the Persian kitten would meet its death through the agency of a fish-bone was bringing about an hysterical crisis that worried me exceedingly. The search seemed a hopeless one, and I groaned inwardly as a tormenting imagination deftly pictured the feline tragedy that would result from my action. A thousand times before that day I had convinced myself that I was a fool, and yet I had deliberately planned to make the fact obvious to a girl whose sneers I would have to endure for the remainder of the summer.

At this stage the Persian kitten strolled into the hall, and Alatheia rushed to the animal and hugged it closely.

"My poor little kitty," she sobbed. "My poor, poor kitty must be locked up because the stupid man lost a fish in the hall."

I wished the Persian kitten a different kind of death, but I continued my search, while Alatheia sobbed her troubles to the cat. The loss of the trout was certainly a remarkable happening. How one fish out of seven could possibly make its escape from that little hallway would baffle the mind of a wise man, much less a fool. But the fish had disappeared completely, and the girl's anxiety for the cat was becoming more noticeable each moment.

In a fit of desperation I went out on the piazza and shook the hallstand roughly. Then I upturned the big Japanese vase, thinking the trout might have fallen into its depths, and it was while I held the article

in my hands that Fate again caught me in a jiu-jitsu grip. The cat escaped from Alatheia and wobbled beneath my feet, and in my effort to avoid her, I dropped the vase and buried her in the ruins. As I turned toward Alatheia, I caught sight of her father and mother walking down the hillside, and without a single word of apology, I fled madly in the direction of my bungalow!

\* \* \*

The last rays of the setting sun were shining upon my little home when I reached the shore, and an inquisitive sunbeam pushed itself into the room when I opened the door. It fell upon the pine table in my dining room, and I stopped in amazement as my eyes followed its glittering track. Lying upon the table was the seventh trout for which I had hunted so industriously. In my hurry to make the presentation I had forgotten to place it upon the dish!

I stood for a few minutes trying to reason out my course of action. Five times during the afternoon I had proved myself a fool, and now I would have to admit the crowning blunder which had fattered the minor mistakes. An immediate apology and explanation was necessary, for if the kitten had not been killed in the collapse of the Japanese vase, the knowledge that a lost trout was not around the premises would relieve the mind of Alatheia. I hastily penned a message deploring the happening, praying for forgiveness and informing her over and over again that I had been recognized as a fool from earliest childhood. A boy who was fishing on the lake acted as my messenger, and I tramped around nervously after I had despatched him on his way.

Half an hour afterwards, he returned with a little slate-colored envelope, and I opened it hurriedly. The enclosure read:

DEAR MR. FISHERMAN:

Father forgives you for breaking the vase, and I forgive you for taking one of the lives away from my poor kitten, who escaped from the ruins of the vase with some minor scratches. We do this on mother's account. She takes an interest in people who have a penchant for getting into trouble, and as you evidently are an interesting specimen, she would like you to call tomorrow.

Sincerely yours,

ALATHEIA MERRIN.

And as I sat looking out over the Lake of Ten Thousand Shadows, the little wavelets crumpling up on the sand sobbed out the name of Alatheia as the sun sank behind the red-fringed hills of the west





THE sentry paced up and down the corridor in solemn silence, apparently oblivious of the colonel who stood but a few paces away. Suddenly, the hangings at the further end were abruptly thrust apart, and a quick alert figure appeared and beckoned imperiously to the colonel. With a hasty stride, that official promptly obeyed.

"Who is the new sentry, Von Muehle?"

"The special detective whom the Chief of Police assigned to the palace, your majesty."

"What is his name?"

"Hertzbach, your majesty."

"Has he been long in the service, do you know?"

"I have heard of him, your majesty, in connection with many important affairs. Personally, I do not know him, however."

"Nothing new has developed in the matter I brought before Von Schwalbe?"

"Not that I am aware of, your majesty. Everything has been carefully watched. I know the palace guard to be absolutely trustworthy. I have personally exercised the greatest caution and discretion."

"In these days, Von Muehle, the maxim should be, 'trust to no one!'" said the king. "Unceasing vigilance is truly become the price of safety."

"Your majesty does not suspect—"

"Enough! My enemies are capable of anything! Remain here. I shall return in a moment with a note which I wish delivered to Von Schwalbe at once!"

The colonel bowed low in deference, while the King disappeared once more behind the hangings. The colonel bit his moustache savagely.

"He seems perturbed," he muttered; "he, who never permits even his intimates a glimpse of the soul beneath! What does it mean?"

Again the hangings were parted while a small, white, compactly built hand thrust out a packet.

"You will have this delivered to the Chief of Police at once. When Von Schwalbe comes, usher him in direct."

The hand was withdrawn, and the colonel departed.

Some time later, a big, swarthy man was ushered into the presence of the King. He was Otto Von Schwalbe, the Chief of the Royal Secret Police. The King at once ushered him into his private cabinet, which gave upon the corridor, where paced the sentry.

"Do you know why I have summoned you here tonight?" began the King, bending his eyes upon the man before him.

"I might hazard a guess, your majesty!"

"It was to tell you that, despite my police, secret and otherwise, 'my faithful palace guards,' as Von Muehle calls them, some agent of my enemies has been clever enough to invade the very privacy of my innermost palace, to pry into state papers, right here under our very noses!"

The Chief of Police sought to mask his perturbation, but it was a vain effort. His face went pale as he stammered:

"Indeed, your majesty, I had not looked for anything like this!"

"It is well known," continued the King, "that several European governments are dismayed at our policies, and jealous of our rising supremacy. Inspired with bitterness, they stop at nothing, but seek in every way to hurt our prestige. There is at the present time, in this the capital city of the kingdom, a well-defined movement to seat the pretender on the throne. The secret agents of several foreign governments are the heart

and soul of this movement, which has gone so far that among the better class involved is a former Prime Minister! I have a list of the names here!"

And the King tapped a paper, but did not show it to his astonished Chief of Police, who well knew he was not accorded all the confidences of his sovereign.

"But a weightier matter of far greater import is this. Sometime last night, state papers of the greatest importance were taken from *my private cabinet*."

"Your majesty!" gasped the official, "you overwhelm me!"

The King's face remained impassive.

"To tell you the truth," he exclaimed tersely, "no one save myself has access to this cabinet. Von Muehle answers for the fidelity of the palace guard. And I myself do not suspect any of them. This new detective you have assigned to the palace, what of him?"

"Ah, your majesty," cried the Chief, his face brightening, "there you have a man! Invaluable! He has been in the service for years and is unexcelled for a record of prudence and discretion! We shall give him this matter to take in hand."

"You speak with great assurance. Do you know personally of these qualities you enumerate?"

"I may say I know of them, your majesty."

"In other words you assume it to be so, on the basis of assurance given you by someone else?"

"Even so, your majesty! We are all, more or less, forced to depend upon just that kind of assurance. Hertzbach has been assigned to most delicate missions and fulfilled them with tact. This I know! 'Twas he who fathomed the matter of the embassy at Paris, long before the rest of the world guessed its import. At St. Petersburg, he even secured a copy of the state policy which was found later to be substantially correct."

"It was due to this brilliant achievement that your majesty's government was put in possession of information which enabled you to foresee this war with Japan, and take measures accordingly. But if your majesty so desire, of course he will be withdrawn!"

"I do not ask you to withdraw him," said the King slowly. "I wished to know something of this man, that is all."

"I shall then assign him to the case?" inquired the official, rising, too, as the King arose.

"You may acquaint him with the particulars. Meanwhile, it is absolutely essential that no slightest word of this filter through to the outer world."

"I understand, your majesty!"

Alone again, the King sat for some time immersed in thought. At last he drew a sheet of paper toward him, and carefully perused the closely written lines.

"The attempt will be made tonight," he read. "Twelve men will comprise the party. They will seek to force the King to abdicate. X."

"And perhaps they will learn that the King, too, can conspire!" he muttered grimly. Imbued with an idea, he stood up and surveyed the room. There was nothing out of the ordinary or in any way pretentious about the cabinet, save that it was circular and devoid of windows. The walls were done in a plain gray tone, and there was but one door, which gave upon the corridor. Stepping to the wall, the King pressed gently, whereupon a panel slid noiselessly away, revealing another room. This exit was at right angles to the door leading to the corridor. Stepping through it, the King turned about, while the panel slid back into its wonted place again. It was now seen that the panel was really a cleverly designed, transparent, closely woven mesh, which, filling the door space, quite perfectly simulated the solid wall. Gazing through this, the King, himself unseen, was enabled to view the entire cabinet as well as the corridor, which latter was reflected by a small mirror directly to one side of his angle of vision. Satisfied, he opened the panel again and returned to his desk. Carefully replacing the letter of information within his tunic, he sat down and drew forth a large, bulky document. Placing it conspicuously upon the desk, he arose, drew back the hangings which hid him from the sentry, and somewhat ostentatiously left the room.

For a time, nothing untoward occurred. The steps of the sentry grew monotonous and seemed to vie in regularity with the ticking of the little clock in the cabinet. Then suddenly, noiselessly, a man stepped within the cabinet. It was the special detective, Hertzbach.

After a quick glance about, he advanced to the desk with an alert, determined air and seized the packet of papers. As he did so, the King stepped suddenly through the secret door, and coming up behind him, with cocked revolver, demanded:

"Do not move! You are caught! A dozen Mausers are levelled at your heart this very moment! Give me the papers, sir!"

For a moment the spy paused in stony stupefaction. His color rose slowly in a crimson tide that dyed his face ruddy. The hand with the papers dropped as he turned his face toward his captor. When he saw it was the King, his jaw fell. Silently he handed him the papers.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"That you will speedily learn," retorted the King, placing the document in his pocket. "Now, sir," he thundered, "tell me every detail of the plot in hand tonight."

The man remained mute. In reality, his busy brain was devising a hundred schemes, chief among them being a mad impulse to precipitate the tragedy of the night by springing upon the King and murdering him then and there. Nothing but the thought of those hidden Mausers levelled at his heart restrained him. Therefore he quickly determined to seek to keep his majesty engrossed with himself if possible, as he knew his fellow conspirators would soon be in the corridor, waiting for the signal agreed upon.

"You will not tell?" said the King abruptly. "Since we have little time then, I will tell you. You were, in company with twelve others, to break in upon the King in his private cabinet here tonight, and at the threat of death, force him to sign his abdication in favor of his cousin, the banished pretender, Prince Victor.

"Ah, you are startled! But I, too, have spies! I, too, can encompass secrets—and keep them! I will tell you more. This nice little surprise party, so neatly planned, was to occur in just five minutes!" He pulled out his watch and, marking the time, replaced it.

"Now, I am going to be magnanimous in so far th. I am going to insist upon the program being carried through!"

Hertzbach looked his amazement, and his majesty smiled coldly.

"Yes, it is time. Even now, they are ready! I will stand here—at this wall. As I stand here you will give the signal agreed upon. Colonel!" he raised his voice, "if the prisoner here fails to do exactly as ordered, have your men fire at once! You hear?"

Hertzbach nodded.

"Very well!"

The King stepped back. Hertzbach, standing in the center of the room, raised his arm and gave the signal. In an instant a group of men appeared in the corridor and invaded the cabinet. They saw the King, and quickly advanced toward him. But they were all no sooner well within the room than the King disappeared. There came a faint, whirring noise, and the whole cabinet began to descend. With one impulse, those within there were seized with a panic.

"We are betrayed!"

"He has trapped us!"

"We are lost!"

"Who is the traitor?"

As the cabinet continued to descend, they tore about in wild dismay like rats in a trap, and seeking in vain for the door through which they had come. In another moment the cabinet stopped, and they found they were imprisoned in an iron cage, constructed after the manner of an ordinary elevator. In fact, the cabinet, whose false walls remained above, was in reality nothing else, as they one and all very clearly realized now.

It was ludicrously simple. They had walked into the spider's parlor like the proverbial fly, and were now safely caught in the underground vaults of the palace. Through the bars of their temporary prison they could now perceive the massive stone arches with their medieval suggestion of dungeons dimly outlined in the gloom, which, combined with the night, the hour, and their own serious plight, served to take the fervor out of the conspirators, as nothing else could have done.

While they speculated miserably in silent suspense, the distant tramp of martial feet burst suddenly upon their ears, and in a moment the gloomy corridors were filled with soldiers. Then the King himself stepped forth, followed by his faithful Von Muehle. After a moment's withering contemplation of the group before him, he began:

"Well, gentlemen! It appears the King's mouse trap has caught its share of game



tonight. Let us see. Whom have we here?"

He bent his eyes sternly upon the abashed group in the cage.

"You perceive, gentlemen, that I, too, can play at conspiracy. While you were plotting to force me, your lawful sovereign, to abdicate, I was plotting a counter movement which will, it seems, cause you some inconvenience. You will all learn before many hours that treason of this kind is a costly diversion. Did I but choose, I might use my prerogative, and have you all shot before another sun has set! Instead, I shall let your own countrymen be your judge.

"Colonel, have the prisoners, save Hertz-bach, transferred to the fortress! As for

*"Do not move! You are caught!  
A dozen Mausers are levelled  
at your heart!"*

him, even though he be an agent of the Triple Alliance, that shall not save him!"

Silently, the prisoners, with an air of relief, stepped out one by one, while Hertzbach made a movement as though he would speak in protest at the utterance of this portentous sentence. But the King, with an impatient gesture that seemed to say it was useless, turned away.

Some time later in the early dawn, a prison van, loaded with twelve white-faced, dejected

men, stood in the courtyard of the palace, surrounded by a detachment of mounted guards. They were the conspirators. As they were speculating drearily upon the futility of human things, there came a sharp volley, and a moment later six soldiers appeared, carrying a limp, inanimate form. By the wan light of the new-born day, they all saw it was Hertzbach, the spy. The next moment the door was closed abruptly, while the vehicle moved off briskly for the fortress.

## THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR YOU

From the book "Heart Throbs."

The world is waiting for you, young man,  
If your purpose is strong and true;  
If out of your treasures of mind and heart,  
You can bring things old and new;  
If you know the truth that makes men free,  
And with skill can bring it to view,  
The world is waiting for you, young man,  
The world is waiting for you.

There are treasures of mountain and treasures of sea,  
And harvest of valley and plain,  
That Industry, Knowledge and Skill can secure,  
While Ignorance wishes in vain.  
To scatter the lightning and harness the storm,  
Is a power that is wielded by few;  
If you have the nerve and the skill, young man,  
The world is waiting for you.

Of the idle and brainless the world has enough—  
Who eat what they never have earned;  
Who hate the pure stream from the fountain of truth,  
And wisdom and knowledge have spurned.  
But patience and purpose which know no defeat,  
And genius like gems bright and true,  
Will bless all mankind with their love, life and light,—  
The world is waiting for you.

Then awake, O young man, from the stupor of doubt,  
And prepare for the battle of life;  
Be the fire of the forge, or be anvil or sledge,—  
But win, or go down in the strife!  
Can you stand though the world into ruin should rock?  
Can you conquer with many or few?  
Then the world is waiting for you, young man,  
The world is waiting for you!

—Prof. S. S. Calkins.





# The Lady Barnacle

By L. B. KINDER

IT IS not of the steel trust's lake fleet of a hundred and twelve black leviathans with silver stacks; nor of their black rivals with funnels marked by a red band or other symbol; nor of one of the drab monsters named after the chief lake ports; nor of one of the lumber caravels with high deckloads that go tagging down the lakes in threes and fours; it was not of one of these, I repeat, nor yet of some sleek passenger steamer, but of the Propeller Sweetheart, that this tale concerns itself.

The Propeller Sweetheart,—Captain Tew, Mate McCue, Chief Engineer Gus Cokernut and Cook Billy Blocker—voyaged from April until December between Duluth and Lake Erie. If you ever chanced to see the Sweetheart, you will never forget her; if not, you will never see her, for recently she vanished beneath a dark green coat of paint to reappear the "William C. Smith."

Though she was broader of beam, trimmer, and had more cabin, her outlines suggested the lumber hooker. The high bow and stern, too near together for proportion, gave her a short-waisted appearance. She was painted a cerulean blue with white upper-works, and scarlet stack, life-boats and cabin blinds.

Westward she carried merchandise, and from Duluth she returned with flour or grain. It took twelve days for ordinary boats to make the round trip from Duluth to Buffalo, but the Sweetheart, being an extraordinary boat, took only three weeks.

On a sunny June morning, she lay at her Toledo dock ready to clear for the head of the Lakes with a cargo of pickles. A light breeze streamed shreds of smoke from the scarlet stack her full length. Like pennants they fluttered from the two masts and slipped away into the harbor's grimy atmosphere.

Captain Tew stepped out of the pilot-house. He peered expectantly down the pier, stared at two lank deck-hands dexterously sandpapering the mainmast, and commenced to nervously pace the deck. The passing of a tug with a coal barge failed to interest him, but at sight of criss-crosses of tobacco juice spurting out of an engine-room porthole, he smiled. Though he could not hear their words and scarcely their voices, he knew that Mate Tew and Engineer Cokernut were looking out of that porthole, and from the explosive exhortations that they, too, chafed at the delay.

It was a relief to glance through the galley window at wizened Billy Blocker, deftly disrobing wizened greenings for the midday pie; to catch a whiff of apple parings and cinnamon; to hear his wheezy whistle:

"O moonbeam bright and airy,  
O moonbeam kind and true."

Captain Tew took out his watch. It looked into a face as round and open as its own. The watch's face said seventeen minutes past ten; Captain Tew's, five years past forty. In brief, his was a moon-face—a rubicund harvest moon. His eyes were genially gray and his mouth pleasantly plump. In fact, he kept a laugh in the corner of his cheek where many men keep their tobacco. His body was bulky and his legs, like his temper, were short and firm.

"I'll not wait a second after half past," he asserted, pocketing the watch. He glanced down the dock. At sight of a pretty girl with wavy blonde hair hurrying toward the ship, his face brightened. "Well, that must be her at last!"

He scrambled upon the dock to relieve her of her suit-case.

"Miss Skaddles?" he demanded politely, doffing his cap.

"No," smiled the girl breathlessly, setting down her burden. "I'm her niece, Miss Harrison. She wrote me to meet her here with some things I was to buy her."

"Maybe that's her now," cried the captain, perceiving a plump, well-dressed young woman of thirty approaching with a wicker telescope.

"I shouldn't wonder," answered the girl. "I've never seen her."

"Miss Skaddles, ma'am?" demanded Captain Tew politely as before.

"No," gasped the other, dropping her telescope beside the suit-case. "I'm Mrs. Skaddles, her sister-in-law. My! What a Fourth-of-July-looking boat you have!"

The captain's appreciation of this compliment to his patriotism was cut short by the appearance of a third woman from the direction of the warehouse whence the other two had come. It was like a hearse following two wedding parties; a rainy day following two sunshiny ones. As he gazed at the angry, angular features, the skinny outlines, and the fidgety gait of this he-looking female, his heart sank with the presentiment that this must be Miss Susan Skaddles.

And it was.

\* \* \* \*

It was half-past one that afternoon. The Propeller Sweetheart steamed steadily along Lake Erie's south shore. The crew were informally gathered in the engine-room discussing the passenger.

"Can't we barrel her up and sling her down in the hold with the other pickles?" joked Mate McCue.

"She looks like mother of vinegar to me," chuckled Gus Cokernut.

The lank deck-hands, who had come down for more sandpaper, held up halves of a stick of gum. They were twins and like as two telephone poles.

"She gave it to us," said Frank.

"She said pepsin was better for the stomach than plug," said Hank.

"It's too bad she couldn't have been that nice lady," moaned Captain Tew.

"Or that little blonde," groaned Mate McCue.

"Well, men, we'll have to make the best of her for ten days or so!"

"I don't want you to set me down for a pessimist, cap'n," said Billy Blocker. "But, you know, she may make the round trip."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Skaddles made the round trip. In fact, when Captain Tew ran into Toledo expressly to land her, she showed no disposition to leave the ship. When the captain informed her that the voyage was over, she informed him that she intended to make another. When he protested, she threw the conditions of the vessel's purchase in his face. Alas! her contention was too true. For in the bill of sale transferring the ship to Amos Tew & Co. was a clause granting free transportation for life to Elijah Skaddles and daughters until they were married.

\* \* \* \*

Hitherto life on board the Propeller Sweetheart had been pleasantly unconventional. Strict disciplinarians, when on duty, Captain Tew and Mate McCue met the crew on an equal footing. The galley at mealtime rang with jovial fellowship. Evenings it was the custom for the off-watch to gather about the dining table in a game of smear at five cents a corner, the losers at which were required to "make it rain" at the first port. It never rained stronger than lager, for neither captain, nor cook, nor crew were spiritously inclined. Miss Skaddles ended this.

It had likewise been the pleasant custom when they were in port over Sunday, for Captain Tew to take the starboard watch to the Methodist Church, and Mate McCue, the port watch to the Congregational. Miss Skaddles ended this. She compelled the crew to worship wherever sin was being denounced. Wholly undenominational in her choice, she even herded them to the African M. E. Church, to hear a sermon entitled "No Color Line in Hell," wherein a stove-black preacher implied that that locality was principally inhabited by white trash, an

implication that coincided perfectly with Miss Skaddles' own views.

Life aboard the Sweetheart became a preparation for eternal damnation. Miss Skaddles permeated the ship like a sulphur smudge, disinfecting it of all enjoyment. Card lovers were driven into playing solitaire in their bunks; smokers to soil their breaths with onions; lovers into reading their letters inside of temperance tracts.

Billy Blocker, alone, withstood the dragon.

He jawed her out of his galley, swore before her, and dared her to play "Old Maid" with him. Gus Cokernut hid in the coalhole when he saw her coming; Mate McCue climbed out on the bowsprit. The twin deck-hands were particularly exposed. Miss Skaddles would stand for hours exhorting them as they dexterously sandpapered the mainmast. In self-defence they were compelled to chew pepsin gum on one side of their mouth. Hank learned to spit brown or white at will, but Frank, unable to acquire this happy faculty, repeatedly aroused Miss Skaddles' ire.

Captain Tew suffered most of all, for he felt it his duty as master of the vessel to rid it of this woman. Had it been a matter of getting rid of barnacles, or of his appendix, or of a mutinous sailor, he would have known exactly what to do, but in the present case he was hopeless. A chance remark by Billy Blocker suggested a means.

"Have you noticed how Ginger skids under the stove when Miss Skaddles comes into the galley?" said Billy. "Well, it's a notorious fact that cats and old maids take to one another like the port watch to pumpkin pie. I don't want you to set me down for a pessimist, cap'n, but it's my conscientious conviction that she ain't no old maid at all I believe that she's a grass widow."

"I'd give a thousand dollars to be her sod widower," grunted the captain.

He brooded over the matter all day, and

toward sundown hatched out a scheme. If Miss Skaddles should marry, she would have no legal right to remain on the ship.

That evening Captain Tew issued a general order for the crew to court Miss Skaddles.

The manner in which the order was executed, spoke well for discipline aboard the Propeller Sweetheart. The instructions accompanying the command "to discreetly and diligently court" were that each should ingratiate himself with Miss Skaddles by



"The twin deckhands were particularly exposed"

asking for a tract, which he then must pretend has reformed his evil life, and at the propitious moment must ask for her hand. The members of the two watches were to propose alternately, until the *desideratum* was accomplished.

Alas, Miss Skaddles rejected them one and all! Gus Cokernut, who grinned when he mentioned matrimony, was scolded for his levity. The dexterous deck-hands found proposing more nervous work than sandpapering. At the critical moment Hank discredited himself by spitting brown instead of white, and Frank, faithfully trying to

follow orders, forgot, and asked her for a second tract, when he should have demanded her hand. But three remained who had not made the attempt—Captain Tew, Mate McCue and Billy Blocker.

"I don't want you to set me down for a pessimist, cap'n," said Billy. "But I know that Miss Skaddles would marry me to reform me. And I'll be damned if I'll ask her."

*Damned* was an evil word, a word foreign to the vocabulary of the Propeller Sweetheart. But Billy was a man of strong moods, the occasion warranted strong speech, and above all Billy was a gem of a cook, so the captain did not reprove him. Instead he sought out the mate.

"McCue, it's up to you to make the attempt," he declared.

"She's more suitable to a man of your age," retorted the other.

"That's just it, my boy. *You* will outlive her. To *me* it means a life sentence."

"I love you like a father, Cap'n Tew, but what you ask is impossible."

Nevertheless, deep down in his heart, the captain was resolved that Mate McCue should marry Miss Skaddles and save the ship.

\* \* \* \*

It had been a foggy night on Lake Huron, made dismal by the foghorns of nearby vessels. When with morning the fog rose, the sun surprised them with a panorama of many ships entering and emerging from St. Mary's River. Yet the revelation of that lifting fog was as naught compared to the revelation Tew made McCue.

"I can't—I won't marry her, Cap'n Tew."

"But you will, Mate McCue—God pity you! I hold your notes amounting to four hundred and eighty-five dollars, and a mortgage of twelve hundred dollars on the house you're building on the installment plan."

"So this is why you've egged me on to borrow and been so free to lend," reproached the mate. "I'd never have thought such a thing of you. But if you had a mortgage on my only pair of pants and threatened to foreclose in February, I'd submit, rather than be shackled for life to that woman. Think, man, of claspings that bag of bones in your arms, of kissing that hatchet face!"

"You've got to marry her, McCue. If you don't I'll have your mate's papers re-

voked for violating a dozen minor regulations. You'll never be able to get a job *making* again."

"I can dock-wallop, or shove lumber, or be a deck-hand," defied the mate.

"You'll peg shoes in a penitentiary," thundered Tew. "I have evidence that you have repeatedly smuggled cork-screws over the line. Ten years of your young life will be wasted—"

"I give in," moaned McCue. "Only give me a few days' respite."

"You needn't begin active courting 'till next trip," replied the captain. "But mind, success is the condition of my holding off."

His fat features reflected the despair on the other's face.

"Forgive me, Mate McCue," he pleaded, extending his hand. "It goes against the grain to do this, especially to you. But while there are many on board that would sacrifice themselves to save the ship, they can't, for she won't let them. You're the one man that she will marry."

Mate McCue shook the captain's hand. There was hope in his firm clasp. Perhaps his eye detected some favorable omen in the view of Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan; perhaps it was merely the faith of youth that something would turn up.

An hour later when they tied up at a wharf to unload merchandise, he mysteriously disappeared. Captain Tew worried, for it was the first time the mate had ever failed in his duty. He therefore was relieved when at length the latter reappeared, accompanied by a young woman.

"It'll have a stimulating effect on Miss Skaddles," chuckled the captain. "Make her want him all the more."

He sorrowfully regarded the good-looking mate and his blue-eyed companion, pretty in apple green dimity and big white straw hat with green trimming.

"Poor boy; that's the kind of a girl he'd like to marry."

When they were near, he politely doffed his cap. The girl smiled seductively into his sad, fat face.

"Captain Tew, my wife," said Mate McCue.

"WHAT!" bellowed Captain Tew.

At a wink from her husband, Mrs. McCue hastened out of hearing.

"She's Daisy Smith, the girl that was

cashier at Roger's Restaurant," the mate explained. "She isn't my regular girl, cap'n,—I didn't have time to go uptown for Susie. But we'll be happy. I'll be grateful to her all my life for marrying me in this emergency."

\* \* \* \*

Captain Tew had barely recovered from his disappointment at the "ganging agley" of his best laid scheme, when Miss Skaddles'

right to free transportation on the Sweetheart was annulled. As her husband he could provide her a home on shore. Then he



"'Captain Tew, my wife,' said the mate"

announcement that she intended to rejoin the ship upon the re-opening of navigation the following spring, plunged him into darkest despair. At thought of the vista of years of her companionship that lay before him, he shuddered. He seemed doomed to daily association of matrimony without any of its recompenses. Logic came to his rescue. If he married Miss Skaddles, her

would only have to spend the four winter months with her, while now he must spend eight. Inspired by this happy solution of his troubles, he put on his Sunday shirt and high collar, and went forth that very evening to ask Miss Skaddles for her bony hand.

Half an hour later Captain Tew returned rebuffed but happy. Miss Skaddles had refused him.

\* \* \* \*

Vainly Captain Tew left Miss Skaddles behind only to have her reappear at the next port whither she had hurried by rail; vainly he sought to frighten her by putting out in stormy weather; vainly he conspired with Billy Blocker against her stomach; as vainly



offered her a round sum to leave the ship. He even attempted to sell his vessel, but no one would buy a ship encumbered with a perpetual passenger. The crew began to desert; his deliveries of freight became less certain; his business less profitable. The captain himself lost appetite and color; he grew melancholy. In desperation he resolved to scuttle the Propeller Sweetheart and buy a new vessel with the insurance money.

The inspiration came on a November afternoon as the Propeller Sweetheart passed out of Portage Ship Canal into open Lake Superior, bound for Duluth with a cargo of can-openers. The lake rolled ominously in great whitecaps; the snow flurries of early morning had turned into a driving sleet. Just the weather for his purpose. Smoke from the scarlet stack swirling blackly through the sleet choked his musings. His eye rested lovingly upon the propeller's deck, but at sight of Miss Skaddles berating the dexterous deck-hands for a telltale circle of brown spatters in the snow about the mainmast he scowled.

Fixed in his purpose, he rose shortly after midnight and stepped out upon the deck. Skidding along its icy surface to the bow he stared expectantly through his binoculars into the sleet.

"A little too soon," he murmured and retreated into the pilot-house whence from time to time he slipped out to the bow to peer into the storm. Toward morning he was rewarded by the glimpse of two faint lights to starboard, one a steady blink, the other a will-o'-the-wisp. The next moment the storm obscured both; but Captain Tew had seen enough.

"Duluth harbor lights!" he chuckled, "and we heading four points south by east. In half an hour we'll be—" His mind's eye penetrating the sleety curtain saw a race of billows rushing in upon a pine-clad reef of sand, and he grinned. "Now to business," he chuckled.

As he passed Miss Skaddles' stateroom, she stuck a bundled head out of the door to demand if he thought four life-preservers would be enough.

"Eight would be safer, ma'am," he chuckled and hurried on to the after-cabin whence he descended to the engine room.

The change from the sleety air to the latter's warm, oily atmosphere was a great deal like

changing from the outside to the inside of a dice-box. As Captain Tew let go of the stair rail he bowled across the deck toward Engineer Cokernut, and would have made a strike, had not the other dodged.

"I'm going down in the hold to look for leaks, Gus," he bawled, snatching up a lantern and, unseen by the engineer, an axe.

Entering a short passage Captain Tew descended a perpendicular ladder and made his way through cliffs of boxes to a small open space beneath the covered hatchway. He hung up the lantern, flung off his coat and without ado swung the axe above his head and brought it down upon the planking. He groaned; for a moment paused irresolute, then fell to chopping with a will, swinging his axe with a steady woodsman's stroke.

The waves beat against the hull with such noisy violence that it seemed that the stout ribs must be crushed, the oak chips shone yellow in the lantern-light and popped away into the darkness; the captain warming to his work hummed a ditty which sometimes rose even above the din of the tempest. Up went the axe, out flew the chips; up and down it went again.

"Great Goliath," shrieked an only too familiar voice. "You're scuttling the propeller!"

It was Miss Skaddles! The captain stopped chopping dumbfounded. But like a draught her terror flared his courage into a blaze.

"You've driven me to it, ma'am," he shouted. "You've brought purgatory aboard this propeller. You've interfered with my cargoes. You've made my crew desert. You've hectored me into losing twenty pounds. I've tried to make this ship too hot for you. I've tried to desert you. I've tried to marry you. I've tried to buy you off. You say that you're coming back next season and for all I know stay till the end of time. I have no choice. You've driven me to it, ma'am."

"We'll all be drowned," shrieked Miss Skaddles.

"No!" shouted the captain. "We're headed for Minnesota Point. We'll beach on the sand right in front of the Life-Saving Station and the crew will come out and take us off."

"We'll all be drowned!" shrieked Miss Skaddles. "Dear Captain Tew, please plug it up. I'll do anything—I'll—I'll marry you."

"I'd rather drown like a rat!" roared Tew, shaking the axe. He stamped his foot. It splashed in an inch of water.

\* \* \* \*

Above the crash of waves against the hull and the rattle of the storm-swept deck, they heard the straining of planking. The glimmer of yellow lantern light upon the water between cliffs of boxes, jaundiced gaunt terror on one face and merciless determination on the other, the woman's beanpole form and the man's hulking shoulders shivering above the waistline of icy water.

A loud ripping warned them that the pressure of the water within was tearing out weak boards from the bottom. Fear of missing the ladder in the darkness undoubtedly had hitherto restrained Miss Skaddles as much as fear of the axe. But at this ominous sound she floundered forward. Seizing the lantern, Captain Tew floundered after.

"Hurry, ma'am," he cried. "She's filling fast!"

Close behind, he followed up the ladder, through the engine room, and up the second ladder to the deck. As they emerged, the ship lurched heavily and settled rapidly to within two feet of the deck. The late November dawn was just breaking. The wind upon their wet clothes cruelly chilled. The sleet had ceased, the waves no longer ran high.

Incredulously they turned their eyes from the shivering crew to the city rising ruggedly above its docks and warehouses.

"Why, we're safe in Duluth harbor!" ejaculated Miss Skaddles.

"By some hook or crook we slipped through the entry," groaned Captain Tew. "And here we are sunk within a towline's length of our own dock."

"The mate changed the course," said Miss Skaddles. "I came down to the hold to tell you, but—"

"There's no use, no hope for me," groaned Captain Tew. "If the Old Man of the Mountain had been a woman, Sinbad would never have gotten her off his back. But I forgive you, ma'am, I forgive you."

Deliberately he straddled the stern rail,

but as he brought his second leg over preparatory to the fatal leap, Miss Skaddles gripped the belt of his trousers and restrained him until the arrival of Gus Cokernut and Billy Blocker, followed by the excited crew. Unceremoniously they yanked him back over the railing.

"Let me go, boys," groaned Captain Tew. "I can't escape her in this world."

The crew closed in threateningly around Miss Skaddles, who scowled back at them. Hank boldly spat brown out of both sides of his mouth. Frank ostentatiously took a 12mo plug from his stern pocket and biting off a corner, passed it about the circle, each of whom bit off a mouthful.

"There's no use talking, ma'am," threatened the mate, "you've got to leave this ship. The captain isn't the only one that you've most driven to kill himself."

"I'll commit murder before I'll commit suicide," growled Billy Blocker. "I don't want you to set me down for a pessimist, ma'am, but Lake Superior never gives up its dead."

"I never want to set eyes upon this scoundrelly ship again—much less foot on it," returned Miss Skaddles in tones that set every knee a-tremble. "I first intended only to make the round trip, but when I saw what a beer-guzzling, smear-playing, tobacco-chewing crew this ship had, I felt that it was my duty to remain and reform you. I've spent as much as I've saved in board for temperance tracts and pepsin gum; I've withstood your attempts to desert me, cajole me, bribe me, marry me—I've endured these. But when it comes to your captain's scuttling the ship to get rid of me, and that contemptible cook threatening murder, I've had enough. I'm through with you. For all of me, you can all go plump to—"

The aspirate trembled sympathetically on Billy Blocker's blasphemous lips.

"Perdition," finished Miss Skaddles, who stalked through the opening circle to the starboard side to scowl at the green tug with red upper-works that was steaming to their relief.

"Mate McCue," cried Captain Tew, "pipe all hands aft and we'll sing the Doxology."

# Whoa, Bill! Whoa!



"IF this here horse should  
say to me  
'Leggo a minute while I neigh,'  
I'd say: 'Nixie, I'm here to see  
You have no chance to  
run away'—  
Whoa, Bill! Whoa!

"And if my girl should happen by,  
My nervy courage would  
not flit;  
I'd tell her not to fear while I  
Was firmly holdin' on  
the bit—  
Whoa, Bill! Whoa!

"See! I can cross my feet  
and stand:  
I'm not a bit afraid, of course;  
My girl, she says it must be grand  
To be the man what holds  
the horse—  
Whoa, Bill! Whoa!"

—Flynn Wayne

# Arts and the Golden Sea

By STUART B. STONE

TOGO, the bobtailed kitten, came and jumped in Antoinette's blue, anchor-figured lap. Antoinette dreamily stroked the kitten's back the wrong way, and Maximilian, gazing hungrily at Antoinette, blurted tragedy.

"I'm going to be a pirate," he announced in tremulous tones.

Then he settled back upon the stone steps, with his young heart pounding against the pocket of his sailor blouse. Never before had he spoken of his buccaneering longings.

Antoinette's big blue eyes swelled in disdain. "A pirate!" she scoffed. "I'd like to know who'd be an old pirate!"

Maximilian squirmed—he could not bear disdain from Antoinette. "Not the sure 'nough kind of pirate that cuts people's throats and then makes 'em jump in the sea," he explained ambiguously, "but a pirate that robs rich stuck-up people and gives the treasure to poor heroes—and rescues beautiful shipwrecked girls—like Robin Hood did, you know."

"Oh," said Antoinette, a little softened; and Maximilian slipped down a step, curling at her feet and striving vainly to pierce the gloom that hid the wonder of her blue eyes.

"Say, 'Toinette—would you—" began Maximilian, but he had to stop and swallow the big fright-lump in his throat.

"Would I what, 'Milian?" Antoinette encouraged.

"Would you—marry a pirate, 'Toinette?"

The maid set the bobtailed kitten down and smoothed out the rustling starchiness of her chambray frock. Maximilian, straining his brown eyes through the dusk, counted the years that she did this. After a century or so, she shook her curly, ribbon-decked head, and Maximilian relaxed against the Ionic post-column with the sigh of the soul barred from Elysium.

"Pirates are bloody and wear long hair," declared Antoinette, "and I always get sick on the water. I shall marry a poet, or an artist, or an actor."

A trio of lightning-bugs flitted by, illuminating the castle-builders with their soft, phosphorescent glow, and, ordinarily, Maximilian would have captured the insects and imprisoned them in some radiant holly-hock or essence-bottle; the bobtailed kitten whined, and at a less trying time, the boy would have gathered her up, or maybe pinched her tail; a pedestrian hummed a song of love in fragrant gardens, and, when the world was not in upheaval, Maximilian would have whistled the air, out of tune. But now he leaned against the fluted Ionic column and heeded neither the pert tricks of bugs and kittens nor the arts of the popular ballad-writer. The lad was sick at heart at the maid's perverse idea of his profession, at her wishy-washy, colorless preference for the pursuits of flat-chested students. He could tell her of his dreams of the true piracy, of the long, clean ships flying before the wind, of the cutting out and rifling of real robbers' galleons, of the gracious bestowal of chests of sparkling treasure on the deserving poor, and finally of the sailing over golden, sunlit seas to the island of fancy and palms, where the damsel waited in delicious distress for the rescue. He might tell her of the songs and the plumes and the waves house-high and the rubies blood-red—but what was the use? For Antoinette, his bride of the swashbuckling future, was to marry a poet! One of the lightning-bugs perched upon his knee, flashing the most defiant series of signals, but it was not molested. Maximilian likened the thing to the twinkling of the lighthouses of his dream seas.

From the house next door a voice called: "Antoinette! Antoinette! Come home, dear. William and his mother are here."

Antoinette arose, giving one last flip to the blue, anchor-rigged skirt. "William and I are reading 'Rollo in Florence' together," she said. "Good-night."

After she had gone, Maximilian stretched himself upon the settee. His brain was a

whirl of walking-planks and poop-decks, of spectacled poets and long-haired play-actors, of sunny-haired maids who fled and screamed at the roar of the golden sea. This dream of benevolent piracy, with Antoinette flitting here and there as the beautiful, beleaguered maiden or as glorious ornament to the captain-rover's bridge, was a dream of long standing. Begun months and months ago, it had taken shape here and there, with thrilling rescue, dramatic wooing and the final tinkle of wedding bells; and always it had been Antoinette on the Crusoe isle, Antoinette sobbing at the tale of love that conquereth all, Antoinette marching down long church aisles to solemn music. It was not a dream that a man gives up as he relinquishes a piece of pie.

The balmy June breeze cooled Maximilian's brow, though, and the twinkling glory of the skies comforted him as it had always done. He began to plan, to reconstruct, to change the spirit of his dream—it is good to be thus young. First, he fashioned a new piracy, a slightly fiercer piracy, perhaps, than the old golden-deeds buccaneering with Antoinette. He would dash into port with his hearties, seize the student William—and ho! for the South Pole or the end of the rainbow with the city boy who read Rollo with damsels! And Antoinette would hear, and grieve over the bold, swaggering deviltry of her tender playmate of the budding years. It would be a noble revenge, and Maximilian had five minutes of delightful gloating.

But he could never entertain spite for long at a time—and besides there was Antoinette. Maximilian began running over in his mind the tame possibilities of poesy, of art and of acting—though, of course, such effeminacy was not for him.

There was art, for instance. Maximilian had heard of Michel Angelo, and of Gibson Girls. They were all very well; but if he were painting things, they would be ships. And his thoughts went back to the rolling main. Ah, the dream—if Antoinette had approved.

Now, there was acting, which she did approve. Maximilian had seen the Lyceum Glee Club, the Harper Minstrels and "Because She Adored Him." Once, too, with his parents in the far-away city, he had listened to "Ship Ahoy!" You see it all led to the bounding billow—if Antoinette would say yes.

And as for poetry—well, poetry was the making of rhymes. "One-two, Buckle my shoe"; and "Mr. Foster went to Gloucester." At least, it would not be hard to be a poet. "The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts." And it was a really pretty business. With sudden resolution, Maximilian sprang from the settee. He would be a great poet, like Longfellow and Mother Goose. "Jack and Jill went up the hill." He would make this sacrifice and marry Antoinette. Maximilian tingled with chivalric unselfishness, mingled with some enthusiasm over his new profession-to-be. "Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a tub." Ah, the sea again, the sea—if Antoinette could only understand! But Maximilian put the surge and the tang of it behind him and, sighing for the dead, dead dream, went upstairs to his little room.

That very night, he composed his first poem. It was a sonnet, I suppose, with five lilting verses, and it began in this manner:

"O Buteful made's eyes like oshen  
Please except my nice devoshun."

Next morning at school, the love-sonnet, painfully inscribed on lavender crash paper and tied with a yard of pink baby-ribbon, was presented to Miss Antoinette Warren. The dear maid opened wide her wonder-blue eyes.

"O 'Milian!" she asked. "What is it?"

"It is your Valentine," replied Maximilian gravely, and as became the second of June.

Antoinette read the effort with the tribute of burning cheeks and softened eyes, and Maximilian was very happy. But when William of the Rollo books heard of the matter, he sat down and dashed off twenty verses, beginning, "Antoinette, fair queen of the fourth grade!" and ending with, "Thine through the ages, O belle of Springfield!"

William was twelve and a finished poet, and Maximilian, in despair, considered piracy once more. But he was not to be thus easily outdone and he began to write poetry, ream after ream of it, sonnets, ballads, couplets, triolets, elegies and chansons. He sang of the moon, the stars and the sun, of toadfrogs and tadpoles, of baseball and heaven and steamboats and cows. At the table, he apostrophized the edibles, "O butter!" and "Thou chicken gravy!" and perpetrated such rhymes as "Pass the glass" and "Take some cake." And in his daily



play, Maximilian had many a give-and-take combat through such playful quips on his comrades as,

"Old Robert Clay  
Ate a bale of hay,"

or

"Little Jimmy Choate  
Looks like a goat!"

It was heartbreaking, uphill work, but Maximilian felt that he progressed; and, had it not been for Master William Barnes, American magazinedom might have in time boasted another reasonably proficient minor poet. But, for every verse that Maximilian penned, William penned two—and did it better.

Maximilian attacked the venerable water-bucket:

"The water-bucket is made of wood,  
And the water in it is mighty good."

And William improved on it:

"Ancient bucket, of mighty pine,  
See the water in it shine."

Or Maximilian sang of the blackboard:

"The blackboard's black, with marks of chalk;  
When you're there, nice boys don't talk."

And William rendered:

"The sable blackboard, marked with white,  
Requires deep thought, and not the light."

And Antoinette, dear heart, though she smiled on Maximilian's simple lines, fairly bubbled over William's sonorous meter. She was but a slip of ten and they were traveling with Rollo in Geneva at the time.

Finally Maximilian renounced all manner of versification, absolutely and eternally. The step was not a wholly voluntary one.

It was in the class in American history and the bunch was fighting again the frontier scuffles of 1812.

"Maximilian," asked Miss Lindsay, the young teacher, "Who was James Monroe?"

"James Monroe—I don't know," rhymed Maximilian, though he well knew.

"Where was he born?"

"At Cape Horn."

Miss Lindsay tried exclamation: "Maximilian Howe!"

"Big, fat cow!" chimed Maximilian.

As he walked up for punishment, the teacher scolded, "You impudent thing!"

"Hear the teacher sing!" rhymed Maximilian, more, I am sure, from sheer force of habit than from disrespect.

After his father and mother had added salutary flagellation to the teacher's vigorous efforts, and Maximilian had, in some wise, explained his poetic zeal, he crawled once more into the settee of dreams beneath the comforting stars. For a time, he swung a monstrous cutlass again and sang of dead men's eyes and yo-heave-ho for a bottle of rum! He even imprisoned the laureate William in a chilly cavern on the isle of Nobody-Knows-Where. But, as before, the pleading blue eyes of Antoinette prevailed; the black flag of piracy remained furled for a while in its cedar locker, and Maximilian Howe took up his new life-work of Art.

He began on his father's barn with a pastel in red chalk of the family cow. For this effort, he very nearly received a whipping, and it required an hour from Saturday baseball to remove Old Spot's mournful caricature. It was not encouraging, but Maximilian thought of Antoinette and persevered.

Indeed, it was from Antoinette that he had his first uplift. From Sandy Denton, he learned that, by placing a piece of moderately thin paper over a picture in a book, a really creditable drawing might be traced. Thus it was that Maximilian produced his first masterpiece,—a hut by a purling brook, with sheep in the foreground and more sheep on the hill in the rear. With his crayon pencils, he colored the hut a vivid red, gave to the bleating sheep his brightest blue and turned the living waters, the clouds and the hillside to an impartial green. As an inspiration, he traced the words, "Love in a Cottuj," below the pastoral and tendered it to Antoinette.

"O 'Milian," cried Antoinette, "how did you do it?"

Maximilian squared his fine shoulders. "I am going to be an artist," he announced.

Antoinette took up the drawing and looked closer. "'Milian," she faltered, "where are the people—the people that love in the cottage?"

At first, Maximilian was baffled, but not for long. He seized the paper and dashed in a huddling, comfy, heart-to-heart couple on the doorstep of the blood-red house. "There," he said softly, "there they are." Then he added, not daring to look at the maid, "You and me, 'Toinette."

Antoinette blushed brilliantly, and Max-

imilian almost asked her to marry him. It was his time of times, for, when William learned of the art triumph, he at once produced a marvelous, flourishy bird of ink, like the penmanship schools display in their show-windows—and William was an artist. And Antoinette, though she locked Maximilian's love-cottage with her best doll's clothes and the dearest candy mottoes, could not help but pay ecstatic compliment to the bird of Master William. They were reading "Rollo in London" just then.

And thus Maximilian's fortune ran in Art. He learned to produce fairly good Brownie-men on the blackboard; and William would draw a lion in a forest. Maximilian, with infinite patience, traced an angular pig on the schoolhouse fence; and William dashed off a snorting steamboat on a tropical river. Maximilian might draw his wagons, his prim houses, his circles and squares; but William turned out offhand sketches of puffing locomotives, luxuriant-haired goddesses and bits of impressive seacoasts.

Finally Maximilian made a great blunder. Using a charming, soap-advertisement lady as a model, the lad produced what he really imagined to be a striking likeness of Antoinette. The flowing hair he made a magnificent bronze, and he put in little blue dots for the eyes. Then he presented it to Antoinette.

"It is your picture," he declared, and strutted expectantly.

"Milian, 'Milian,'" cried Antoinette, "you don't think I look like that fright!"

Four or five little girls sniggered, and William peeped into the circle with a broad grin upon his face. Maximilian fled, never seeing the tiny tear-drops that started in Antoinette's deep eyes.

To the settee of Viking-dreams the boy retreated once more, and this time the rebellion against the pursuits of the tame was more bitter than before. The ocean was calling to him and he planned a redder piracy than he had yet dreamed. He would seize William the Superior and chain him on a desolate rock in mid-Pacific, where the captive might write poetry and draw flourishy birds till the end of time. Maximilian pictured himself as the phantom corsair against whom all the navies of the world combined in vain pursuit. His name—Maximilian Howe—would be in big, black

type in the papers; little children would be scared into slumber at the whispering of it; and Antoinette would plead and plead with him to furl the Jolly Roger and be as other men. Yes, she would know whom she had derided when Maximilian-Corsair sternly shook his head in refusal. And for a minute Maximilian glowed with unholy joy.

But, as before, after bitterness and revenge, came the gentler fancies—Antoinette, deserted and bereaved, and poor, marooned William on his rock of poetry and pictures. As the Great Dipper flashed its comforting brilliancy to him, Maximilian grew calm and reasonable. There remained one chance; perhaps he could become a great actor. Maximilian determined to try.

He essayed the actor's art for just one week. For this length of time, Maximilian wrung his chubby hands, tore at his straight, brown hair and swore undying fealty to the stars, the front gate and the woodpile; and, but for his all-wise Nemesis, William the Superior, Maximilian might in time have raved on the really, truly footboards. But, as in art and letters, William had the master touch. At recess, after Maximilian's neat rendition of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," William recited "The Charge of the Six Hundred," with such fervor and tremulored-light business that Antoinette and the others were drawn with him right into the "valley of death."

As a climax, Maximilian was discovered by the bunch enacting the world's most exquisite love scene, with the hay-loft for a balcony and the old sorrel plug as Juliet. Of course, Romeo occupied the balcony in this version. The gang had no mercy and Maximilian had three fights and a nickname—"Romeo, the horse lover"—for his zeal. Thereupon he forsook the stage and, under the flaming stars, renounced for all time to come the gentler, civilized pursuits. A pirate, a pirate he would be! And this time the piracy of his dreams rang with the clash of bloody kriss-swords and resounded with the roar of ramming and the broadside. Antoinette would have stopped her pretty ears at this, could she have heard.

Maximilian became morose and rather sullen, so that the gentle mother worried somewhat. He came and went mysteriously, and she began to miss certain cast-off pieces of raiment—the father's Knight Templar

chapeau, a red Navajo blanket and a pair of spurs,—also the shiny tin lid of the big water-boiler disappeared. She questioned the boy, but he maintained a dogged silence.

Meanwhile, on the schoolhouse fence, the following placard appeared, in smudgy red ink:

#### "NOTIS—PIRUTS

They will be a band of piruts organized at the rendivoo at Kellers Lake Wensday at 5 oclock. All true piruts be sure and be there pleese. Warning to traturrs stay away or beawear. PIRUTS OF SPRINGFIELD."

The dread specter of freebooting absolutely obscured "run, ran, run" and "twenty shillings make a pound," and, though William the Superior delivered amazing sarcasm and the entire girls' side frowned, at the time appointed there was a tremendous movement of the hardier spirits towards the Keller's Lake rendezvous. For such is the charm of piracy—in our hearts we all have the making of Vikings-in-chivalry.

Antoinette, patroness of arts, abhorred buccaneering, as she whispered to Maximilian at the blackboard in common fractions.

"You're not one of the Pirates of Springfield, are you, 'Milian?"

Maximilian nodded haughtily: "I'm the Captain." And Antoinette rubbed " $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{11}{15}$ " from the board and crossed over to solve her problem by William's side.

Next day another portentous placard flaunted from the high blind fence:

#### "RESLUSHINS

The Piruts of Springfield is not bloody wicked piruts but noble nights. We rob hauty milyunares and give it to lowly heroes also rescue lost purty girls. Like Robin Hood and George Washington, father of his country. P. S. Death to traturrs."

William scoffed at the "comic opera pirates," but the rest of the school was vastly impressed. The effect was enhanced when the third notice appeared:

#### "GRAND EXBISHUN!"

Ho! Everybody is coming to the Piruts of Springfield big drill. Admishun nothing ladies also. Noble deeds done

free to all rescues and fighting. At Kellers Lake Sat 4 oclock. Ladies speshul."

Even Antoinette could not help getting a little under the spell of so beautiful a piracy, and she glanced at Maximilian several times while the history class fought the Battle of Tippecanoe. But Maximilian sat dreaming of long, rakish brigand-ships, and he did not see.

Long before the hour announced, the entire school lined up on the south shore of Keller's Lake. Some of the teachers were there, smilingly tolerant, and a merry rabble from the town at large had gathered. Among the fourth-grade girls, Antoinette sat, in fluffy, beribboned white, with the awe of the coming drama strong upon her. William arrived late, taking the seat beside her.

"Aren't you afraid of being kidnapped by these noble pirates?" he jested. But Antoinette shook her head very gravely.

Promptly at four o'clock, a blaring reveillé sounded from the swampy head of the lake. It was Tim Mooney and his new bugle and the call drifted dreamily across the quiet water. After that, came the roll of dollar-and-a-half drums, and the head of the plume-and-tinsel column emerged from the cave at the lake's source. There were twenty of these pirates, with Maximilian, in six-colored, Templar-Confederate-campaign-minstrel-policeman glory, marching soberly at their head. The tin and brass of twenty household-utensil shields glistened in the bright sunlight, and a dozen flags fluttered, from the Stars and Stripes in the van to the Springfield, Cleveland and Stevenson Club banner in the rear. Half way around the little lake they tramped, then drew up in front of the assembled multitude. Maximilian stepped forward bowing until his frayed white plume nearly scraped the ground.

"The first exhibition," he announced, "will be the robbing of Bluebeard. Watch clost and see how noble the money is done."

Again the lulling reveille came from Master Mooney's bugle and a new figure appeared on the east side of the pond. Confidentially, this was Cricket Willis—because you would never have known in the world. Cricket bore a large cardboard sign, labelled "Bluebeard"; he sported a long, black beard, wielded a sword in either hand and shouted defiance to the chivalrous pirates.

"Yah, yah! You dirty pirates! Come and get me if you can. Come and get my money!" There were bags of something at Cricket's feet. In all human probability, the bags contained golden coins.

The pirates of Springfield manned their two boats and went after Mr. Willis. As they landed, he slapped each corsair vigorously with the flat of his sword and there was a terrible hullabaloo. Then Bluebeard died, there on the green sward, and the pirates, seizing the treasure-bags, scurried across the lake again. Straight to lame Jimmy Collins they rowed and laid the bags at the feet of the poor widow's son. After that, these Robin Hood pirates came and bowed before the cheering multitude.

"Rats!" sneered William. "It's very silly. We'll read 'Rollo in Paris' tonight."

But Antoinette shook her head once more. "I think it's splendid," she said, "and I'm tired of Rollo."

Maximilian walked into the limelight again. "Next," he declared, "is the rescue of beautiful maidens."

On the little wooded island in the middle of the lake appeared Queenie Sanders—Scrapper's pink-and-porcelain sister. Surrounding her and held back by their masters were eight dogs—brindle bull, setter pup, rat terrier, all kinds and conditions of dogs. Mr. Mooney's reveille floated over the waters and the dogs of torment were let loose. Yap-yap! they barked at Queenie's dainty heels. G-r-r-r! they growled at the young maid's petite ankles. "Help, help!" screamed Queenie. "Oh, help me, noble pirates!"

Like undergraduates in hot action, the Springfield pirates tugged across the pond; like invading Norsemen, they pushed their boats' noses into the shore; like veritable Berserkers, they kicked and shoved eight much astonished dogs into chill waters; and as the roar from a baseball grandstand came the frenzied applause of the spectators. A maid was saved, and chivalry had not gone from the world.

Maximilian came forward again. "Now," he announced, "we will have some sure 'nough pirate business."

The buccaneer band marched to the head of the lake and clambered into their rowboats. Bugler Mooney blew the same haunting reveille and the twenty sturdy lads

bore on their oars. Over the smooth pond, the two boats sped, nearly abreast—on and on, past the isle of distressed maidens, down upon the intent throng. Straight they came for the little cove where Antoinette and the superior city boy sat on an elevated plank. Upon the soft grass they landed and, never faltering, they sprang toward the startled couple. William the Superior shrank back, but it was too late for shrinking. Struggling, kicking, beating the air, he was carried to one of the boats.

"What—what's the matter with you fellows, anyhow?" he spluttered.

"Oh, you're too smart!" answered Scrapper Sanders, and the rest of the pirates laughed.

Up the smooth lake, the two boats sped in retreat before the assemblage realized the kidnapping. Back past the isle of distressed maidens and on to the swampy north shore. Then into the dark, dank cave the Pirates of Springfield went with their victim. The curious crowd hurried after, but Maximilian, with drawn sword as large as himself, barred the narrow way.

"Stand back, you villains!" he cried, and there was no one to dispute the passage.

After the crowd had melted away, wondering, and after the last tired buccaneer had slipped off the togs and trappery of war, Maximilian and Antoinette crouched upon the front steps in the gathering gloom. Overhead, Maximilian's comforting stars twinkled reassuringly and the boy could rest his head against the Ionic column and feel the restless billows under his feet, and see the palms and light-houses and gun-decks of his triumphant piracy. Antoinette was very quiet; she was rather under the awe of Maximilian.

A June-bug came buzzing, like some distant rip-saw, and Antoinette dodged. "Say, 'Miljan,'" she murmured, "tell me what the pirates did to William in the cave. Please, won't you?"

Maximilian fibbed magnificently. "We buried him in a big hole."

"Please, 'Milian,'" renewed Antoinette. "Cross my heart, I won't tell."

Maximilian leaned over and whispered: "Me and Scrapper and Cricket told him the next time we kidnapped him we'd sell him into slavery. Scrapper and Cricket don't like him 'cause he talks to Margie and Anna May. And I—and I don't like him 'cause—'cause—"

Antoinette did not ask the reason for Maximilian's hostility. She merely cuddled slightly nearer her comrade. Maximilian was uncannily fascinating, there in the gloaming, with the glamor of red-blood deeds enveloping him.

"Milian," Antoinette said softly, "you're not a pirate. What you did today was the navy. You are a navy-man."

Maximilian sprang to his feet, standing at attention. Antoinette had hit upon the

golden key, and he half closed his eyes, seeing afresh his dream of arms and the sea, with a name and a flag that all might cherish. But one thing remained, and he put the question tremulously:

"Toinette—would you marry a navyman?"

"Of course," said Antoinette promptly.

"Any of the girls would."

Maximilian blessed the good stars. "I am going to be a navy-man," he promised.

"I'll take good care of you, 'Toinette."

## FISHIN'—AND SATISFIED

When I'se out wid my gal on a fishin' trip,

An' nobody else in sight—

Wid de sun gittin' low and ever'thing still,

An' de fish jus' begin to bite,

Wid her han' in mine and her love for me

I'se got all I wants er bliss;

Dis chile ain't hankerin' fur a "crystal sea"

Nor any mo' heaben dan dis.

O Joshua, Joshua, stop dat sun,

Le's prolong dis circumstance;

I'se done plum sho' o' dis heaben here now,

An' de nex' one's jus' a chance.

Wid her deah li'l' head upon my breas'

An' my arm aroun' her wais'—

Dar ain't gwine to be no sweeter joys,

Nor joys wid er sweeter tas'e.

Wid her eyes jus' wet wid er drop er dew—

An' I knows what makes 'em shine—

Wid her lips er sayin' she loves me too,

An' dose lips er touchin' mine—

O Joshua, Joshua, stop dat sun,

Le's prolong dis circumstance;

I'se done plum sho' o' dis heaben here now,

An' de nex' one's jus' er chance.

—Archie



# The Poet's Prayer

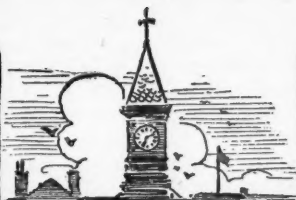
By HENRY YOUNG OSTRANDER

O H, grant me, Lord, these precious things I ask,  
Thy strength and grace for Art's eternal task;  
Some vital Joy above the drudge of day,  
Through happy hours God made just for Play;  
Some noble Toil from greed and envy free,  
That I may prove by Work my worth to Thee;  
One great Soul-love to hold and honor here,  
That Heaven may save for me some Self more dear;  
Some sacred rapture, sanctified and sane,  
In ravishing passion's ecstasy and pain.

Light Thou my path with Art's bright Inner Gleam,  
Craft's Consecration and Creative Dream;  
Help me reveal in beatific way  
Some prisoned Beauty hid in human clay;  
Weave fadeless Splendors in Life's daily loom,  
Fast colors that shall last past Time and tomb;  
Help me to build in Love's Elysian lands  
Celestial mansions never made with hands;  
Help me betray in lilt of lay and line  
Some sweet suggestions of a Strain sublime;  
Help not alone my Thought with Tune to join,  
But make my life the higher, grander Poem!

Keep me, I pray, forever brave and true—  
Make the world seem better for my passing through;  
Give me to feel from every sin and wrong,  
In Thy Eternal Weal, somehow the Good is born;  
Faith's sight to see above the darkening cloud,  
A heavenly halo fringing Sorrow's shroud—  
Telling beyond the gloom of gathering Night,  
"At evening time" His Morrow promised bright;  
Make me to see in each refulgent dawn  
The Glory-Light of Resurrection Morn—  
That Vision seen by eyes which "fell asleep"  
When Heaven's Day broke bright across the Deep!

Teach me God's mightier Music of the Heart,  
And write my Love's crescendo in some Hallelujah part,  
Though I may learn Life's Lessons from its harm,  
My voice will lift in Jubilate Psalm;  
And when they need my Singing over There,  
Close Thou my lips with some sweet Evening Prayer;  
Then let my Soul when Life's short day is gone,  
At last be carried Home on Angels' Song:  
On full Hosanna Anthems it will rise  
To join Immortal Choirs in the skies—  
On the tide of great Te Deums I'll ascend,  
With the swell and crash of Paeans let me blend!



## Between Two and Three

By Lucy Pratt



I SOMETIMES think if it hadn't been for that seemingly unimportant conversation with Mrs. Cramm that it never would have happened just as it did. That conversation with Mrs. Cramm was surely the beginning of it, even if it did appear to be something entirely idle and inadvertent. We were speaking of our favorite author—authoress never seemed to entirely describe her—and bemoaning the fact that she was *degenerating*.

"Oh, it's no use talking, she's degenerating horribly!" declared Mrs. Cramm with fervor. "That last thing of hers—that little thing, what's its name, that's just come out?"

"Yes, I know," I agreed, with what was, I have no doubt, significant expression, "I've just been reading it. It's almost below criticism, isn't it? Oh, it's—it's poor!"

"Poor!" agreed Mrs. Cramm appreciatively, "I should think it was poor! It's one of those things that's simply ground out! There's not a breath of inspiration about it from beginning to end! It might have been written between two and three in the afternoon! Oh, it's horribly poor!"

"Easily between two and three," I agreed, rising to go, and enjoying Mrs. Cramm's original choice of words, "the only thing to be said in her favor is that she knows it's poor, I've been told."

"Of course she does. She's bright enough for that. But she doesn't do the public justice if she thinks it isn't bright enough to know it, too. I've noticed that before in writers, haven't you? Occasionally the idea seems to occur to them that the public isn't bright."

"It seems to be—either that, or else a candid and honest admission that the idea that the author was bright was all a mistake."

Mrs. Cramm laughed joyously. "And furthermore—*what* do the English do without our expressive vocabulary? That wouldn't have sounded nearly so well if you had said 'clever.'"

I went down the steps of Mrs. Cramm's broad, hospitable veranda and turned to the sidewalk.

"Between two and three in the afternoon." I smiled to myself, and turned into the next door. "There does seem to be something rather hopeless-sounding about that. Between two and three in the afternoon." My eye fell on the hall clock as I went in. It was just one. "I wonder if she meant that as a timely word of warning that I shouldn't try to write anything at that particular hour of the day." The lunch bell sounded, and I went into a colorless, uninspired looking boarding-house dining room, which, I admitted, was getting on my nerves, and adapted myself in a mildly heroic fashion to the people around me. When I left them to mount the winding, uninspired looking boarding-house stairs to my own room, my eye fell once more on the hall clock. It was five minutes of two.

"Between two and three in the afternoon," I murmured, and stepped into my room where an uninspired looking set of boarding-house furniture regarded me complacently with many eyes from all quarters of the room.

"Life is hopelessly commonplace," I admitted. "The only way to make it

bearable is to garnish it and color it to one's own liking. Now here I sit between two and three in the afternoon, a lonely, unattached female, who, first of all, will *not* be attached, and with nothing more inspiring to look out on in life than just what I can conjure up out of my own brain which the Lord has given me. Looked at in one way, that doesn't seem to add one ray of light or one dash of color to the already colorless atmosphere, and looked at in another way, it seems to mean—why, it seems to make anything possible! Light and color—and quick, leaping thought, and throbbing pulses and tingling blood—and power, unbounded, triumphant power that sweeps all before it, bowling over all little insignificant common-places in its path—marching steadily on, leaving a wreck behind of all that it has spurned and tossed down and cast aside, but still marching on, the same undaunted power—the same power of thought!" A quick leaping flame seemed to suddenly spring up in my blood, and I crossed the room almost breathlessly and sat down at my desk. Outside, the clock in the hall struck two in hard, clear tones and I turned, half startled, and took up a pencil.

"Between Two And Three In The Afternoon," I wrote. It should be the title of my story, of my great story, the events of which would all happen between two and three in the afternoon! I would write it now—between two and three in the afternoon! Why not? Why not between two and three in the afternoon as well as between ten and eleven in the morning? As well as between nine and ten in the evening? I was no longer a colorless phantom gazing vacantly around a colorless room. My brain was already full of warm, swiftly moving scenes, of human glow and life and speech, of sweetly crashing sound of voice and wind and wave, of rushing faces and marching life. It was full and demanding swift expression, and my pencil hovered for just a moment in feverish confidence over my blank, white sheet.

Then happened one of those things which suddenly result in just another contribution to that great drift of unexpressed thought which floats somewhere, disappointed, always longing for expression, always unexpressed—around the world. It was a tap on the door.

"Come!" I said, at the same time dropping roughly back from somewhere I had been. "Come," I repeated vaguely, feeling hurt and bruised. It was only the maid, and she held out a miserable little card and I stood up and looked defiantly across the room.

"Yes, tell him I will come, Julie," and Julie went out again and I readjusted myself.

"Why *does* he keep it up," my readjusted self broke out, "when he knows it's utterly no use?"

"Between Two And Three In The Afternoon."

My glance dwelt on the written words with a kind of uncanny fascination, and I gave something like an involuntary shudder and stepped out into the hall. It was five minutes past two. I remember the time exactly, as one does after a murder, or some event vivid and startling which seems to fix always a distinct memory of time both before and after.

I went on—down the boarding-house stairs, into the small receiving room at one side of the hall, and then I experienced an inexpressible and incomprehensibly disagreeable sensation at finding, not the person I expected to find at all, but an absolute stranger standing before me, who advanced toward me smiling and alert looking.

"Miss Karr?" he questioned. "Ah, Miss Karr, yes, and now I might say a—a great deal in preliminary, of course, a great deal, but what is the use? Let us begin right at the beginning. Let us start right off with the point."

I was willing to start off with the point, provided I knew what it was. But he apparently did know.

"Yes! And the point is," he continued, "I am deeply in love with your writings, Miss Karr—yes."

I confess this struck me at the moment as being just a bit sudden, but having said "yes," the alert gentleman before me evidently considered that the affair between us had reached a ripe, advanced, and probably fruitful stage.

"Yes," he repeated.

This did not seem to be a perceptible gain, and I divined that he needed encouragement.

"Your name?" I threw in casually.

"My name," he repeated, gazing straight ahead with an illuminated look in his eyes,

"yes. I am here to tell you without polish or preamble that I am deeply in love with your writings, Miss Karr, that I—perhaps—your discernments are delicate—perhaps you—understand the rest?"

But, polish and preamble aside, I felt justified in repeating my question.

"Your name?" I threw in again helpfully.

"My name?" he repeated, real fervor glowing in his eyes now as he glanced up at the ceiling, "is *immaterial!* I am only here to modestly beseech forgiveness while I modestly—modestly, but hopefully, offer you—I know that roughly speaking it might sound audacious—but your discernments are delicate—modestly, but hopefully, to offer you what is mine!"

The name might be immaterial, looking at it in its broadest lights. Nevertheless, I was firm.

"I should like to know your name," I repeated, with perhaps a touch of severity in my tones.

"Does it rest in the name?" he demanded, a touch of severity in *his* tones. "Does it rest *entirely* in the name?"

I went on conscientiously.

"No, to be truthful, Mr.—Mr.—" he gave me no aid, and I began to feel as if I were taking part in a guessing game, "to be absolutely truthful, it wouldn't make a particle of difference what your name was. Whether it was Brown or Jones or Hubbard or Hammaker—"

"Go on," he urged, apparently hopeful because I hadn't yet mentioned it, "it is none of those."

"No, but it wouldn't make the slightest difference what your name was. Whether it was Smith or Smart or Smudge or Budge—or Fudge—or—" my list of names appeared to be running out.

"But it isn't any of those," he persisted, still eagerly, "you haven't guessed it yet!"

"Possibly not," I returned, feeling hot with exasperation, "but I really can't give up my entire afternoon to guessing your name, and it wouldn't make any difference *what* it was, anyway! I can't marry you under any conditions! *No matter what your name is!*"

He looked at me with a sudden, almost penetrating look in his eye,

"Is that your final answer?" he demanded sadly.

"Final," I returned, "final."

He turned to his hat, which rested near. "Then it is useless to press the matter," he concluded philosophically.

"You see—knowing so little of you—it wouldn't be right," I explained lamely.

"Good-bye!" he added, still looking sadly into my eyes, which, I feared, were full of bad and wicked mirth, "good-bye!"

He was gone and once more I was standing alone and the maid was looking at me critically.

"The gentleman's still waiting for you in the back parlor," she volunteered.

"Back parlor!" Didn't it sound disgusting! And he was—so *much* of a gentleman! But, from the expression on his face, he might have been waiting in a royal French salon. I had always held a secret admiration for his face. To be entirely honest, I had always held rather a secret admiration for him. I admitted freely that I had—ever since he had married my best friend five years before, and I had come to know him intimately. And when she died, a year after, and left him with his child, his sorrow was both admirable and touching. I admitted then and always and always afterward that he was superior to the general run of men, that little Rosina was adorably lovely, that I was devoted to them both, but that I didn't want to marry anyone, and that I had had occasion before now to decide unalterably that I *shouldn't* marry anyone. I decided it again as I looked through the doorway now and saw him waiting, while little Rosina ran forward and threw up her arms delightedly. I stooped down and felt the warm little arms around me, and kissed the smooth rosy cheeks. Then I glanced up at her father. He was standing with his arms behind him, looking down on us with, I think, the most peculiar mingling of expressions that I ever happened to catch in the eyes of mortal man. It was triumphant, it was sad, it was defiant. It confused me for a moment, but I rose and gave him my hand, while the other one still held Rosina's warm little fingers securely. Just for the second we stood there, and if a quick flash of light had suddenly reproduced us somewhere for all time, it would have left the three of us standing there unmistakably linked together. But our hands dropped, and I looked up into the eyes above me and then

down at the small figure below me, and then swiftly I looked down into my own heart and made a hard, sharp vow. I had made the same vow before, but it was unyielding now—hard, sharp. It was the kind of vow a woman doesn't usually have to make more than once in a lifetime, and as I sighed, a little chiming clock on the mantelpiece that sang out the quarter hours took up the breath and chimed it into clear, sweet, definite tones.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have come at this hour of the afternoon," began the other clear tones that I knew so well, "but Rosina—it's a lame excuse, isn't it?—Rosina wanted to see you so much that—I came with her."

"I've heard of fathers' taking their children to the circus before," I smiled. Thank heaven for a gleam of anything that suggested a good, everyday, commonplace idea. "Not that I regard myself as a circus, though my last caller did seem to think of me somewhat in that light, too."

"Your last caller?" he questioned with suspicious eagerness. "What did *he* want?"

"Why, he wanted—" I returned steadily, taking slow mental aim, and preparing, with an unmistakable pang of pity to make my answer fully significant, "he wanted to *marry* me! If he had known me as well as you do, he wouldn't have wanted that, or if he *had* wanted it, he wouldn't have said so, because he would have known, as you do, that it was a hopeless, impossible want for him—for anybody." I stopped, looking at him squarely, and he looked squarely back at me. I remember at the time I thought he had never looked quite so squarely back at me before.

"Then," he said, "listen to what *I* have to say. It may startle you, there is no reason why it should," his voice grew dangerously gentle, "it may seem extreme, there is no reason why it should, but I have come here fully prepared to put a safe but certain end to all this unhappy uncertainty that exists between us. I—I—look at me! I have come here to marry you."

I remember my bewildered silence, my confused realization that I had had enough shocks that afternoon to last me a lifetime, and then I remember looking back at him defiantly.

"The road between intention and final

accomplishment is a long one," I began, measuring my words so that there should be no doubt about his hearing all of them, "and while you may intend to marry me, you will not accomplish it for the simple reason that it takes two to bring about marriage, and I shall never—never—never agree to be one of those two."

There must have been something about my manner as well as my words that carried conviction with it, for, as he looked at me, his face took on a queer, seamy look, and he opened his mouth to say something more, and stopped.

Finally he began again. "You don't mean one word of that," he said, measuring his words, too, "your real feelings toward me I—I know. You see I have had a great many opportunities to—to judge of this thing. That is one reason why I can conscientiously act in this way. To be sure I didn't mean to say this to you until—I meant, of course—" he looked at little Rosina who was busy with magazine pictures on the floor—"to come back—to come back a little later. But I believe you started me yourself. And it's just as well." He came a step nearer. "Look at me," he pleaded. "Come!"

His whisper startled me, and I felt my eyes running away from him—down to little Rosina on the floor.

"No," I said distinctly.

"Yes!" He came on another step.

"No!" I repeated. "No, no!"

I shrank away, down to little Rosina on the floor, and his eyes followed me, queer and almost scared-looking.

"No? Do you mean that?"

I only nodded my head and stretched out my arms to Rosina.

He came across to where we were and took the child almost roughly in his arms.

"You—tell her! You—tell her, Rosy!" he broke out with something like a sob in his strange-sounding voice. "Tell her I can't—*live* without her! Rosy! Tell her I want her! Tell her you want her! Tell her—" he put her down with a quick, rough, hopeless movement. Rosina looked at him uncomprehending and frightened, and the tears started into her big startled eyes.

"Come!" I whispered, holding out my arms to her, and she ran into them with a bewildered sob.





*"I felt my arms tightening around her"*

"Tell her—" there came a faint voice from the other side of the room, "that you haven't any mother to take care of you!"

There came a wet, catching sob from the little figure in my arms.

"Sh—sh!" I whispered, bringing her nearer with a yearning sort of ache in my heart that I had never felt in just that way before, and kissing the wet, streaming cheeks, "there—there! Now we aren't going to cry any—more!"

"You—need her—very much!" came the faint voice from the other side of the room, "you haven't—any mother—to take care of you!"

"Haven't—any—m—muvver—to—to take care of me!" came the little desolate, sobbing wail.

I felt my arms tightening spasmodically around her—my heart throbbing out quick yearning beats under her warm little body, and then suddenly, I put her away from me, holding her back for a moment between my two hands, while I looked at the silent figure across the room. But my eyes were so dim that I hardly saw him distinctly and I seemed only dimly to hear my own voice.

"This is an unfair advantage—to take of a woman!"

His answer came brokenly—quickly.

"It is—come, Rosy! Come!"

She went to him and he took her on his knee, while her bewildered sobs still came convulsively. "It is—an unfair advantage. But she needs you—and I need you. I—I need you even more than she does!" He bent his head down over the small, fluffy one, and I wondered vaguely whether the tear that dropped on Rosy's apron was his or hers. I felt I must know whether—whether *it was his or hers!* Whether—whether—was it his? No, of course it wasn't his! What difference could it make anyway—whether it was his or hers? What was the matter with me? What had come over me that—that I *must know* whether it was his or hers? And that calm, bold attitude of mine that used to stand by me so well—that used to keep my barriers calmly, firmly standing always—what was happening, anyway, that things seemed to be tumbling around me in helpless ruins while only one insane, feverish, monstrous desire burned in my blood—to know whether it was *his tear or hers*. . . . Slowly—slowly—his hand went up to his eyes. . . .

And my barriers—it was too late now. They were already in confused, pitiful disorder around me—around me there on my knees—and I was only trying to stretch out my arms again—

"Oh, come," I was whispering, "oh, come," I was whispering again, "both of you—oh, come!" I kept whispering faintly, until somehow, they were both down before me, little Rosy and my masterful man who had come quite sure that he—that he was going to marry me. . . .

But he remembered finally that he *was* a masterful man, and he then lifted me up and then he lifted Rosy up, and then there came another odd mingling of expressions in his eyes, and he took something carefully folded from his pocket.

"The actual *reason* for my coming so well prepared," he explained, while little twinkles of joy suddenly appeared around his mouth, "was that I remembered our minister neighbor down the hall, who actually *requires* a little intervention of this sort now and then to keep him going!"

What followed has always, from that day to this, seemed to me like a vivid, swiftly-moving act on a strange, shadowy, half-real stage. And my part, in some way, seemed to have been all known before.

"I'm glad—I'm glad!" I began brokenly, but my voice sounded breathless and hushed, "especially—since I have found out that—that neither one of you is fit to get on without me—another hour."

"Thank you," came the other hushed voice. "Not another hour! You agree to that—don't you? Not another hour!"

"Not another—" I would have agreed to anything—marriage—parting—suicide—anything—if he had only said it! And I turned my head while a slow reality seemed to creep steadily over me, and he looked back at me and then down at the folded paper.

"It *was* charitable of me, wasn't it—" he dared, "to remember that neighbor down the hall?"

And he was gone, and for a moment, Rosy, quiet on the floor, and I, standing still and breathless, had the stage alone. And the steps echoed down the hall and died away while we waited, until they sounded again and he came in with the same little twinkles of joy around his mouth—and "my neighbor from down the hall."

I looked at him in a kind of passive unbelief and then he went out again and more steps sounded—and he returned—and the figures of our witnesses shifted like phantoms before me as the scene completed itself—and then the strange, swiftly-moving act went on steadily to the end.

\* \* \*

Once more I was traveling up the boarding-house stairs, but a strong hand was on my shoulder and a small, warm one was in my grasp. No one was speaking and there seemed to be a listening hush everywhere, over everything. On we went and stopped before a door, and then we opened it and went in.

It was the same room, but there seemed to be the same listening hush there, too, and I closed the door and broke the silence.

"We must make—our plans!" I ventured bravely.

"That won't take us long!" His voice was so delightfully natural! "It doesn't take us long when we—really get started!"

He laughed and there was a deep sort of thrill in his laugh and I caught my breath and wondered if I was the same woman who had sat in that room alone—when was it? My eyes then fell on something on the desk—"Between Two And Three In The Afternoon."

I tried, in a helpless, bewildered way, to remember. How many years ago was it that I had written that? What was it all going to be about—that story? Vaguely my eyes wandered to the little clock ticking clearly, cheerfully on the mantelpiece and pointing steadily at three. And then with a confused memory of a rude interruption an hour before, and a rejected suitor, they wandered across the room again, which seemed to be all filled up with light and color—and vibrated warmly between my husband and my child.

"Between two and three in the afternoon," I murmured.

And outside, in the hall, the clock struck three.

## SNAP-SHOT OF A MOUNTAIN GUIDE

By JULIA PROCTOR WHITE

He kept a merry devil always twinkling in each eye,  
But when he said, "You move!" you moved—or gave the reason why.  
He'd take a vicious sample of a bucking plains cayuse  
And make her ride as easy as a C. P. R. caboose.  
He'd throw the rope so deftly round a problematic pack  
'Twould travel safe as any burr upon an old sheep's back.  
If he'd agree to take his train through miles of trackless wood,  
Over trees and stones and freshets, you could bet that he'd make good.  
In making camp in storm or shine he captured all the tricks:  
He'd cook a toothsome meal above a pile of rain-soaked sticks,  
When every way he turned the smoke was torturing his eyes,  
And be as sweetly patient as an angel in disguise.  
But if a *reason* rose for fists—ah, that was worth your while!  
Step lightly on the toes of him who wears the sweetest smile.  
He couldn't do a tricky thing; he wasn't built that way;  
An honest, upright gentleman who lived within his pay.  
The spirit of the mountain heights had claimed him for her own;  
Her suns, her winds, had branded him; and he'd refuse a throne  
For the chance to live forever there upon the mountainside,  
To love and serve and follow her, and ride, ride, ride.

# PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

## KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY, Missouri, is face to face with a street railway problem that requires calm and sober consideration. The question is not brought to the front at this time as a consequence of political agitation, neither is it a result of any battle of stocks and bonds, wherein different and conflicting interests are seeking to preserve themselves and make more gold, but it is a question of municipal policy—a policy that will determine whether the city shall share in the net revenues of the street railway company or shall impose the customary tax upon the company's gross receipts. What is known as the "Chicago plan" is being considered by the people of Kansas City, and naturally the history of the conditions that led up to the adoption of that plan, and the effects of its adoption are matters that are receiving considerable attention by the people of the Missouri city.

Shorn of all political features, the Chicago plan has placed the relations between the traction companies and the city of Chicago on a clear business basis. What the companies agree to do for the city and the things the city can require the companies to do are all set forth in specific terms. All such details as character of construction, equipment, details of operation and other conditions are set forth in the ordinances, and such an arrangement disposes of the constant vexation arising from petty disputes. The financial side of the whole situation is clearly covered in these ordinances. The companies are allowed a reasonable profit, and to avoid permitting them to earn excessive profits, the city becomes a partner in the net receipts. All the provisions of the ordinances covering these various questions are hedged about with proper safeguards so that the city has ample resources to protect itself from being cheated.

Up to the time these ordinances had been adopted, the city of Chicago had been in

constant war with its traction companies. The city had no adequate power to enforce good service, and the companies had no guarantee as to whether they would or would not be permitted to continue in business, as they were then constituted, and the natural consequence of that situation was that they let their lines and equipment run down, and the service correspondingly suffered. The Chicago railway companies were simply political footballs for the politicians to kick at whenever a municipal campaign was in progress.

The companies are now under agreement to furnish good service, and the city has ample power to enforce the agreement, and the people who patronize the street railways are getting the best possible service at the lowest possible price. The Chicago plan has proven to be an ideal one for the city, and the street railway systems are being rapidly rehabilitated, and in a few years Chicago will have one of the best street railway systems in the country. Financially, the deal is a very paying feature for the city. On a basis of forty-five per cent. of the net revenues for the companies, and fifty-five per cent. for the city, the latter in a period of two years has received over \$2,000,000 as its share, and this in face of the fact that several millions of dollars have been expended in improvements to perfect the system. Previous to the arrangement, all the city got each year out of the railroads was \$300,000 in car licenses, and the system was far below the average American standard of street railways.

The Chicago plan provides that all expenditures shall be made by a board of engineers, one representing the city, the second the railroads, and the third being a mediator between the two. Not a cent is spent without the approval of the city being first given.

This system of dealing with a public-utility company might be termed a community of interests, both having the same purpose to accomplish, and that being ac-

complished in a way that is beneficial to both. It sets at rest all agitation for the municipal ownership of the railway, and the result could not be otherwise, because both the city and the companies have a mission to perform, and in that performance they have an equal voice. Neither can take advantage of the other. The man who invests his money in the stocks and bonds is protected, and the city shares in whatever success the excellence of the system provides.

As far as the street railway of Kansas City is concerned, its condition does not require that it seek the adoption of a similar plan at the present time. The Metropolitan Street Railway Company has a franchise that has sixteen years to run, the company is in excellent financial condition, and the system stands in the front ranks of American street railways. The company and the people of Kansas City are on friendly terms, and such an arrangement as the Chicago plan would be of much greater advantage to the city than to the company. Its income through this plan would be far greater than under its present arrangement with the company, and needed municipal improvements which cannot be made from the present available revenues would be a certainty.

It is true the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of Kansas City would also gain some advantages by the adoption of the Chicago plan. Its franchise would be extended for a satisfactory period; it could plan for the future with more certainty, and its officers would be free to devote their entire time to development and improvement, rather than watching the shifting movements of politicians, which is the obnoxious and disagreeable duty of street railway managers in too many of our American cities. It is impossible to expect efficiency in service where there is a lack of harmony between municipalities and the public-utility corporations. The function of a street railway system is far more important to a municipality than is ordinarily understood. The rapid growth of cities like Kansas City makes the problem of rapid transit within urban and suburban districts the most important municipal question with which the people have to deal. As the city grows, the area within which a man may live and easily walk to his work becomes overfilled, and rents rise to such a point that a worker must move away from the business

centre. The steam roads attempted to solve the problem years ago by running frequent trains to the suburbs, but for various causes it was impossible for them to meet the whole demand.

The first improvement introduced in urban transportation was the omnibus, which required no special form of pavement. This was soon followed by the street car drawn by horses on its roadway laid in the streets. After this, in quick succession, came cable and electric cars, now supplemented in large cities by elevated and underground railways. The effect of these changes has been to increase very greatly the area within which the workingman can find a residence.

If we assume that one hour represents the maximum amount of time that can be taken to go to our place of business, a man who walks can have his dwelling within a circle of three and one-half miles radius; or within an area of thirty-eight square miles. If he can use a horse car traveling at the rate of seven miles an hour, the distance which is open to him covers one hundred and fifty-four square miles; if it is an electric car traveling at a rate of fifteen miles an hour, the area will contain 706 square miles, and if he be given a speed of twenty-five miles an hour by means of overhead or underground tracks, the distance within which he may live and reach his business in an hour will have an area of about 2,000 square miles.

The results of improved travel facilities in Kansas City have been of incalculable value to all whose business or labors require them to spend their days in the heart of the city. There is no tenement system there with its overcrowded population, and conditions for the workingman are equal to those found in any of our American cities. The most prejudiced corporation hater cannot fail to observe that the Metropolitan Street Railway Company has contributed largely in every stride of commercial advancement the city has made during recent years, and hence a spirit of liberality and fair treatment is justly due the company.

It is not to be assumed that Kansas City will exact an arrangement with the Metropolitan Street Railway Company that will be identical with that of Chicago, for notwithstanding the greatly improved conditions in Chicago, there are minor details that are far from perfect. These have come to the



surface during the past two years, and Kansas City may gain some benefit from Chicago's experience. And then again, as already stated, the physical condition of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company is excellent, while that of the Chicago railways was deplorable. The hilly condition of Kansas City is a feature that does not exist in Chicago, and this makes the expense of operation necessarily much greater. But assuming that the Chicago methods were adopted in Kansas City, and the same percentage agreed upon, it is interesting to study the probable effect the change would have upon the revenue to the city from the company each year.

Under the present franchise agreement in Kansas City, the street railway company pays eight per cent. of its gross receipts, first deducting taxes, into the city treasury. If we assume that the city will continue to grow during the balance of the franchise period as it has in the last sixteen years, the population served by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company will be about a million. The street railway earning per capita of Kansas City has been for several years about \$12. When the franchise period has been reached, and the population of the territory served has reached the estimated million, the gross earnings of the street railway company will be approximately \$12,000,000 per year. After deducting taxes, interest on the estimated bonded indebtedness at that time, and fifty-five per cent. of the gross receipts for operating expenses, the city would receive in the neighborhood of \$1,450,000 per year. Of course this is an estimate upon probable earnings, but let us take the actual earnings as they are today, and see what the figures show. Applying the Chicago plan to Kansas City, the company would pay into the city treasury as its per cent. of the net receipts, in the neighborhood of \$275,000 as a result of the first year's operation. Under the eight per cent., after deducting taxes system in effect at present, the city would get approximately \$150,000.

If the Chicago plan is adopted in Kansas City, it is estimated that at the end of the present franchise period the city will have gained from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 above what it would receive under present system.

The Metropolitan Street Railway system and lines controlled consist of 232½ miles of track and 650 cars.

During the fiscal year ending May 31, 1908, the company carried 100,858,000 revenue passengers and 43,485,000 were carried on transfers. This was a gain of 5,861,000 revenue passengers and 2,410,000 transfer passengers over the previous year, or about six per cent. On account of last year being a year of financial stringency, this is considered a very satisfactory showing.

Under the franchise the company is compelled to pave between the rails and eighteen inches on the outside on all paved streets. The rate of fare is five cents with universal transfers. The power stations are modern, and the latest and best appliances are in use.

One of the best assets the company possesses is the apparent friendship on the part of the people of Kansas City. The men in charge at the present time are among the leaders in street railway operations, and they never lose sight of the fact that the confidence of the people is an absolute necessity in order to attain success.

The Kansas City Railway & Light Company, the holding company, was incorporated in 1903 in New Jersey, and has acquired the entire outstanding capital stock of the Metropolitan Street Railway of Kansas City, and the Kansas City Electric Light Company. Through the Metropolitan Street Railway stock the Kansas City Railway & Light Company acquired the stock of the Central Electric Railway Company, and practically all of the Kansas City Elevated Railway Company, and, through the stock of the Kansas City Electric Light Company, it acquired the stock of the Edison Electric Light & Power Company of Kansas City, the Consolidated Electric Light & Power Company, the Standard Electric Light Company and the Kansas City Electrical Wire Subway Company—except the qualifying shares held by directors. The holding company controls all the railway, electric lighting and power business in the city of Kansas City, Missouri, and Kansas City, Kansas. It also owns the entire stock of the Kansas City & Westport Belt Railway, a steam road since converted to electricity, which on June 16, 1906, absorbed the interurban South Side Railway, both having perpetual charters, and being organized under the General Railroad Law of Missouri; it also acquired the capital stock of the Kansas City Heating Company, holding a franchise which expires in 1935.

All the street railway franchises in Kansas City, Missouri, expire June 1, 1925, and those of the Kansas City, Kansas, property on December 19, 1922. The Kansas City street railway service is recognized as the very best; in fact, there is no city that can boast of better service, and this in spite of engineering and topographical obstacles well-nigh insurmountable. The street railway company has taken the lead in municipal development, and lines have been extended into isolated sections, with an eye only to the future. The development from 1871 to 1886 grew from an equipment of one horse, one car and a man to 447 mules and horses, 99 cars and 24 miles of track. 1886 saw the beginning of the cable system and by 1901 the property consisted of 181 mules and horses, 474 cable cars, 31 horse cars, 79 electric cars, and the total length of single track had grown to 135 miles. When the cable system was abandoned, the change to electricity necessitated an immense outlay of money, but it has been shown that the vast expenditures were wisely made, and the rehabilitation of the property was accomplished as economically as possible. The latest and finest type of electric cars were put into service, and the heaviest type of rails were laid on ties and concrete.

The officers of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company are: Bernard Corrigan, president; W. E. Kirkpatrick, vice-president and treasurer; J. A. Harder, secretary and assistant treasurer, and W. W. Wheatly, general manager.

The Kansas City & Western Railway Company is, like many similar enterprises, an entirely new element, which has entered into the social, commercial and even the political life of the territory in which it operates. There is something more in this building up than a mere extension of street-car service to the country. City and country are being knitted together, and the local and suburban transportation business seems destined to pass from the steam railroads to the trolley lines. It is not many years since the development of electrical machinery gave the guarantee of permanent success to inter-urban railroads, and made possible the hundreds of lines that network the country.

One of the prettiest rides in Missouri is a trip from Kansas City to Fort Leavenworth, over the Kansas City & Western Railway.

This trip brings to the eye a stretch of country whose beauty and fertility is unsurpassed. Here may be seen all the diversity of winding river, towering bluffs, undulating prairies and thrifty cities.

The Kansas City & Western Railway was built in 1901, and was taken over by the present company on June 1, 1905. At that time the property, while in fair physical condition, did not conform to the standard of requirements for economical operation or satisfactory service to its patrons. Immediately better schedules were adopted, new and better equipment purchased, and the property put into excellent physical condition. The line of the railway was greatly improved, grades were eliminated or reduced and unnecessary curvatures removed through relocation, resulting in a material shortening of the line and making possible faster running time.

It was apparent that these improvements met with the hearty approval of the public, for the number of passengers increased from 2,600,052 in 1905 to 3,146,971 in 1906. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, 3,608,975 passengers were carried. In three years there were expended for betterments over \$600,000, and the property is now in good physical condition.

The distance between Kansas City and Fort Leavenworth is 28 miles, and the territory traversed by the interurban railway possesses every element for the success of such an enterprise; in fact, there are few locations in the West that offer better promise for such an enterprise. Kansas City and adjoining municipalities have a population of 450,000, and Leavenworth, the northern terminus, a population of 25,000. Between these two points on the road are a number of thrifty towns and one of the most fertile agricultural regions of Kansas. There are several state and federal institutions, notably: The Kansas State Institution for the Blind, the Kansas Penitentiary, the Soldiers' Home, Fort Leavenworth Military Reservations and the United States federal prison. Besides these there are several private institutions on the line of the railway.

The power which operates the railway is generated in Kansas City and carried to Chelsea Junction substantially at 6,600 volts alternating current, three phase. At this station it is stepped up to 33,000 volts

and carried to Leavenworth, a distance of thirty miles. At each substation the power is reduced to 550 volts, direct current, and put on the line.

The rotaries are located at Chelsea substation, at Wolcott and at Leavenworth. At these places the plant has a kilowatt capacity of 900, 1,000 and 900 respectively. With these substations the company is enabled to put out sufficient current to meet every demand.

The track is of heavy steel rails and laid on a perfectly graded private right-of-way. The large fifty-six-foot cars are of the most modern and expensive construction and are models of convenience and comfort.

While the gross earnings of the road show an increase of \$50,236.01 at the end of the last fiscal year over the previous year, it is safe to predict a much greater increase during 1909 and 1910. Last year was a year of financial stringency and every line of industry felt the depression. The gains made by the interurban railway were much below normal and afford no criterion for what can be expected when business conditions assume an ordinary degree of activity.

The management of the Kansas City & Western Railway Company has won the confidence of the people of Kansas City and Leavenworth, and the company is not harassed by prejudice or political obstacles. Its policy is liberal, and from a very careful study of the conditions I do not hesitate to venture the assertion that the property will become very valuable.

The officers are C. F. Holmes, president and general manager; C. F. Hutchings, vice-president and general counsel; D. D. Hastings, secretary and treasurer; J. W. Richardson, general superintendent, and W. M. Borman, auditor.

The company owns and operates the city lines of Leavenworth, and is working under a twenty-year franchise.

There are few public-utility companies that have made a better record during the past ten years than the Kansas City Electric Light Company.

The policy laid out by the present company when it assumed control was: "Build a plant that will produce at an absolute minimum cost electricity; make very low rates so that we can sell an immense quantity of it, as the more we manufacture the cheaper we

can make it, and the citizens will get the advantage of cheap light and power. Strive at all times to obtain the confidence of patrons, and never fool the people."

These instructions are strictly observed in the office of the Kansas City Electric Light Company, and to the observance of this policy may be traced the success which the company has experienced.

The first thing the company did was to plan a new plant, and in the course of three years it had consigned practically every piece of machinery, engines, boilers, pumps, dynamos and arc lamps to the scrap heap. All the transformers were changed and all uncertain meters were renewed. An underground system was planned which has cost several hundred thousand dollars. The company immediately lowered the rate from twenty cents to ten cents for residences, and the commercial rate was correspondingly reduced. The present commercial rate is from two and one-half cents to six and eight cents, according to the load, burning hours and the time at which the lamps are burning.

As a result of the reduction and business energy, the corporation has increased its business from 507 in 1890 to 25,000-horse-power motors. There are at present 16,000 meters in service, 10,000 of which are in residences. The company lights the streets of Kansas City at \$65 per year for all night and every night service, approximating 4,000 hours per year. The price is considered to be about actual cost when investment, interest and depreciation are figured.

All lamps are renewed free and no charge is made for setting meters, making special meter tests, and, except on extraordinary occasions no charge is made for connections. There is a minimum bill charge of \$1 a month, which is sufficient only to meet the expenses incidental to keeping the transformers excited and the interest on investment in meters and transformers and cost of reading meters and billing the customer.

In view of the fact that natural gas is furnished to the people of Kansas City for twenty-five cents per thousand cubic feet, the success of the Kansas City Electric Light Company seems remarkable.

The company has been confronted with many difficulties. It has severely felt the effects of political agitation and the opposition of prejudiced interests. It has been com-

pelled to buy up franchises from rival concerns that never intended to build plants. Its interests have time and again been menaced by political issues that were intended only to create prejudice and elect certain men to office. Happily conditions at the present day are more satisfactory. The people are beginning to understand that a great public-utility company like the Kansas City Electric Light Company stands in the front rank of every effort to promote the growth of the city and to give the municipality distinction. Many of the leading citizens of Kansas City fully realize that it is nothing short of business suicide to permit the politicians to hamper the company with impossible and impracticable restrictions, and it seems that, as far as Kansas City is concerned, men will have to gain office in the future through other channels than the old cry of "down with the companies."

The Kansas City Electric Light Plant is one of the oldest in the country. It was first built in 1881, and the original company was given a perpetual franchise. This franchise is the one under which the present company is operating. It has taken a mint of money to install the different electrical appliances that have been tried and discarded since the company first began to furnish electricity in Kansas City. The company, however, has kept pace with the progress made in the art, and today Kansas City has one of the most efficient plants in the country. Its management is most efficient, and the men at the helm fully recognize the fact that the people have rights that must be respected. Its rates are as low as those of any city in the country, except perhaps in a few cases where water power is available, and its service is of the highest type. Very important is the fact that the most harmonious relationship prevails between the company and the people at the present time. During my visit in Kansas City I was unable to find a single prominent citizen who had a grievance against the company.

The manifest lack of information on the part of a great many people regarding the requirements to successfully furnish electricity has been apparent in Kansas City, and this ignorance has caused the company no end of trouble.

What the indignant, but honest, lighting consumer needs is more light—perhaps not

the commodity the corporation serves, but a light to the understanding. He objects to the readiness to serve charge, because he thinks he has received nothing, and therefore should pay nothing.

He cheerfully pays the premium on his insurance policy, though he has no fire during the year, and declines to pay the minimum bill for lighting service, because he understands insurance and does not understand the minimum bill.

He has had the company place its facilities at his disposal; he has had its service just as he has had that of the fire insurance company, which he did not call upon to pay a loss, but which assessed a certain portion of its expenses to his policy, a portion averaged upon the cost or carrying all its policies and risks.

The minimum bill which he is asked to pay is simply a charge for standing ready to serve, and this money goes to meet the following expenses: investment, fixed charges, such as insurance, taxes, office rent and salaries, transformers, losses, etc.

There is no merit to any condemnation of the minimum bill, or readiness to serve charge; its principle runs through every line of business and is everywhere approved. The city or town willingly and justly pays for fire hydrants not used during the year. The lawyer asks and gets a retainer for standing ready to serve. The only difference is that in the case of the lighting company, it is a charge made by a soulless corporation, and is therefore in the minds of many people gross injustice.

It is a difficult question to determine how the public-service corporation and the public are to get what each is entitled to demand—equitable rates. How is each to be guaranteed protection against exploitation by the other? How is the one to be guarded against extortion, and how is the other to be shielded against public distrust of corporations and of their regulation by public bodies composed of politicians—a distrust which is the source of much municipal ownership sentiment and the origin of malicious attacks upon public service corporations?

There is much talk nowadays in regard to regulation, but the regulation required is the system which, while assuring the public a square deal, will leave the corporation a motive for enterprise, progress and liberality; a motive for assuming risks in the effort to

extend its business and increase its profits, and a guarantee that others will not be permitted to reap where it has sown.

There is no question but that corporations have made many mistakes, and one of the principal mistakes has been made by the promoter who has used a glittering prospectus in which the profits of the lighting company, whose securities are for sale, are set forth in the most alluring fashion.

The property of the corporation is often exaggerated by representing its revenue over operating expenses, taxes and ordinary repairs; while the fact is, he has figured nothing for depreciation and many other expenses which constantly arise.

When this prospectus falls into the hands of a newspaper making a campaign for lower rates or a new company, it is accepted as a proof that the profits resulting from a certain volume of business at a certain rate are inordinate, and that lighting companies generally are practicing extortion upon the people.

The officers of the Kansas City Electric Light Company are: Bernard Corrigan, president; W. E. Kirkpatrick, vice-president and treasurer; J. A. Harder, secretary and assistant treasurer, and R. E. Richardson, general manager.

#### LIGHTING CONDITIONS IN OKLAHOMA CITY

As illustrative of the continuous experimental nature of public-utility development, the history of the lighting business in Oklahoma City affords an interesting study. Even with thirty years of experience to guide the electrical engineer, plans which yesterday had seemed feasible are sometimes of no value today. Billions of dollars have been invested in electric-lighting plants that were totally wasted because of the imperfect condition of electrical development when the investments were made.

The first electrical plant in Oklahoma City was operated by water power. This method, which seemed feasible at the beginning, was found to be impracticable, and was quickly abandoned, resulting in a total loss of the money invested in the water power development.

There were two companies organized, a water power company and a lighting company, but the ownership was practically the same. The likelihood of selling securities or borrow-

ing money to finance these projects was so slight that the companies did not even attempt to obtain funds in this manner. The plants were built entirely with money paid in by the stockholders, C. W. Price contributing the largest amount.

An open canal six miles in length was constructed. This canal was thirty-two feet wide at the top and twenty-two feet at the bottom and ten feet deep. A fall of thirty-two feet was obtained. Construction was started in January, 1890, and finished in December of the same year. Heat difficulty was met in maintaining the banks and preventing the disintegration which eventually was the cause of failure.

The development represented an outlay of over \$112,000, and the electric plant and distributing had cost practically \$25,000. Today there is practically nothing left of the original electric light plant, and all that remains of the canal is a six-mile excavation filled with weeds and rubbish. This illustrates how money is often spent by public-utility companies in experiments that prove impracticable. Men who are willing to take these risks, however, are the builders of our American cities, and they should be encouraged rather than made the object of senseless attacks by aspiring politicians.

The first franchise was granted the Oklahoma City Light & Power Company November 26, 1890. No limitation was placed on the price of electricity to be charged to consumers, and few conditions were specified. The franchise was given for twenty-one years.

The ordinance was made inoperative in 1902, when a new twenty-one-year franchise was given the company. This franchise specified the price which the company could charge upon a flat rate, and give the city power of supervision. Section four of the ordinance was amended in 1906, which allowed the company to install meters. The price was then reduced from eighteen cents to ten cents.

The Oklahoma City Gas & Power Company was given a twenty-one-year franchise in 1900. The company built a plant and distributing system throughout the city and gave general satisfaction.

Natural gas was piped to the city in 1907, and a new franchise was given the Oklahoma Fuel, Light & Power Company to build mains and distribute natural and artificial





PLANT OF THE OKLAHOMA GAS &amp; ELECTRIC COMPANY

gas. The ordinance fixed the price of natural gas at thirty-five cents. The company, however, gave its patrons a twenty-five-cent rate. The ordinance provided that in the event of natural gas being exhausted the company might supply artificial gas at \$1. The two gas plants in operation before the introduction of natural gas are idle. The gas plant has seventy-one miles of mains, and 4,500 meters are in service. The electric light plant has sixty miles of pole-lines, and the power station a capacity of 32,000 horse power. The company furnishes electric power at a maximum rate of five cents, which is graded down to three cents, according to amount used. The maximum lighting rate is ten cents, graded down to four cents, according to quantity. The company has 4,200 electric meters in service, and the number is increasing at the rate of 100 per month. The city uses 300 arc lights, at \$72 per year for all-night service. As an illustration of remarkable development of the business in Oklahoma City, it might be stated that 2,400 horse power is being sold to manufacturers and merchants; more

than a thousand electric flatirons are in use; streets have 120 large electric signs and 331 commercial arcs, and 67,000 incandescent lamps are in service.

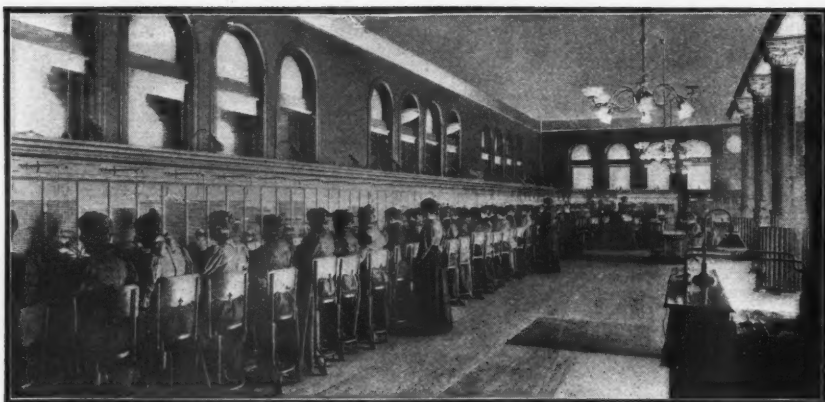
All the gas and electric interests in Oklahoma City are owned by the Oklahoma Gas & Electric Company. The company is most progressive, and, like the street railway company, always builds ahead of the city. The relationship between the company and its patrons is most harmonious, and judging from the many kind expressions made to me by representative business men, the company enjoys the implicit confidence of the people.

F. H. Tidman is general manager and has been in charge for five years. He went to Oklahoma City after having successfully managed important public-utility properties in the East.

He always participates in every effort to develop this hustling Oklahoma metropolis, and the properties of which he has charge are destined to become very valuable. Mr. Tidman is the patentee of the hollow concrete pole. This will take the place of the wooden pole, which decays rapidly.



NEW LEE HUCKINS HOTEL, OKLAHOMA CITY



MAIN OPERATING ROOM, BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY  
St. Louis, Missouri

## THE TELEPHONE PROBLEM

By W. C. JENKINS

IT can be readily understood why the Bell telephone companies can succeed, while the independent companies are experiencing failure. The Bell system is standardized throughout the United States, and all the subsidiary companies get the benefit of the vast experience of the engineering department of the parent company, which costs \$5,000,000 a year to maintain. All constructive work is installed in accordance with specifications prepared by American Telephone & Telegraph Company's engineers, and is the result of experience much broader than any local field could furnish. In addition to this, the subsidiary companies are protected from obsolescence of instruments. What this means is shown by the statement that within the last twenty-five years the parent company has withdrawn from use and substituted at its own expense four different types of transmitters and two or three kinds of receivers.

In the case of the Pupin patent alone, for which the American Telephone & Telegraph Company paid \$500,000, it is estimated that the subsidiary companies have saved on copper wire alone enough to pay the four and one-half per cent. on gross receipts which the parent company charges as a rental for use of instruments.

When these facts are considered, it is obvious that independent telephone companies are laboring under a disadvantage.

We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that the outlook for the dual telephone system is most unfavorable. Neither can we fail to observe that one of the principal causes for the unpromising future of independent telephone bonds is the waning interest on the part of the people in independent telephone companies. In the early days of competition these companies were organized in most cases by promoters who had induced the people to believe that the Bell rates were high and the management arbitrary. As a consequence, business men banded together to start competitive local exchanges in their communities. The rates of the Bell companies were high enough to permit the new concerns to cut prices and still show a profit, thus enabling the local men to get good returns on their money for a time.

These conditions have changed almost completely. It is a rare case where the service furnished by the Bell justifies the necessity of inflicting the people with a dual telephone system, and hence the independent telephone business has in the majority of cases fallen into the hands of speculators, supported

ly telephone manufacturing concerns. In Indianapolis the Independent tried to increase its rates, and the testimony given to the Board of Public Works in an endeavor to explain should be read by every investor before he buys securities.

The old Frontier telephone property at Buffalo was practically bought for a song. It was recapitalized, and the city was asked to abrogate the rate contract and permit an advance. The city council refusing, the telephone company advanced the rates regardless of the contract.

In Cleveland and Toledo, rates were arbitrarily advanced by the non-resident owners, because a decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio tacitly gave them permission, and this regardless of their contract with the municipalities.

The relative public utility of the Bell and Independent telephone interests is not measured by the number of stations so much as by the fact that the Bell lines are one comprehensive and inter-communicatory system, operated under one general policy, and connecting with toll and long distance lines, aggregating nearly two millions of miles in length. The Independent companies on the other hand are scattered, and are for the most part small associations, or co-operative groups, having, with a few conspicuous exceptions, no relations with each other, and only limited connections with local telephone lines. The significant feature of the telephone development of the United States during the last few years has been the quiet, steady affiliation with the American Telephone & Telegraph system of 900,000 independent stations. As a result, thousands of subscribers in the West today have what they never before enjoyed—the advantage of telephone connections with the only national telephone service in the country.

By means of an amendment to the appropriation bill of 1898, Congress enacted a law fixing a maximum flat rate of \$50 a year for telephone service in Washington. The telephone company, unable to furnish service at such a rate without heavy loss, continued to charge its old rates. Certain customers brought suit, and much evidence was taken as to the cost of furnishing telephone service in Washington and elsewhere. Justice Barnard decided the suit in favor of the telephone company, the evidence convincing him that

telephone service could not be furnished profitably at the rates named in the law, which he promptly declared unconstitutional.

The Bell companies are in nearly all cases endeavoring to furnish service on what is known as the measured service plan instead of the flat rates. It is asserted that by such a contract a more equitable rate is obtained, as then the man who has 30,000 calls a year pays ratably more, and the man who has 600 calls a year pays ratably less than would be the case under the flat rate system. This method has been largely adopted in many cities; about eighty per cent. of the business in New York is now being conducted on this plan, and it is claimed that this system of charging will ultimately solve the vexed



THE STORM REPAIR GANG AT WORK

problems, and will largely remove the objections caused by inequality. During the early development of the telephone service, when very little was known about either the cost or value of the service, the crudest possible measure was accepted as the only one available. The customer was given all he needed in his business at one rate, and all he needed in his residence at another. These two classifications were based upon the assumption that the service requirements of the office would exceed those of the residence, and, therefore, a higher rate was charged for business than for residence service, although the facilities for service were the same in both classes—a single line and a station. In the evolution of the service, every constituent element of the

early development has been exterminated or modified by the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, and the system of flat rate charging seems to be the last disappearing relic.

The potential value of any telephone service depends entirely upon the number of people it may bring into prompt and satisfactory communication with each other and the distance between them. Its real value is determined by the number of messages exchanged and the distances they are carried. The cost of producing the service is governed by the same rules. Unlimited

established exchanges at Little Rock, Arkansas, and at Houston and Galveston, Texas. These exchanges were acquired by the American Bell Telephone Company under its agreement of 1879 with the Western Union Company, and transferred by the first named company to the newly formed Southwestern Company. By the middle of 1883 twenty-four exchanges were in operation, three in Arkansas and twenty-one in Texas, with a total of 2,783 subscribers. The largest of the exchanges at that time was Galveston, with 330 subscribers. Subsequently, it was found necessary to close

six of the exchanges for lack of patronage. In 1893, ten years later, there were thirty-seven exchanges in the two states, with a total of 6,257 subscribers. The development since that time has been remarkable, as will be shown by figures which follow.

The first president of the Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Company was Col. Logan H. Roots, a prominent banker of Little Rock, the vice-president and general manager at that time being Mr. Jasper N. Keller, now vice-president of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. Mr. Keller was an indefatigable worker and accomplished wonderful results during the two years he managed the affairs of the company.

In the early part of 1892 plans were first discussed for building metallic copper circuits, and during that year a line was built connecting Dallas and Fort Worth, while the construction of other lines followed in due course, until today there is in existence a system of toll lines owned by the Southwestern Company, which, in excellence of construction and efficiency of operation, is unsurpassed anywhere in the country. All points of importance in Arkansas and Texas are reached, and through connecting lines conversations with St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, and other points equally distant, are matters of daily occurrence.

The equipment of exchanges owned by



PIONEER TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S BUILDING  
Oklahoma City

service at flat rates signifies that all subscribers shall pay the same rate without regard to the extent the facilities are used. The result is that the largest users are supplied at less than cost and the small users pay an excessively high rate for a small amount of service.

\* \* \* \*

The Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Company was organized in 1881 to operate the territory comprised within the states of Arkansas and Texas under the Bell patents. At the beginning of 1880, the Western Union Telegraph Company had

the Southwestern Company is of the most approved type, central energy apparatus having been installed in all of the larger and many of the smaller exchanges, while underground construction is general in all of the larger ones, fifty per cent. of the entire wire mileage being underground in many cases.

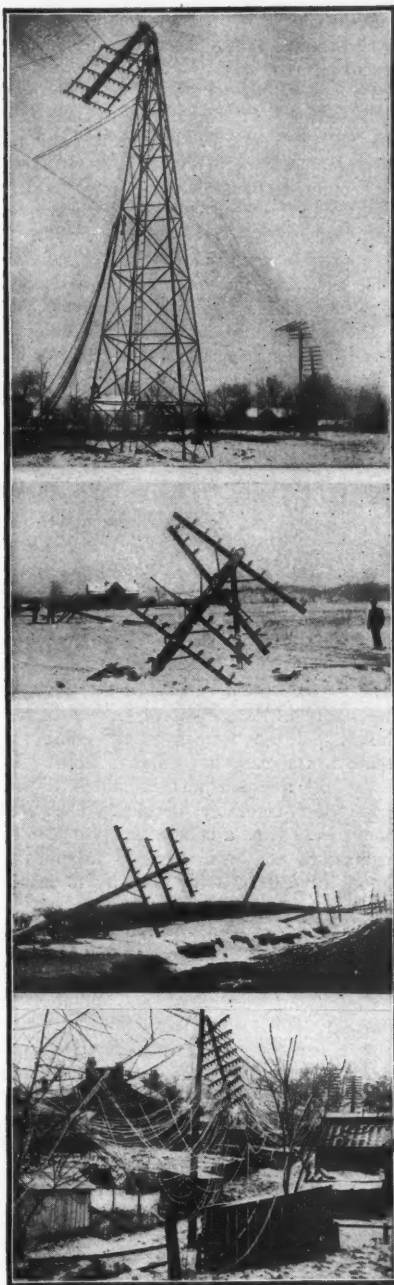
The Southwestern Company owns and occupies twenty-two buildings within its territory, four in Arkansas and eighteen in Texas, six of these being in Dallas.

There are connected at this time with the system of the Southwestern Company in the two states 164,258 stations, of which number 56,828 are on connecting lines or exchanges operated by independent owners.

The Southwestern Company owns and operates 7,462 miles of toll pole lines, carrying approximately 70,000 miles of wire and 233 exchanges, while connecting line owners operate 17,000 miles of pole lines, carrying, approximately, 50,000 miles of wire and 543 exchanges.

The Southwestern Company was practically the pioneer in encouraging the exploiting of the business in unoccupied territory by others, where it was found impracticable to carry on this work itself, and the results have been fully justified by subsequent events, as note the development above alluded to. The policy then adopted and since carried out has proven the means of providing telephone service to thousands of users who might otherwise have been obliged to do without it.

The states of Arkansas and Texas comprise a territory of 314,490 square miles in area, with an estimated population of upward of 5,000,000, and it was realized by the company that it was confronted with a problem of large proportions in supplying service over such a vast area; and it was also realized how advantageous it would prove to effect arrangements with responsible people desirous of entering the telephone field, based upon fair and equitable dealings and the establishing of relations of such a satisfactory character as to redound to the mutual benefit of all concerned. That in the adoption of this policy a wise course was pursued seems to have been fully demonstrated, for not only have the connecting line owners and their properties fortified and strengthened the position of the South-



SOME OF THE RESULTS OF A STORM ON  
TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE LINES



western Company, but the moral support given by them has been of inestimable benefit in many ways.

The development of the telephone business in the territory of the Southwestern Company, especially in Texas, has been of a gratifying nature and will probably compare favorably with other sections of the United States. Dallas stands second only in this regard in this country, this exchange showing 14.9 telephones to each hundred of population, while Spokane, the most highly developed of all the cities in America, shows 15.5.

The policy of the Southwestern Company toward its patrons has always been conservative and liberal. It has been the aim to give the best service at the lowest rates, and it cannot be disputed that there is no section of country where these conditions prevail in a more marked degree than in Arkansas and Texas.

At its inception the opposition movement showed considerable vigor and aggressiveness, but as time has gone by, these characteristics have disappeared, and it can hardly be said that it constitutes any particularly disturbing element in the affairs of the Southwestern Company. It is true that there is competition in most of the towns of importance in Texas, except Galveston and Dallas. In the former place, efforts to secure a franchise have always failed. In Dallas the question was submitted to the voters and favorably decided. The promoters were given a certain time in which to begin work and were required to make a deposit of \$10,000 with the city to insure the beginning of operations and to expend a certain sum of money within a given time, and failure to do this operated to forfeit the \$10,000. Before the expiration of the period an extension was asked and granted to March 1, 1909.

With few exceptions, the opposition companies can hardly be said to have achieved any great success, and in most places they can be characterized as real failures. At Waco the opposition exchange was backed by some of the best business men in the town, who conceived the idea that the rates of the Southwestern Company were exorbitant, although they were offered an opportunity to visit Lowell, Mass., at that time the executive headquarters of the Southwestern Company, at the company's expense,

and there go thoroughly into the books and accounts with a view of satisfying themselves that such was not the case. This they declined to do, and launched their enterprise in 1899. Their rates were considerably lower than those of the Southwestern Company and have since been so maintained; notwithstanding this, however, the Southwestern Company has remained in the lead. On March 3 of this year, a Waco paper announced that "in order to satisfy certain claims against the opposition company and for reorganization purposes, the plant of the 'Texas Telephone Company' was yesterday sold for \$29,000 by trustee Geo. Rotan in front of the court house, and was bought by E. Rotan and J. B. Earle, the chief creditors."

In Houston the failure of the opposition has been more marked than in any other city in Texas. The rates named were considerably below those charged by the Southwestern Company, yet they seem never to have made any headway. The list of subscribers has gradually diminished, until at the present time there are probably not more than five or six hundred connected, while the Southwestern Company has in the neighborhood of 9,000. It was recently announced that steps would be taken to either rehabilitate the plant or dissolve the company.

Another company was organized, called the Commercial Telephone Company, with exchanges at Austin, Temple, Belton and Taylor, with quite a system of toll lines reaching as far north as Navasota, as well as to Waco and to Austin, Galveston, Houston and Beaumont. This company has been in the hands of a receiver and the present status of the property cannot be accurately ascertained, but in the various court proceedings which have been had, the name has been changed and the property has become disintegrated, the ownership of different sections of it passing into different hands. It was recently announced that Judge Calhoun, of the Fifty-third District Court at Austin, had granted motions prayed for in the several cases of the Columbus Savings & Trust Company vs. Austin City Telephone Company, Williamson County Telephone Company and Bell County Telephone Company, to appoint commissioners to sell the property of the respective companies under execution by order of the court.

The order of sale of the property of the Austin City Telephone Company provides that no bid for less than \$50,000 will be considered. In the case of the Bell County Telephone Company, the minimum price is fixed at \$35,000, and of the Williamson County Telephone Company at \$8,000. These were all originally parts of the Commercial Telephone Company above alluded to.

The opposition companies are seriously handicapped by reason of their lack of a comprehensive long distance system. Such lines as they have are in disjointed sections, having, in most instances, no relation to each other.

In Arkansas the towns of importance where the Southwestern Company encounters opposition are Little Rock, where they have 6,000 subscribers and the opposition 900; Fort Smith (Southwestern, 1,847; opposition, 915) and Pine Bluff (Southwestern, 1,495; opposition, 430).

The opposition exchange at Little Rock has been in operation for a number of years, and has remained at a standstill during the whole period of its existence. It is owned locally and has no long distance connections. The same is practically true of Pine Bluff, except that they have failed to hold their own, and the number of subscribers has decreased until the present low number has been reached.

Fort Smith is probably the oldest continuously operated opposition exchange in the United States, although there have been many changes in ownership. It was first established by local parties under Pan-Electric auspices in 1885. At the time suits for infringement were filed by the Bell Company against the Pan-Electric companies in Arkansas, certain peculiar conditions surrounded the situation at Fort Smith, and it was deemed inexpedient to prosecute the suit against the Fort Smith parties just then and they were left unmolested. The Fort Smith opposition company has no toll line connections of consequence and they have about one-half as many subscribers as the Southwestern Company.

Under the laws of the state of Texas, telephone companies have the right to construct lines over the public highways and in cities, with the exception of cities which have special charters.

All the telephone companies are required to connect with the lines of other companies for the exchange of calls, but no company is required to handle the calls of another company over any part of its line that it can handle itself. In other words, a company is not compelled to handle the call of another company between competing points.

Telephone companies are required to pay to the state one and one-half per cent. of their gross receipts.

Under the anti-pass law, no franks may be issued and no free service given by telephone companies. The same applies to railroads and other public-utility corporations.

\* \* \* \*

The independent telephone movement in St. Louis began in 1897, when a corporation known as the Kinloch Telephone Company was organized. This movement had its inception in the belief that the profits of the Bell Company were enormous, and that the amount paid to the parent company for rental of instruments would in itself produce large dividends on an independent telephone exchange investment. There were manufacturers of independent telephones who helped to create a sentiment in St. Louis in favor of a rival to the Bell.

Local capitalists became identified with the movement and in due time an exchange was established. Among the independent telephone companies in the United States, the Kinloch Telephone Company of St. Louis is considered one of the best. It has been in operation for twelve years, and the people of St. Louis have come to believe that the dual telephone system is a necessary evil.

The Kinloch Telephone Company has been backed almost entirely by local investors, and has succeeded in gaining a fair list of subscribers.

It so happened that during my visit to St. Louis the annual statement of both the Bell and Kinloch Telephone Companies, for the year 1908, were furnished to their respective stockholders. I believe that these comparative statements afford interesting matter for study, and I make no apology for presenting some salient features taken from both statements.

For the year 1908: Expenses to earnings—Bell, 66.10%; Kinloch, 74.95%.

Number of stations—Bell, 44,982; Kin-

loch, 30,158. Miles of underground conduit—Bell, 71.24; Kinloch, 31. Underground duct—Bell, 498.46; Kinloch, 316. Exchange pole lines—Bell, 534 miles; Kinloch, 610. Underground wire—Bell, 126,791 miles; Kinloch, 35,874. Aerial wire—Bell, 72,910 miles; Kinloch, 47,073. Toll pole lines—Bell, 1,161 miles; Kinloch, 1,225. Wire—Bell, 5,770; Kinloch, 9,577. Total wire—Bell, 205,472; Kinloch, 92,524. Number of employees—Bell, 1,315; Kinloch, 758.

Construction per station—Bell, \$173.99; Kinloch, \$252.01. Per cent. of maintenance to total plant cost—Bell, 5.8%; Kinloch, 3.3%. Revenue to average construction—Bell, 24.99%; Kinloch, 16.18%.

The following is the published statement of assets and liabilities of the two companies:

	ASSETS	
	BELL	KINLOCH
Plant .....	\$7,886,674.22	\$7,600,238.63
Real estate .....	609,006.93	
Cash .....	201,226.80	44,923.36
Supplies .....	200,673.25	91,007.00
Accounts receivable .....	220,927.47	58,738.82
Bills receivable .....	300,000.00	60,988.94
Furniture and fixtures .....	36,128.91	11,253.38
Tools and teams .....	76,298.14	
Reserves .....	24,306.75	
Stocks and Bonds .....	2,051.00	
Bonds (of the company) in treasury .....		462,027.50
Advance oper'g expenses .....		9,611.72
All other resources .....		26,036.65
	<u>\$9,557,293.47</u>	<u>\$8,364,829.00</u>
	LIABILITIES	
	BELL	KINLOCH
Capital stock .....	\$8,779,800.00	\$2,800,000.00
First mortgage bonds .....		4,881,000.00
Unearned rentals .....		3,052.98
Accounts payable .....	272,423.42	56,842.25
Accrued interest .....		120,598.70
Accrued taxes .....		23,480.48
Reserves .....	85,565.06	163,576.24
Surplus .....	419,504.99	315,778.37
	<u>\$9,557,293.47</u>	<u>\$8,364,829.00</u>

Some of the noticeable features of the Kinloch statement are: first, no provision is made for a sinking fund to retire the bonds; second, the proportion of bonds to stock is about two to one and that proportion is increasing, while the stock remains the same; third, inadequate provision is made for the maintenance of the plant; fourth, the annual charge to maintenance including reserve for depreciation is only 3.3% of the cost of the plant.

It will be seen that there is great difference in the maintenance expense of the two companies. The charge has always been made that independent telephone companies do not expend the necessary money for improvements or make sufficient allowance

for depreciation, and when it is understood that the Kinloch Company expended \$225,-878.49 including depreciation, last year, against the Bell Company's \$456,000, the accusation seems to apply in St. Louis.

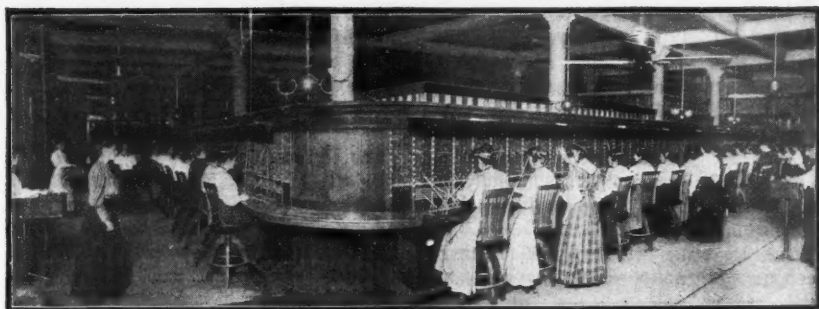
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The new state of Oklahoma is manifestly ahead of many of the older states in telephone matters. There are practically no dual exchanges in Oklahoma, neither do the people want more than one system in any of the cities.

There are, it is true, a large number of companies in the state, nearly all being farmers or mutual companies organized to serve their respective citizens, and, with a very few exceptions, there have been no promotion enterprises. There have been some independent telephone companies in Oklahoma, but they passed out of existence, either by consolidation with the Pioneer Telephone Company, the Bell Company, or by abandoning their property.

The development of telephone service in Oklahoma began to assume some degree of magnitude in 1898, when the Arkansas Valley Telephone Company—an independent concern—built exchanges in several of the leading cities and toll lines connecting these cities. Prior to this, the Missouri & Kansas Telephone Company had established exchanges at Oklahoma City, Guthrie and El Reno, and these towns were connected with the American Bell system. But little development was made by the Bell Company, as in 1898 there were but 500 Bell stations in the territory. The Independent people built an opposition plant at Guthrie in 1900, and the Bell Company was put out of business. In 1901 another independent concern built a plant in Oklahoma City in competition with the Bell, and still another company established an independent plant at El Reno. A bitter fight began and rates were cut to one dollar per month in Oklahoma City and fifty cents a month in El Reno.

The Arkansas Valley Telephone Company had a minimum investment and maximum earnings in its field. Its lines were cheaply constructed and its plant was comparatively inexpensive. As time went along, however, and it became necessary to introduce considerable new capital into the enterprise, the company sought to float additional



MAIN OPERATING ROOM, THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY, DALLAS, TEXAS

securities. It had reorganized as the Pioneer Telephone Company in 1902, but when it was confronted with the necessity of issuing bonds, it found that no one wanted the securities. While the company was floundering around in the financial whirlpool, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company came to the rescue by agreeing to take a controlling interest and float the securities.

The parent Bell Company encouraged the local investor to retain stock in the corporation, and in due time the company was reorganized as the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company. This also included the Long Distance Telephone Company, another company having exchanges in several cities, and the North American Telephone & Telegraph Company. The latter company had toll lines between several of the Indian Territory cities, but did not thrive. When the affairs of the company were gotten in a satisfactory shape, the property came into the reorganized Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company. Then other smaller companies hurried into the fold.

Although the American Telephone & Telegraph Company had secured financial control, the management was strictly in the hands of the Oklahoma investor. The policy was not changed and the parent company permitted the management to develop the Oklahoma and Indian Territory fields in the manner their judgment would dictate. The reorganized company bought the interests of the Missouri & Kansas Telephone Company in Oklahoma in 1905, and then they controlled the field.

When it finally leaked out that the Bell had

secured control in Oklahoma, there was a cry of alarm. The company promptly met the sound of alarm by offering to connect with every independent exchange in the state, and today there are less than one thousand telephones in Oklahoma which are not connected with the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company and the long distance system of the Bell Company, and these are isolated farmers' telephones.

The company expended over a million dollars the first year after reorganization, and nearly two million the second year. Its investment is now nearly \$5,000,000. Investment and development have been greatly retarded, however, in consequence of the legal questions involved in the amalgamation of the two territories as one state under a constitution that provided for complete control of public service companies by a state corporation commission. This constitutional feature brought into question the company's rights under franchises previously granted by the cities and towns, resulting in a chaotic condition that has been very difficult to handle, and exceedingly annoying to the company and its patrons. It has been impossible for the company to make the extensions and improvements needed in many places until its legal rights and manner of operation could be definitely determined. There are several cases pending before the supreme court, which, when decisions are given, will definitely determine the company's legal position and will enable it to more intelligently plan for the future.

Oklahoma City and Shawnee, two of the largest cities in the state, have given the company new franchises. The Oklahoma

City franchise is a very advantageous one for both the citizens and the company. It provides, that, as the number of telephones increase, the rate shall increase. The present rate is \$3.75 for business phones and \$2.00 for residence. This is manifestly too low, but the company hopes that the number of telephones will soon increase sufficiently to make the exchange pay a reasonable interest on money invested.

There are altogether about 500 different telephone companies doing business in Oklahoma, with about 75,000 patrons, of which the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company has 35,500 and the various farmer and mutual companies, 40,000. The Pioneer has one hundred of the most important exchanges in the state.

The policy of the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company toward the various independent companies in the state is one that is worthy of considerable credit. It never seeks to crush its weak and struggling competitors, but will give them advice and assistance whenever possible. If it should develop that the independent concern is compelled to sell out, the Pioneer will buy, if a satisfactory price can be agreed upon. It will connect with any and all of them, and the percentage charged for the use of its lines is most reasonable. It often helps to settle disputes between the rival independent companies and seeks to promote the general telephone business of the state along lines that will be advantageous to the patron and the stockholder.

The Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company's building at Oklahoma City, an illustration of which appears in connection with this article, is undoubtedly the best business structure in Oklahoma. It is handsome in design and would do credit to any city in the country. The telephone plant is modern in every respect and the patrons are receiving first-class service.

With the people of Oklahoma the company is exceedingly popular. The management has succeeded in establishing a spirit of confidence among the people which is one of its most valuable assets. Should Oklahoma show the same degree of development during the next ten years as it has in the past, the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company's

property will become a very valuable system of exchanges.

The total number of telephones installed by the company during 1908 was 17,717, the net gains showing an increase of 15.87% over the total stations, January 1, 1908.

The officers are: Eugene D. Nims, president; Jno. M. Noble, vice-president and general manager; E. E. Westervelt, secretary and treasurer, and Arthur Whorton, auditor.

The sentiment of the people of Oklahoma is clearly against the dual system. The cities and counties have sought to assist the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company in eliminating the double telephone system from the field, rather than in encouraging the promotion of unnecessary companies. There is no necessity for a duplicate system so long as the corporation commission has full control of the public utilities of the state, and in this connection it is interesting to note the sentiment of the Oklahoma commission. Commissioner Watson, who has made the telephone problem his especial study, said recently that there had been much misrepresentation as to the attitude of the commission toward the corporations. He made it plain that the commission is not only not hostile to corporation enterprises that seek legitimate scope of action, but that under the jurisdiction of the commission the investors in these corporations had actually an added sense of security, the work of the commission being to maintain a healthy equilibrium between the corporation and the people and to give each a fair deal. Commissioner Watson stated that one of the best and most complete reports filed in their office had been made by the Pioneer Telephone & Telegraph Company, probably the largest corporation in Oklahoma operating under a state charter. He stated that the Pioneer Company, in all their hearings and investigations, and in response to their requests for statements and reports, have made full and complete showing, which has been of material assistance to the commission in arriving at a proper understanding of the complicated telephone question. This is in direct contrast to some of the foreign corporations where the commission has had considerable trouble in getting proper and intelligent reports.



# THE HOME OF THE ROYCROFT CULT

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHEN *The Philistine*, that brilliant little magazine bound in butcher's paper, appeared, few of those who read it for the first time realized that it would become an institution. What a thrill passed through my hand as I held a copy and perused Elbert Hubbard's first invitation to "join"; I hastened to write for a place on the list of immortals and became a subscriber for life to *The Philistine*. A diploma arrived by next mail. The first few numbers of *The Philistine* were looked upon as a fad, but it was not long before the "fad" had grown to a fixed "periodical habit," for those Philistine talks have a way of throwing direct information at the reader—sometimes it comes in the tabloid form—highly concentrated, although at times somewhat acrid and always pungent. At other times it is hurled forth like vast masses of rock upheaved by an earthquake; the reader struggles, exclaiming: "Let the righteous smite me friendly and reprove me, but let not his precious balms break my head."

No one can deny the power of Elbert Hubbard to emphasize information when he desires to convey it to the mind of his readers; his language takes the reader by the lapel and compels him to listen. At an evangelist's services in Cleveland, I heard a minister quote Elbert Hubbard, adding in parenthesis: "I wish I could quote him on all matters as strongly and as truly as on this."

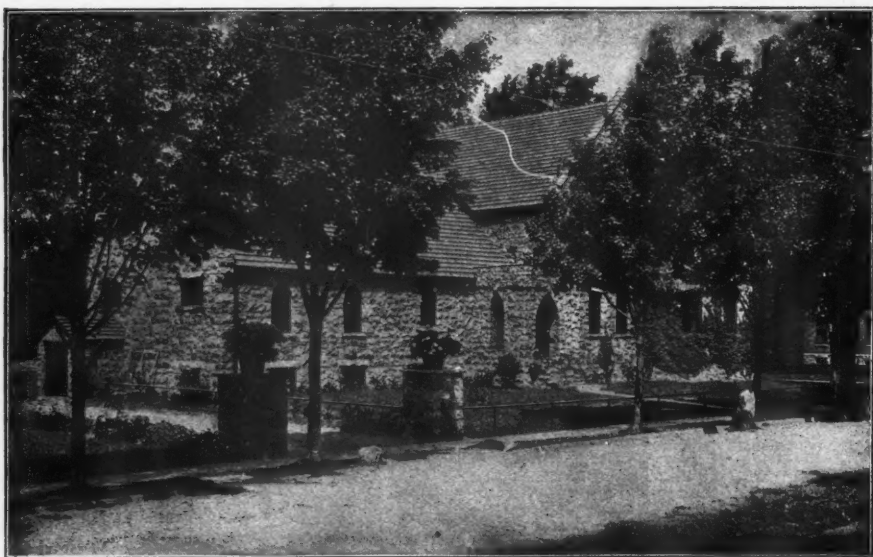
It is his specialty to deal comprehensively and clearly with the subtleties of human nature. If I were asked to name a man who understood the complex working of the human mind, since the time of Adam down to the hour of the latest born, I would say "Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora, New York." To spend a day with Elbert Hubbard is to be put in tune with your surroundings, at

least once during a lifetime. He loves nature, the woods and fields, and comprehends the beauty in every rock and twig. Whether his conversation deals with great books, burning questions, or trifling incident or object, his crisp, plain sentences solve half the difficulty with a dozen words. A keen observer, a mixer and mingler, at once drawling and sarcastic, sometimes blunt and brusque, he always says something that is as well remembered as the glance of his keen black eyes. He has a way of expanding the thinking capacity of those with



ELBERT HUBBARD

whom he talks. His *Little Journeys* to the homes of great men and women—John Milton, Robert Owen, John Wesley, Mrs. Eddy, Oliver Cromwell—as well as every copy of *The Fra*, is a stimulus to more extensive reading. True, on many a page will be found what is known as "the Hubbard sneer." For aught I know, the accusation of "sneering" may be as deep a grief to Fra Elbertus as it was to the great heart of Thackeray; with many people this peculiarity in an author mars a printed page



THE CHAPEL

that would otherwise bring unalloyed delight.

Very conflicting are the comments, pro and con, concerning this strong personality hailing from East Aurora, New York. Many insist that his long locks, flowing necktie and poetic appearance are the earmarks of a *poseur*, worn to attract attention; passing final judgment on the man because he insists on doing things in his own way, instead of as they are done by others.

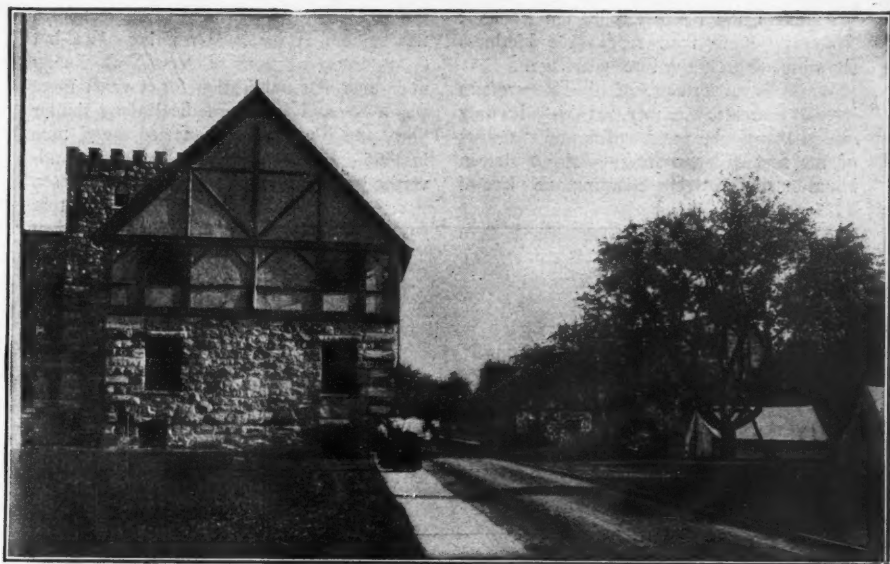
When the real Elbert Hubbard is disclosed to the inquiring mind, he is seen not as a blustering Boreas, nor any of that ilk, but just an ordinary, big, strong man, with a soft gentleness, a thoughtful kindliness, that attracts and is not suspected until one has come into contact with him. He has a way of saying cutting things in a mild, soft voice, that changes the tenor of the remark, though its force remains. Long ago he broke with the conventional caste of false modesty. I have walked with him across the pastures, and under the leafy trees of summer; have seen his work in its inception and its progress from those early days of Roycroftism, when they gathered the stones from the fields to build the first shop in the form of a chapel; have seen him with his trousers tucked into his boots and flannel shirt open at the throat,

a veritable disciple of work, and always his career has been worthy of careful study.

Passing near East Aurora I thought I should see once more the place where the Fra "takes his pen in hand" and writes about three times more than he will publish—actually throwing away three-fourths of his work; his methods were somewhat of a surprise to one who supposed he could turn on a literary faucet at any hour.

On the train I was given vast stores of information by the man behind me regarding the Roycroft products. When I arrived at my destination, I found that my bump of location was somewhat at fault, and the man on the train told everything except how "to get there." The villagers were rather disdainful of one who was not familiar with the site of the central shrine—the Roycroft Inn; fortunately I came upon a bright-faced, blue-eyed young man wearing a flowing necktie, and knew him at once for "Felix." He kindly took me in tow and guided my steps aright.

I felt at home as soon as I had crossed the threshold of this charming hostelry, and when Mine Host Hubbard received me with hearty greeting, laying his hand on my shoulder in his characteristic way, cheery as the blaze of the open fire adding warmth and



THE INN

color to the scene, I fell under the spell of the Roycroft cult, which has something of the "community" life that has from time to time offered object lessons to the world for or against socialism, though there is a more practical force in the Roycroft proposition, because it is a business concern with man-managing head. The power of a strong personality is exemplified.

Many Roycroft young folk do work and write letters, which, coming to the notice of the Fra, oblige him to rub his shaggy locks in an effort to remember whether this is the fruit of his own brain or theirs. All the "ads" are written on the premises, and may or may not be finally submitted to Mr. Hubbard for O. K. or revision, but all have a Hubbardeque vernacular.

The Roycroft Shop is a corporation whose shares are held only by the management and workers, and any worker who quits the shop is bound to return his shares to the corporation at their full value. There is a strong esprit de corps which increases personal diligence, loyalty, fraternal feeling and a sentiment of permanent interest in the fortunes of the fraternity.

One afternoon I heard Mr. Hubbard lecture in Boston, and came home feeling as though I

had witnessed a play, so graphic was his description of the life and work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; as he concluded with the words, "We will tiptoe out," I felt as though I had actually visited the dead poetess. His oral and written utterances are remembered. Who can forget the story of his foster brother and of his struggles in the soap business; the story of that boy who, three years ago, on a rainy Saturday night, walked, yes, *walked* from somewhere in Ohio to the door of Mr. Hubbard's home and timidly knocked? Wet, ragged, shoes mere fragments, he had eaten nothing that day, but pushed on, supported by his determination to be a bookbinder.

"He knew nothing of the trade," said Mr. Hubbard, "but he had the artistic temperament, and William Morris and Ruskin were his ideals."

The wayfarer was regaled with a hot dinner, some dry clothing and an introduction to the bathroom before being put to bed, where he remained for two weeks with an attack of pneumonia. A perfect stranger, he received the care that would have been bestowed on a son, and when well enough he was put to work in the bindery. Today this young man is making books that retail for twenty-

five dollars, and his loyalty to the Roycroft Fraternity more than repays the kindness shown to a hungry boy three years ago.

While few, perhaps, of the Roycrofters have so dramatic a history, yet this lad is only one of many who are idealists and detailists of the first order, willing to spend sixteen hours or sixteen weeks blending one piece of

The first "little journey" in booklet form was printed at the local printing office, but G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York finally undertook the publication for a year; there was a demand for a periodical along similar lines, and *The Philistine* started some time in 1895. It was called *The Philistine* to advertise its eternal enmity against the "Chosen People" in literature and other convenient lines.

From 1650 to 1690 Samuel and Thomas Roycroft printed and bound very beautiful books at their London shop, and these rare volumes are the prototypes of the Roycroft books. When the Roycrofters printed a book, "like a William Morris book, we printed it just as well as we could," says the Fra. Their work proved so popular that it became necessary to enlarge the old barn used as a workshop, by building a chapel-like addition with a basement and one room upstairs. There were four girls



THE MAIN SHOP

leather with another to suit some marvelous piece of handicraft that means little to the inexperienced observer but delights the heart of "an exceeding cunning" worker. Book-making goes steadily forward both in quantity and quality under the careful application and love of two Germans—Kinder and Swartz—probably the best bookmakers in America at this time. Their pride and joy is that their work is "second to none."

The three magazines, *The Fra*, *Philistine* and *Little Journeys*, have a circulation that varies from the 50,000 of *The Fra* to the 125,000 of *The Philistine*. These magazines are turned out by a Roycroft force of over 500 men and women each month, most of whom are boys who learned their trade right there on the premises. "Cy" Rosen, the superintendent of printing, Elbert Hubbard and a boy were once the whole Roycroft Fraternity.

and three boys then at work. Books, flowers and music were supplied and the workshop became a home in the evenings. Wings were added on either side as production increased; the carpenter, when not otherwise employed, made massive, comfortable chairs and couches, which were admired and bought by visitors and became a branch of the business. The boys built a great fireplace and chimney at one end of the shop out of the boulders that strewed the fields. This suggested the use of these "hard heads" for building material, and 4,000 loads were purchased at one dollar a load. Four buildings were constructed of these drift boulders, and an art gallery building is projected.

The Roycrofters are chiefly engaged in printing, illuminating and binding books. Ornamental ironwork, cabinet work, painting, clay modeling and terra cotta work, with the Roycroft candies and the revival of the

lost art of illuminating initials and title pages make up some of the other avocations of this hive of industry, created by the individuality of the founder and the gospel of life and labor that he teaches. However much one may regret some of his utterances on churches, religion and current topics, one is compelled to admire the mind that expresses itself in such terse sentences:

"Life is expression. Life is a movement outward; an unfolding; a development. To be tied down, pinned to a task that is repugnant, and to have the shrill voice of Necessity whistling eternally in your ears: 'Do this or starve,' is to starve; for it starves the heart, while the soul and all the higher aspirations of your being pine away and die."

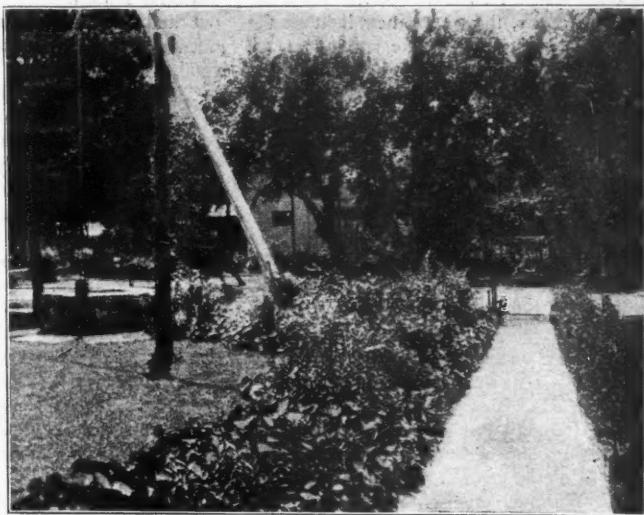
His work in the cause of revised spelling has left an impression more effective than presidential proclamation. He has also made some short-cut phrases in his writings which to the ear attuned to classic English sound like slang, but which may become fixtures in the language, "as she is writ and spoke."

The old chapel in the original Roycroft shop is now the dining-room of the Inn, with gabled ceiling, gothic windows and massive Roycroft furniture, and at its Round Table everybody passes food, and way-faring strangers have a fellow-feeling for each other and for the Roycrofters. At this Round Table I sat down, with Richard Le Gallienne, to partake of a good old-fashioned dinner. Conversation began concerning Charles G. D. Roberts and wound up with Homer's "Iliad." Our talk seemed to gain brilliancy from the excellence of the food, and we were in the highest spirits from the soup to the nuts. In a far corner of the dining-room, in the

shadows, a grandfather's clock peacefully ticked away the minutes.

Dinner over, Mr. Hubbard showed us the music room with its frieze depicting the wonders of Athens, the beauties of Venice, Rome, London and many another classic and modern metropolis under the softened glow of shaded lights. High in a corner of this room, in the post of honor, was a sketch executed by a local artist revealing the classic shades of East Aurora, New York, which Mr. Hubbard always maintains deserves its place on the map.

Another wing is to be added to the main shop very soon to meet the increasing demand in every department, and the Roycrofters have recently annexed sixty-five acres where a Chautauqua is to be run; there will be an auditorium, a tea house, a boat house, woodland paths and other charms that will draw wornout society people to visit Fra Hubbard



THE OLD WELL-SWEEP

and go with him to his farm to pick potatoes, hoe a field or do other necessary work. Any of the fellows who are too lazy to be useful may be dispatched on the "four o'clock train," which takes the place of capital punishment in East Aurora; the industrious and well-behaved remain among the Roycrofters and learn to "do and make things."





WHEN the contributions were being sent in for our "Heart Throbs" book, some years ago, a large number chose Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and an equally large number selected as their favorite his letter to Mrs. Bixby, throwing a new light on the growing appreciation of the nobility of the great Emancipator. This has been emphasized by ex-President Roosevelt, who says:

"The Bixby letter appeals to us and makes our hearts thrill. The mother to whom he wrote stood, in one sense, on a loftier plane of patriotism than the mighty president himself."

The burden that Lincoln constantly bore was never diminished night or day. The problems that confronted him seemed impossible of solution, and yet it is a touching thing to remember that, while being driven and buffeted under the lash of personal doubt and public criticism, he never failed to find time for acts of consideration and kindness.

Mr. Roosevelt has also said that Lincoln's Gettysburg and second inaugural speeches are two of the greatest utterances of mortal man. Wisdom, dignity, earnestness, loftiness of expression are in them, which makes them akin to the mighty utterances of the great prophets of old.

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DURING the past month, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE has been honored with visits from a large number of subscribers from the far West. It was flattering to hear them say that in many instances they came around Boston way to see the home of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. One of these vis-

itors was a ranchman from the Rockies; another a sturdy farmer from Pennsylvania, and each insisted that the example of the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was a potential influence encouraging them to get out and travel, and see and enjoy things outside of the comparatively limited circle of country life.

The great problem of farming communities today is the scarcity of farm help, which makes it increasingly difficult for the farmer to leave home. It hardly seems possible that within a few hours' ride of our great cities, help cannot be secured, but our farmer friends assure us that it is easier to pick bank notes off blackberry bushes than to find a man to milk cows and take care of stock on the farm—and yet there are thousands in the cities who are serving long hours at unwholesome work for the merest pittance, who might regain health and manhood by taking up country work. The remarks of Cyrus H. McCormick, the head of the International Harvester Company, throw light on this situation. He says that the entire agricultural area of the United States is only half-populated, and that twice the number of people are needed to handle the work now done there, if the workers are to have fair conditions and a moderate amount of leisure.

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MONTH by month I am impressed with the widely-scattered homes of the readers of the NATIONAL. On a bright sunny April day the following letter came to me from a far-off place in the Philippines, 160 miles from a post office. The letter is

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

written by a clever American boy. Young Mr. Liddell promises to send on some photographs concerning this far-off, remote section of American territory.

Dear Mr. Chapple: My father has been a subscriber to your magazine, the NATIONAL, for some time. All of us enjoy it very much and eagerly look forward to its arrival.

Mindoro is the least civilized and developed of any of the islands of the archipelago. Wild beasts of various kinds roam its forests and jungles, and some of them are very vicious.

I thought you might like something for your magazine on the wild carabao and the tamarao. I am sixteen years of age and very fond of hunting. I have killed seven carabaos. They are very vicious animals when wounded. On August 10th of this year Mr. C. A. Barber, a neighbor of ours, and a former resident of Lincoln, Nebraska, was gored through the breast and instantly killed by one that he had wounded four times with a Mannlicher rifle. He had killed more than a hundred since his residence in Mindoro, five years, and was a most excellent marksman. He had shot this animal down and thought it killed and was going up to it with some natives who accompanied him, when it suddenly jumped to its feet and ran at him. The natives ran and took to the trees, leaving him to fight it out alone. It isn't much of a fight, however, between a carabao and a human being when once they come in contact. Great care must be taken to hit a vital spot with the first fire. An ordinary rifle will not stop them unless this is done. I relate this incident to show you the viciousness of the animal when wounded. I could get snapshots of them alive in herds. I have seen as many as thirteen in one herd, but I know that there are frequently more than that.

The tamarao is much smaller than the carabao, being not more than three feet high when grown, but is exceedingly more vicious and will attack a man on sight. The natives are as much afraid of them as East Indians are of the Bengal tiger. It would be impossible to get pictures of them alive, and they will not live in captivity.

The wild boar is also plentiful here. They are very destructive to our young coconut trees, corn and "camotes" (sweet potatoes). Our laborers catch six or eight a week. They hunt them at night, using a "bating" or net

made of rope. Ten natives are enough to man four nets. It requires two men to each net and the remaining two take the dogs and with loud cries beat about the fields, scaring the boars and running them into the nets. They are familiar with the haunts and habits of the boar, and go out with lights made of coconut leaves which will burn but not blaze. Where they know the boars are in the open, they stretch the nets on stakes between them and the woods. Then with the dogs they "habul." When the boar strikes the net the stakes fall, the two sides of the net come together and he is a prisoner. They kill him with spears, then hang him on a spit over a hot fire and burn the hair off instead of scalding him.

I am sure all the boys who read your magazine would enjoy hunting here, and the men too.

If Mr. Roosevelt would come here instead of going to Africa, he would perhaps not find so many kinds of big game, but enough of the kind that we have to last him a lifetime, great hunter as he is.

I am 160 miles from Manila, our post office, and there is no other white man nearer to our family than twenty-five miles. We are rather on the frontier, are we not?

I would be glad to hear from you.

Yours truly, J. M. LIDDELL, JR.

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CONVERSING with Senator Aldrich on the Capitol steps, as he waited for his carriage after a wearisome day's work on the tariff bill, I felt that if people could realize the level-headed conscientiousness of the Senate in handling the final draft of this bill, letters would be written by all readers of the NATIONAL to encourage their senators to "hold fast" and give the country just and equitable tariff.

While the tariff bill was necessarily introduced in the House as a revenue-producing measure, its permanent adjustment must be secured by exhaustive deliberation in the following Senate and House conference. In their eagerness to respond to the demand for downward tariff revision, and at the same time increase national revenues sufficiently to cover the deficit which is staring the country out of countenance, the Ways and Means Committee were in the perplexing position of

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

persons who were expected to add and subtract at the same time.

The proposed tax on breakfast table necessities—coffee, tea and cocoa—met with a protest from the people that could not be misunderstood. Especially they resented any suggestion of a tax on "that cup o' cocoa" which has become so popular in the United States that in ten years we have jumped from the fifth to the first largest consumer of raw cocoa in the world. In thirty years the buyers of raw cocoa in New York City alone have increased over 800%, which does not appear as though the trust spirit had developed very widely in this trade. To put a four-cent tax on an annual consumption of 90,000,000 pounds of cocoa would not only strike a blow at a valued breakfast table necessity, but would also threaten one of the ideal industries of the nation, compelling manufacturers to move to Canada or some other foreign country in order to meet competition in export trade.

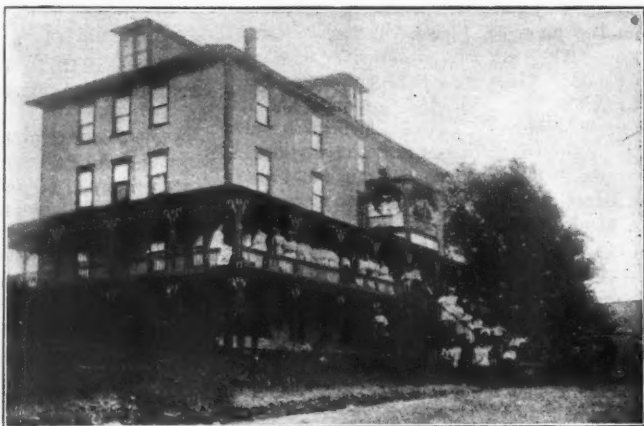
The fact that no strikes or lockouts have ever occurred in cocoa manufacturing plants emphasizes the fact that perplexing sociological and economic problems have been successfully solved among these manufacturers. To put a fictitious value on cocoa in this country would open the flood gates of adulteration and offer a direct affront to the South American republics which furnish the raw product. It would retard trade development with equatorial countries, a movement fully as disastrous as injuring a great home industry.

From homes, hospitals, humble boarding-houses, Salvation Army barracks, from the veldts of Africa and the peasants of Europe came the protest against the tax on "that cup o' cocoa," which has a nutritive value exceeding that of tea and coffee—a fact which government medical reports and United

States army rations lists emphasize. No wonder that the Senate has turned an attentive ear to the cry of protest issuing from millions of lips all over the world.

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IN the early days of Massachusetts a paper mill was established under the patronage of the general court, and that august body spent several days solemnly looking over specimens of the work done by this mill. It would seem that at that time the paper was not quite right as to quality; just then a British soldier came along, who had served



GRAND VIEW HOTEL, GEORGE'S MILLS, NEW HAMPSHIRE

This property is owned by Billy B. Van, the actor, and is located in a beautiful spot 2,000 feet above sea level

an apprenticeship to a paper maker; he put the mill in operation and *The Newsletter* of Boston gravely announced:

"Bill Carey will go through the streets of the city to collect rags for the paper mill at Milton; all persons who desire to dispose of rags take notice."

It certainly does not detract from our interest in this matter to know that this mill stood near the ground now occupied by the NATIONAL MAGAZINE printing plant.

During the Revolution there was a paper famine, and the general court again urged upon housewives the patriotic duty of saving rags that the mill might be supplied. The ill-sorted rags of that period are painfully apparent in the paper used in the old files of *The Newsletter*; it cries aloud the city's poverty at that time.

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

In 1777 Zenas Crane was born at Clinton, Massachusetts, and learned his trade in that locality. In 1799 he set forth from Worcester, Massachusetts, to search for a suitable location for a paper mill. It was thought then that he traveled an immense distance when he made his way over into the valley of the Hoosatic, and slept one night at a small wayside inn, near the village of Dalton. Zenas Crane found in the morning, when he "prospected" for a site for his paper mill, an essential for paper-making—an inexhaustible supply of the purest water, flowing in a picturesque cascade. For \$194 he purchased the fourteen acres on which are now located the beautiful residences of his grandsons and great-grandsons, and also the most famous paper mills in America.

From that time to this the Crane family have produced the finest quality of stationery. The Dalton mills were awarded a contract to supply the United States with paper for treasury notes, National Bank bills, certificates and bonds; for these purposes a distinctive paper is used which can scarcely be duplicated by any other mill, and the "government mill" which supplies this paper is located almost on the very spot where Zenas Crane found a night's shelter on his arrival in the Berkshires.

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**S**ELECTED from myriads of favorite songs, sent in by readers of the NATIONAL during the past two years, the long-looked-for "Heart Songs" book of five hundred songs is now in the hands of the printer. It is being compiled on the same plan that was so successful with "Heart Throbs," representing as does that volume the choice of the people. If for no other reason than this, it would be the most remarkable gift music book ever published, but it will also contain very many selections practically out of print, even as curiosities.

"Heart Songs" will certainly take the place of honor on the home piano, when the family gather around it in the long winter evenings, and the young men join in the dear old college songs; the gray-haired veterans and women who bore the terrible strain North or South listen again to the war lyrics of the past; or Jack back from a cruise or wanderings oversea asks for the old ocean songs. They are all there—war

songs, sea songs, child songs, dance songs, minstrel songs, sacred melodies, love songs, operatic gems, concert songs and college choruses. If you want a gold mine of varied sentiment and melody, order a copy of "Heart Songs." The book will be ready for the Christmas trade, and individual orders will be filled in rotation.

If you have not forwarded your own favorite, you can do so up to August 1st, as a few selected songs will probably be shut out on account of copyright, leaving space for some others.

"Heart Songs," small quarto (9x15 inches, flat open) with gilt top and illuminated covers, containing over 500 songs, makes the most popular music book ever offered to the public, and will be sent to any address on receipt of \$2.50.

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### "THE ISLE OF PASTIMES"

**T**HE versatility of pleasure which Long Island affords makes it veritably the land of recreation. Its carnival of sports and amusements is continuous throughout the summer and autumn months. Visitors from every part of the United States, making a stay of even a few days at New York, rarely fail to visit some one of Long Island's inviting retreats, either to sail or golf, or for an automobile trip to country clubs or tempting road-houses; perhaps a dip in the sea at one of the great beaches.

Long Island is blessed with over four hundred miles of Ocean, Sound and Bay shore. Over twelve hundred miles of macadam and shell roads lend an infinite variety of hill and vale, land vistas and water views, level stretches and wooded slopes. The frequent hotels and road-houses provide the choice of metropolitan sumptuousness or rural simplicity of entertainment. This is the one perfect touring ground. The golfing is unsurpassed anywhere. The *bon camaraderie* of golf exists in an ideal state on the famous Shinnecock, Nassau and Garden City links, and this health-giving sport has its devotees on dozens of other smaller courses. To the fisherman and the yachtsman little need be said of the bays and back waters, with their safe harbors and open outlets to Sound and Ocean. Better than these have yet to be discovered. The sojourner by the sea may have the clean salt breeze come to him as he listens

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

to the strains of a perfectly blended orchestra at one of the magnificent summer hotels, or he may be one of the quiet smokers on the veranda of a nearby boarding house. Every day spent on Long Island becomes a day of pleasure—in the way found pleasanter.

Long Island is the only strip of land on the Atlantic Ocean from Maine to Florida with an east and west location. This means much cooler weather than at any other similar resort section. The prevailing winds from the south insure a temperature ten degrees cooler in summer than that of the city of New York and about the same as that of the Great Lakes region and the northern border states. Transportation is to be had at any hour by hundreds of Long Island Railroad trains, which reach daily all parts of the island, and whether you go twenty miles or a hundred there are sufficient tracks to make all trains "express trains."

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THE McKinley Memorial, dedicated last year in Philadelphia, is one of the most beautiful of the many tributes which have been erected in honor of the third martyr president of America. It is the work of two New York sculptors, the late Charles A. Lopez and Isidore Konti.

The memorial stands on the south plaza of the City Hall. Its cost was met by means of a fund raised by subscription, and a competition for a design was instituted, which was won by Mr. Lopez. He had begun the execution of the design when death interfered with its completion. It fell to his friend, Mr. Konti, to finish the memorial, and the delicate responsibility has been discharged in a manner most satisfactory to the committee. The statue of McKinley is of heroic dimensions, being about nine feet in height. At the base is a sub-pedestal with two figures: a nude boy representing Youth, and the figure of a woman typifying Columbia, portrayed as instructing Youth in the virtues and services of the late president.

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GOURAUD'S Oriental Beauty Leaves, a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves to carry in the purse—handy for all occasions to quickly improve the complexion. Sent for 5c. in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum Powder lays claim to being the most perfect powder on the market both in materials and methods of manufacture. It is the oldest of talcum powders put up for general use, and has established itself on its merits in every quarter of the civilized world.

The woman who buys Mennen's for toilet use or any other purpose may rest assured that she is getting the purest and most perfect powder that chemical knowledge can originate or skill manufacture.

There is a *difference* in Mennen's and those who have once used it are quick to appreciate that this difference is a difference of superiority which is easily perceived in comparison with any other powder.

Some people may say: "The same ingredients are open to everybody: why can't others get the same results and produce a perfect powder?"

Ask the woman who is famous for her cake why Mrs. Brown, working from the same recipe, can't produce the same article. She has the same ingredients, the same directions for making, and yet she can't make good cake. It is this knack—the touch of skill and genius—which makes the difference between all original productions and imitations. It is this same genius which makes Mennen's original talcum powder superior to every other.

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WHERE economy has to be included among the household virtues, the new duplicate Victor disc records will be hailed with delight, as they have the advantage of having two pieces on each record instead of only one, as in the older records. Then the combinations are always good; on 16294 one gets "Si Perkins' Barn Dance" and Schultz on "Woman's Suffrage." On another record is "I Wish I Had a Girl," by Billy Murray; turn over pancake-wise, and on the other side of the record is "Broke," by Edward W. Meeker.

Among the new records is a Scotch specialty by Harry Lauder, "The Wedding o' Lauchie McGraw"; each one of the four verses is more amusing than the last, describing what was certainly a most remarkable wedding. Arthur Pryor's Band is as good as ever; his "Frozen Bill Cakewalk," will certainly make a hit—it is anything but "frozen." There are lots of other good things; send for the catalog and see for yourself.





With luncheon or dinner  
With a sherbet or ice,  
With beverage or fruit  
Or served alone

**NABISCO**

SUGAR WAFERS.

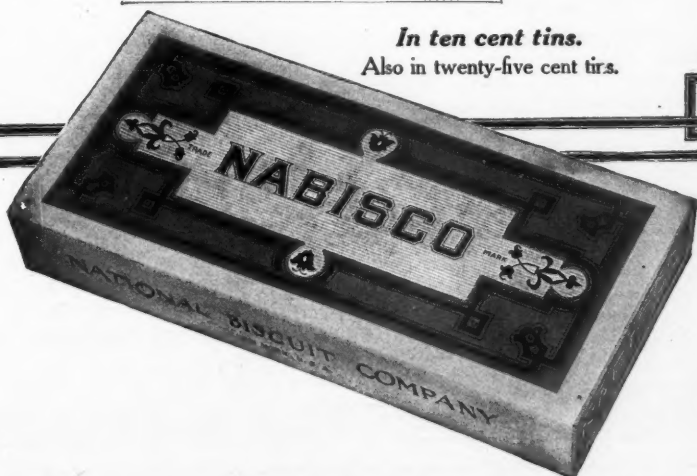
add the final and crowning touch  
to afternoon tea or formal banquet.

**RECIPE**

Arrange NABISCO Sugar Wafers on a pretty dish to resemble a fruit basket. Fill the center with strawberries (or any seasonable fruit), piling them high. Serve the NABISCO Sugar Wafers and berries with sugar and cream, or as fancy may dictate.

*In ten cent tins.*

Also in twenty-five cent tins.



Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



## UNCLE JOHNNY'S APPLE ORCHARD

MY remembrances are many,  
But I class beyond compare  
Uncle Johnny's apple orchard  
And the children playing there.

Gertrude and the twins and Lina,  
Harriet and Em—oh, you  
Who have had a cherished childhood  
Understand the joys we knew!

Frequently, all else forgetting,  
Off we bounded with the breeze,  
Where our whole world oped in wonders—  
Underneath the apple trees.

Since we spread our little dinners  
On the zigzag old rail fence,  
Never have Elysian banquets  
Furnished festoons more immense.

Were it so but bread and butter  
Blessed the board, yet velvet, vain  
Morning glories glowed for garnish  
Blended with a daisy chain!

Ah, is me! the throes of sorrow,  
In our later lives that beat,  
Thrust in thicker than the burrs that  
Then bestuck our bare brown feet.

Innocent and free and simple,  
We beguiled the moments gay,  
While our very souls seemed bursting  
With the lilt of Nature's lay.

Sometimes, for a change, our footsteps  
Led us to the farmhouse near,  
With its ever-ready welcome  
And its wealth of goodly cheer;

Where we rummaged in the closets—  
Hunting women's flowing veils,  
Hoops and skirts—and onward strutted  
Proudly dragging flowing trails.

All the playmates have departed,  
Time has tinged their locks with gray;  
Bright new boughs are flaunting fruitage  
Where the guards of old held sway.

Bearing blush of red and amber  
Favors fattening for Fall,  
With the sunbeam's mellow lustre  
Gleaming thro' the green and all!

Eden-land of vanished childhood,  
Fancy holds you sacred now,  
And the hill whereon you rested  
Has a halo on its brow.

In the Glenwood cemetery  
Uncle Johnny rests; no doubt  
He will reach the region that his  
Sentinels once pointed out:

How it wafts one back!—ah, surely,  
Should I see the Upper Shore,  
'Twill remind me of the orchard  
Owned by Uncle Johnny Moore!

—Alta Wrenwick Brown.

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A complete list of new Victor Records for June will be found in the June number of *Munsey's*, *Scribner's*, *McClure's*, *Century*, *Everybody's*, *Pacific Monthly* and *July Cosmopolitan*.

## THE HOME

### LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

### TO GET NEW FURNITURE

By E. M. Craig

Perhaps the following suggestion may be of value to those who desire to economize. The furniture of my sitting room was donated from time to time by various friends, and no two pieces matched, the woodwork of the chairs being of all shades. I noticed at the New England Food Fair a demonstration of Jap-a-Lac, and bought a small tin to experiment with. I washed one of the chairs with strong soda water, scraped off some of the darker part of the surface, and gave it two coats of Jap-a-Lac. It looked so well I got a larger tin, gave the light-colored chairs two or more coats and the dark ones one coat. Now my furniture is supposed by friends, not in the secret, to be a new lot that has replaced my odds and ends.

### EASY WAY TO MAKE PIECRUST

By Mrs. C. E. Ayer

Use equal parts melted lard and lukewarm water, a small lump of salt and pinch of soda and flour to roll. Let it get cold before using.

### Steaming Potatoes

To cook potatoes so they will remain whole, try steaming them, or boiling very slowly. It will take about fifteen minutes longer to steam than to boil them, but one will be pleased with the result.

### Baking Soda for Corns

To take soreness out of corns, bind common baking soda on them at night until the soreness is gone.

### A GOOD CEMENT

By Mrs. Steele Bailey

Take a thick solution of gum arabic and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture is of the proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the broken edges of china-ware and they will adhere firmly. The whiteness of the cement renders it especially valuable.

### FOR THE PLUM TREE

By Mrs. Agnes Gwin

For one tree soak about twelve cobs over night in turpentine, then hang them in the tree when in full bloom, and later your tree will be full of sound plums.

### CASTOR OIL FOR WARTS

By Mrs. S. R.

Moles on the face and also warts may be removed without your knowing it, so gradually but surely do they go away by the constant daily application of castor oil.

### Adhesive Plaster to Mend Books

Adhesive plaster is the best thing I have found for fastening the backs on books which have become loosened. The gummed flaps of envelopes are splendid to mend the torn leaves.

### Ammonia for Silverware

To clean silverware, either solid or plated, use a weak solution of ammonia (twenty parts water to one of ammonia) and soap. Rub with a brush and rinse in alcohol. This is for bright or polished finish. For satin or frosted finish, use the weak solution of ammonia and baking soda. Wet the brush, rub on the soap, then dip brush into dry baking soda and scrub the article thoroughly. Repeat if necessary. Do not use soda on gray silver, it will make it all the same color.

### To Mend Rubbers

Rubbers may be quickly and easily mended by applying a cement of pure rubber dissolved in chloroform. It must be applied quickly with small brush.

### A Cleaning Hint

The unsightly ring left on clothes that have been cleaned with gasoline may be removed by steaming the place over a teakettle.

### AN IMPROVEMENT SUGGESTION

By S. A. Bacon

On page 409 of the National for January is a novel remedy for curing a cold in the head. Almost all nasal troubles can be (at least temporarily) relieved by the use of inhalers of some kind. While the remedy is good, we would suggest as an improvement, the use of resin instead of cotton rags. Take powdered resin and sprinkle upon live wood coals, inhaling as much of the fumes through the nose as possible. All of the preparations of a resinous nature have a healing tendency which the fumes from many of the substances commonly used for this purpose do not possess. I have also derived much benefit in the poultry house from fumigation. Burn tar or resin in an iron kettle containing live wood coals, *after the poultry have gone to roost*. Inhalation is also an old veterinary remedy, and can be used with good results upon horses having distemper, or other head troubles.

### A FLY REMOVER

By Gertrude M. Haines

Flies will soon leave if you saturate cloths with oil of sassafras and lay them near windows and doors.

### Sugar for Teapot

Put a lump of sugar in your metal teapot before putting it away. You will find the flavor of the tea improved when teapot is next used.

### Raw Potato Used as Greaser

In frying pancakes, after the first painful has been cooked use no more grease, but slice a raw potato and rub the pan each time. Pancakes fried in this way are more easily digested.

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## THE HOME

### SNOW FOR EGGS IN CAKE

*By Miss N. A. Deud*

Any one egg cake can be made by using a large tablespoonful of snow in place of the egg. Have the cake all ready to put in the tin to bake, then stir in the tablespoonful of snow.

### Good Potato Cakes

Boil potatoes, then roll them after they are peeled and add caraway seed, some milk or cream and a little butter, and flour enough to roll and fry them like griddle cakes. Cut out with a biscuit cutter. It is a great dish in Ireland. An Irish girl told me about it. They should be eaten hot.

### Soapy Water for Starch

Have the water used for starch a little soapy, and add a little lard; this gives a nice gloss and the iron will not stick.

### Dressing for Cakes

One cupful of rolled walnut meats, one-half cupful of chopped raisins, and one and one-half cupfuls of confectioners' sugar. Stir together and add enough milk to spread well on cake.

### A NEW WRINKLE

*By J. B. H.*

Glass fruit jars will be found excellent receptacles for food to be placed in the refrigerator, thus avoiding the foul smells and bad-tasting food that usually result when the food is placed uncovered in the refrigerator. In this way one may place fish and cheese next to the butter and not the slightest taint can be detected.

### New Shades Made of Old Ones

The lower part of the shade usually wears out while the other end is yet good. This can be remedied so the shades will look new by carefully taking the tacks out where the curtain is tacked to the pole and hemming the raw edge; if there is fringe, it can be ripped off and sewed on as before. The old part of the shade may be tacked to the pole and when rolled up a little you will behold a new looking shade.

### BLOTting PAPER PADS

*By Minnie J. Brown*

Place blotting paper (white) under dresser and side-board covers, also under doilies, to protect highly polished surfaces from marks, as well as to insure immediate absorption of water or any liquid which may accidentally be spilled on same.

### TO KEEP CAKE MOIST

*By Mrs. W. P. Gannett*

I generally cut a loaf of cake in the middle and take as many slices as needed, then bring the two cut surfaces together again, and the cake has no cut surface exposed to the air to dry.

### STARCH HELP FOR WINTER

*By Miss H. A. B. Harmony*

To prevent the stiffening, freezing out of starched clothes, add one-half tablespoonful of salt to hot starch and use at any time, drying out of doors if wishing to.

### TO GET WALKING SKIRT LENGTH

*By Mrs. Martha Pittman*

Baste the seams and put skirt on band. Try skirt on and when fitted perfectly around hips and hung properly, take a book two inches thick or as many inches thick as you want the skirt to be from the floor when finished. Place the book flat on the floor just under the edge of the skirt. Now begin to turn and pin your hem with the lower edge of the hem touching the book. When hem is turned have person who is being fitted turn around very slowly to be sure the skirt touches the book all the way around. For one who will stand straight while a hem is being put in this way the length will rarely need any alteration. If the skirt is a plaited one, baste the plaits in all the way down and turn plaits and all with the hem until you get the required length; then give plaits and hem a good pressing, and when plaits are loosened and drawn out, fold hem at crease made by iron and sew on braid, and your skirt will hang perfectly even, without any corners to hang from under the plaits.

### TO REMOVE A TIGHT LID

*By Mrs. A. B. Crater*

To remove a tight lid from a baking powder or similar can, always grasp the can by the bottom, as holding around the sides presses it out of shape and makes the lid fit tighter.

### Canned Tomatoes

Tomatoes keep perfectly if canned in beer bottles with hot sealing wax poured over the cork. When used for soups, sauces, etc., the extra cooking necessary to make them fine enough to run through the funnel while filling the bottles is not objectionable.

### LEMON FOR ENLARGED JOINTS

*By Mrs. S. G. B.*

For those who suffer with enlarged joints or bunions, which quite frequently become much inflamed and very painful if the feet are chilled, or even get very cold, nothing will afford such instant relief as a generous slice of lemon bound on at night with plenty of bandage to retain the moisture. If continued for three nights the soreness will be entirely cured. The peeling should be removed from the lemon and only the soft pulp should be used.

### DELICIOUS SAUERKRAUT

*By Mrs. W. E. Bell*

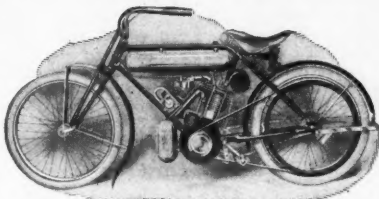
The German way: Put one tablespoonful of lard or bacon grease in an earthen crock (half-gallon size) add one tablespoonful of flour, stir together. Put in one pint of sauerkraut, stir all together. Pour in enough water to fill crock. Put plate on top and bake in oven three hours. Most delicious kraut you ever tasted.

### A STOCKING HELP

*By E. M. Darrington*

To prevent stockings from being lost or mismatched, sew to each one a piece of tape the color of the stockings, and tie each pair together before sending to wash. They can be washed without being untied.

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## THE HOME

### RHUBARB JELLY

By L. A. C.

Rhubarb may be made into jelly by adding about two tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice to a cup of rhubarb-juice; use cup for cup of sugar and rhubarb-juice; the stalks should be washed, dried and bruised to start the juice, and then stewed to a pulp without adding water, straining through a double bag of cheesecloth. The jelly will be of a beautiful pink color and delightful in flavor.

#### CANNING FRUIT SUCCESSFULLY

If when canning fruit the covers are scalded, dried and set on the edge of the range, to keep hot while the jars are being filled with fruit, the probability of having broken tops will be reduced to a minimum and no second screwing on when the fruit in the jars has cooled will be necessary, as the metal contracts while cooling, so no air space can possibly be left if the rubbers are properly adjusted. Incidentally, if, when a jar is to be opened, it is set in a vessel of boiling water two inches deep (jar bottom side upward) for a few minutes, until the metal top has had time to expand, the cover can be unscrewed easily without spoiling the rubber or prying off the rim of the cover.

### SMOKE-STAINED IVORY

By M. J. Barry

To remove smoke stains from ivory, immerse the article to be cleansed in benzine and go over it with a brush.

#### A DELICIOUS FLAVORING

Boil six peach kernels in a quart of milk which is used for custard; they will give the custard a delicious flavor.

#### KEEPS SHOES IN GOOD CONDITION

Shoes may be kept up to the mark by rubbing them with a piece of black cloth dipped in a solution of cream and black ink, polishing with a piece of old flannel.

#### INK STAINS ON COLORED GOODS

To remove black ink stains on children's colored dresses, etc., cover them immediately with red ink and wash, when you will find not a trace of either ink remaining.

### AN INNOVATION IN SANDWICHES

By Mrs. C. J. Greer

Chop fine a pound can of salmon, add a cup of bread crumbs, one egg, one tablespoonful melted butter; season with salt and pepper; mix and pack in two one-pound baking powder cans which have been well greased; put on the lids, and boil an hour. Shake out when cold and slice for the table.

### TOILET WATER

By Carrie M. Brier

One quart of water, one scant pint of best white vinegar. Two drachms of each of the following: rosemary, rue, camphor, lavender, thyme and orris-root. Let the herbs soak in the vinegar several hours, then strain and add the water.

### TAKING CASTOR OIL

By H. S. W.

To avoid the unpleasant taste of castor oil, pour the oil into a glass of root beer or sarsaparilla, and it cannot be detected.

### POTTED TONGUE CROQUETTES

By Pyrena Allen

Potted tongue can be used for croquettes or meat soufflé, and makes a purer food than when eaten without being thoroughly cooked. To make croquettes:—Stir into a pint of thick milk, gravy or drawn butter one can of potted meat, one raw egg, one pint of bread crumbs (or enough to make the mixture stiff), one chopped onion, a pinch of nutmeg; season highly, and when cold form into balls, roll in bread crumbs and drop into hot grease to fry a deep brown. Serve on lettuce leaves with salad dressing.

#### MEAT SOUFFLE

Meat soufflé is simply a bread pudding with the raisins and sugar left out, and a can of potted meat and an onion put in instead; season highly with red and black pepper and nutmeg, place bits of butter over the top, and bake in a pudding dish until light brown. Serve with salad dressing and a lettuce garnish. The ingredients are: one pint of milk, two eggs, one onion, one can of potted meat, one pint of bread crumbs.

### BATH BAGS

By L. I. D.

To three pounds of clean bran and one pound of orris-root pulverized, add one and one-half pounds of almond meal, two handfuls clover blossoms (red) and eight ounces of white castile soap (grated). Mix thoroughly. Make cheesecloth bags, and put five ounces in each bag. Use one at a bath. These bath bags will keep the flesh firm and the skin nice and white.

#### FACE WASH

A face wash that is far superior to powder of any sort, does not harm the skin, but rather keeps it from sunburn and makes it smooth and white, is prepared as follows: Five cents' worth of each of the following—bergamot, powdered snowflake magnesia, oil of lemon, bay rum—and a pint of rain water. Shake thoroughly, put into bottles, and apply to face with linen cloth. Always shake well before using.

### PREVENTS CROCKING

By Mrs. Hayes Bigelow

If you have cloth which corks, rub it very thoroughly with fine dry salt, and rub in the salt with a soft cloth.

#### HANDY FLOOR POLISHER

A man's old felt hat can be put to good service to take up dust from or to polish floors. If you have a long-handled brush much worn, cover with the old hat; or make a thick pad of woolen stuff on the end of an old broom handle, and cover this pad with the felt hat.

### SAVE YOUR HANDS

By Mrs. R. S. Matthews

Wind the handle of your broom with soft cloth of some kind—outing flannel is good—tack securely in place, and you will find that your hands will not become calloused by sweeping. This is better than taking time to put on gloves.

### TO CLEAN WALLS

By Vera A. Armstrong

Rub with old outing flannel. It removes smoke and dirt, making the paper look like new.